THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Furniss "Thackeray"

While the Dickens Centenary of 1912 is being exploited as no centenary has ever been exploited before, the Thackeray Centenary of 1911 is being almost ignored. In fact, most persons seem to have forgotten that Thackeray's birth took place on July 18, 1811. There is to be published a subscription edition of Thackeray's works with new illustrations by Harry Furniss. A new edition of Thackeray may not be needed, but new pictorial conceptions of his characters certainly are. With a profound respect for Thackeray the novelist, we maintain that Thackeray the artist was a very mediocre personage indeed, and we applaud Dickens's refusal to accept him as the illustrator of *Pickwick*. Only one of Thackeray's novels is adequately illustrated, and that was *Esmond*, for which George Du Maurier made the drawings. Take for example Becky Sharp. It would probably be difficult to find a reader who would hesitate to claim intimate acquaintance with that lady. Yet beyond the baleful green eyes there seems to be no tangible conception of what her appearance was. The crude drawings with which Thackeray illustrated her career from Chiswick Mall to Pumpernickel are not merely flagrant caricatures—different pictures depict different women. In fact, hitherto there has been but one even fairly good portrait of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. That was a water colour made ten or twelve years ago by Mr. Percy Anderson, the English artist and designer, for the guidance of Mrs. Fiske in her first production of *Becky Sharp*.

Auguste Angellier

The French poet and scholar, Auguste Angellier, died at Boulogne on February 28th last in his sixty-third year. The circle of Angellier's readers and lovers embraced the finest minds of France. He was a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the author of a very interesting book on the life and work of Robert Burns. For many years he was professor of English Literature in the University of Lille. Gaston Deschamps, writing recently in *Le Figaro* of Paris, gave Angellier a high

SIR PITT CRAWLEY JOS SEDLEY MRS. MAJOR O'DOWD AMELIA SEDLEY BECKY SHARP

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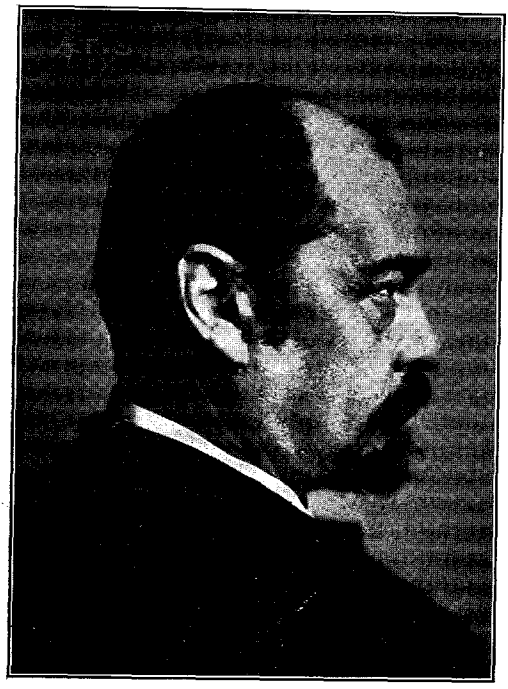


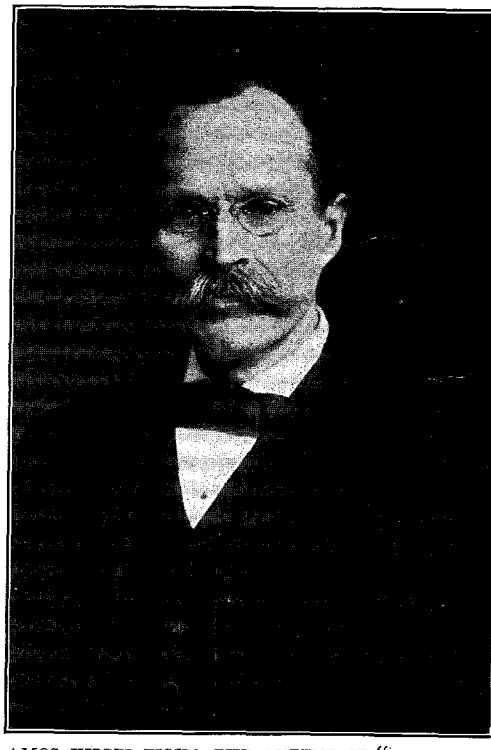
AUGUSTE ANGELLIER

place among contemporary French poets. Dr. Henry Van Dyke speaks of his poetry as being "of a fine and noble quality, full of distinction and charm, combining a strong romantic feeling with a classical clearness of form." Angellier's three books of verse are entitled *Le Chemin des Saisons, Dans la Lumière Antique,* and *A l'Amie Perdue.* Of the last of these Dr. Van Dyke says, "a remarkable sequence of love sonnets, represents his genius at the best, and is as notable as Rossetti's sonnet sequence *The House of Life.*"

Captain Boynton

Horace Smith is the latest author to find an inspiration in the strange career of Captain George B. Boynton. His recently published *The War Maker* is frankly and flatly the story of the life of that adventurous soldier of fortune. Boynton carried to his grave the secret of his true name. It was not Boynton, although it was known that he was born on Fifth Avenue, near Fourteenth Street, New York, May 1, 1842, and that his father was a distinguished surgeon, with an estate on Lake Champlain. Boynton was perhaps the last of the great filibusters. He was a tall, bronzed, vigorous, broad-shouldered man, one of the most picturesque and daring of latter-day soldiers of fortune. From Hongkong to Valparaiso the fighting crowd knew him, and from Cape Horn to New York he left a trail of hazardous adventure. Altogether he sailed and fought under eighteen flags. A good deal of him went in the making of Robert Clay, the hero of Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune.* Perhaps also there is a touch of Boynton in the Captain Burke of the same book.

"We have here," said Clay gaily, but in a low voice, "the key to the situation. This is the gentleman who supplies Mendoza with the sinews of war. Captain Burke is a brave soldier and a citizen of my own or of any country, indeed, which happens to have the most sympathetic Consul-General. . . . The Captain is a man of few words and extremely modest about himself, so I must tell you who he is myself. He is a promoter of revolutions. That is his business—a professional promoter of revolutions. . . . I wish I could give these boys an idea of how clever you are, Captain.



AMOS KIDDER FISKE, THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT EPIC OF ISRAEL"

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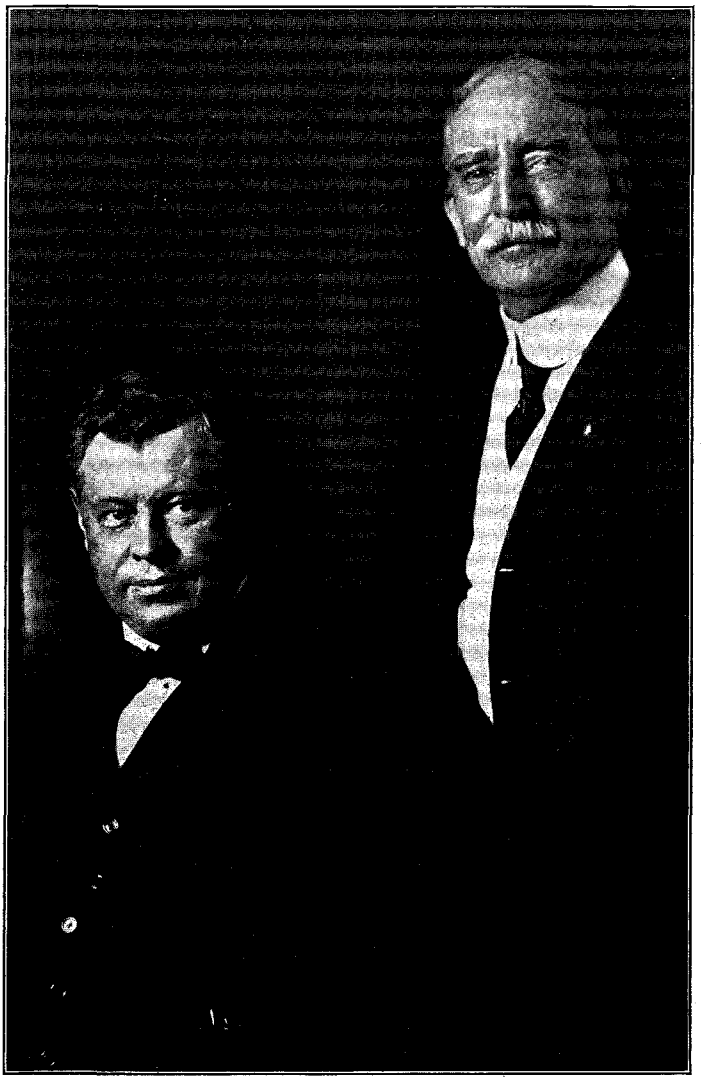

HORACE SMITH CAPTAIN GEORGE B. BOYNTON

The Captain was the first man, for instance, to think of packing cartridges in tubs of lard, and of sending rifles in piano cases. He represents the Welby revolver people in England and half a dozen firms in the States, and he has his little stores in Tampa and Mobile and Jamaica ready to ship off at a moment's notice to any revolution in Central America. When I first met the Captain," Clay continued gleefully, "he was starting off to rescue Arabi Pasha from the Island of Ceylon."

Another chronicler of Boynton was Guy Boothby, who learned from the filibuster the facts of his novel, *The Beautiful White Devil.* It was with this dashing lady that the Captain had a romance. After escaping death in a score of forms, including a Chinese pirate's cutlass, an assassin's dagger, the fire of a file of soldiers at sunrise, and all the varied lists of actual war, Boynton died prosaically and unromantically in bed in New York City one day last January. His last adventure was in Venezuela, where he was a formidable enemy of President Castro. Boynton's present historian, Horace Smith, has also had a somewhat adven-

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. WINIFRED GRAHAM, THE AUTHOR OF "MARY"

turous career. He was born in Hamilton, Ontario, edited and ran a weekly newspaper before he was twenty; was a reporter on the Anaconda *Standard* in the stirring Marcus Daly days, when the journalist had to carry a gun with his pencil, and after newspaper experience in Cincinnati became part of the New York *World* staff at Washington. He "covered" the Mount Pelee disaster for a newspaper syndicate and distinguished himself by his courage. He is now writing a book about "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brian, the Captain of the *Three Friends* of Cuban filibustering fame.

Charity

In these columns we have spoken of the association of the letter "C" with the life and work of Mr. Winston Churchill. It touches his home, his club, and every one of his published books, *The Celebrity, Richard Carvel, The Crisis, The Crossing, Coniston, Mr. Crewe's Career* and *A Modern Chronicle.* A few days ago the publishers of Mr. Churchill's books called up this office with the information that with his forthcoming novel the author had broken away entirely from the charmed letter. The title is to be *The Greatest of These.* But, after all, has he, and can Mr. Churchill be becoming subtle?

Brontë "Discoveries"

According to the English papers a certain J. Malham-Dembleby, the author of *The Key to the Brontë Works,* has made some extraordinary discoveries. He finds that Charlotte Brontë was particularly influenced in the construction of her masterpieces. *Wuthering Heights* (*sic*) and *Jane Eyre,* by a little volume entitled *Gleanings in Craven or the Tourist's Guide,* by one Frederic Montagu of Lincoln's Inn, who was descended from the fourth Earl of Sandwich. Literal excerpts from Montagu and Miss Brontë's two works are given to show the peculiar idiosyncrasy running through all. The characters from her novels are the people she met in her new life. Tabitha Aykroyd is Mrs. Dean, Edward Rochester is M. Héger, who is also found in *Villette* as M. Paul. Having found in *Gleanings in Craven* the key to *Wuthering Heights* and *Jane Eyre,* Mr. Malham-Dembleby makes the further discovery that no less a person than Eugène Sue—he of the *Wandering Jew* and the *Mysteries of Paris*—had presented the whole history of M. Héger's passion for Charlotte Brontë, and Mme. Héger's jealousy in a work entitled *Miss Mary, ou l'Institutrice,* published in 1850, before the publication of either *The Professor* or *Villette.* Mr. Malham-Dembleby also finds that Helen Burns in *Jane Eyre* was Charlotte Brontë's sister; that her brother Branwell was the original of John Reed, and also of Hinbley Hernshaw; and that when Charlotte Brontë wrote *Wuthering Heights* she portrayed M. Héger therein with all the vindictiveness of a woman "with a riven, outraged heart." Summing up the whole matter we call attention to the fact that the London *Outlook,* in alluding to the book, sees fit to print the following editorial footnote: "We do not take the author's assump-

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE, AUTHOR OF "THE CATSPAW"

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tion seriously, but direct attention to them as being in the nature of a literary curiosity."

Odds and Ends

The author and his earnings was the subject of an article published in THE BOOKMAN two years ago under the title of "The Author's Full Dinner Pail." From Frank A. Mumby's *The Romance of Bookselling* we are picking, haphazard, odds and ends of information to supplement that paper. For example, Mr. Mumby tells us that Ruskin's profits were considerably greater than many people suppose, yielding an annual income which averaged as much as four thousand pounds during the last fifteen years of his life. In countless deeds of generosity he had given away the two hundred thousand pounds which he inherited from his parents. The publisher Henry Colburn paid two thousand pounds for the copyright of Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England.* After his death it was sold for six thousand nine hundred pounds. In 1853 Routledge and Company offered Bulwer-Lytton twenty thousand pounds for a ten years' right to issue cheap editions of his published works. Smith and Elder refused to give two hundred pounds for the manuscript of Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* after all the magazines had rejected the book. The Longmans paid Macaulay a cheque of twenty thousand pounds as his share on account of the profits of the third and fourth volumes of the *History.* Byron made a present of his *Memoirs* to Tom Moore, and for the rights to publish the book John Murray paid Moore's debts, amounting to three thousand pounds, and gave him an additional sixteen hundred pounds. George Smith offered George Eliot ten thousand pounds for the serial and book rights of *Romola.* In 1851 Adam Black bought from Robert Cadell's trustees the copyright of Scott's Waverley novels for twenty-seven thousand pounds. For the first instalments of *Pickwick* Chapman and Hall paid Dickens fourteen pounds a month.

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. CAROLINE LOCKHART, AUTHOR OF "ME--SMITH"

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. CAROLINE FULLER, AUTHOR OF "THE BRAMBLE BUSH," A STORY OF ARTISTIC AND LITERARY LIFE IN NEW YORK

It is a matter of common knowledge that misunderstandings occasionally come up between publishers and authors in our own days. But we hope that they are more politely and amicably adjusted than

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EDNA FERBER, THE AUTHOR OF "DAWN O'HARA"

were some of the misunderstandings of Dryden's time. Dryden, in one of his financial squabbles with Tonson, his publisher, who would not satisfy all his demands for money, is said to have sent him the following lines, with the threatening message: "Tell the dog that he who wrote these lines can write more:"

With leering looks, bull faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs and Judas-coloured hair,
And frowsy pores, that taint the ambient air.

De Lessep's Imbecility

M. Arthur Meyer, the owner and director of *Le Gaulois* of Paris, has just published a volume of memoirs, with a preface written by Emile Faguet of the French Academy, entitled *Ce Que Mes Yeux Ont Vu* (What My Eyes Have Seen). In a chapter devoted to the Panama affair he makes the astonishing statement that the imbecility of Ferdinand De Lesseps in his later years was feigned so as to "spare his country the shame of having dragged before the courts the great Frenchman who had opened up the Suez Canal to the world's commerce, the man whom the Emperor had wished to make Duke of Suez."

M. Meyer relates an amusing anecdote concerning Edmund About, who is probably best known to American readers as the author of *Le Roi des Montagnes*. At a reception at the Tuileries the Emperor Napoleon the Third asked About if he knew Spanish. About, who had been long sighing for an important diplomatic post, answered prudently: "Not yet, sire." But the very next day he went hard to work to learn it, and a few months later he said to the Emperor: "Sire, I can speak Spanish now." Though the sovereign seemed rather surprised About continued, nothing daunted: "I have learned Spanish because your Majesty asked me if I could speak that language." "Ah, yes," answered Napoleon, "I remember now. I had just been reading *Don Quixote* in the original, and had taken great pleasure in it."

There is the old story of Balzac walking the streets of Paris day after day, studying the signs over the shops until

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, AUTHOR OF "PATSY"

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. HULBERT FOOTNER, AUTHOR OF "TWO ON THE TRAIL"

he stumbled upon "Z. Marcas," the name he needed for the particular character in his projected novel.

"Yeddo November"

About the political merits of the controversy between Magistrate Corrigan and Mayor Gaynor in the City of New York, we naturally have nothing to say. But we wish to call attention to certain very extraordinary names which have been mentioned in connection with the affair. There were "Kid Twist" and "Bennie Slyfox." But above all there was a certain alleged crook by the name of "Yeddo November." Could anything be more splendidly sinister? Can a name to surpass it be found in all the pages of Harrison Ainsworth and Eugène Sue?

We have received some letters calling our attention to the frontispiece of the *Strand* Magazine for April, which purports to be a reverie of Sherlock Holmes. It represents certain episodes in "The Second Stain," "The Speckled Band," "The Solitary Cyclist," "The Dancing Men," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Reigate Puzzle," "The Red-Headed League," "The Boscombe Valley Mystery," "The Norwood Builder," "The Abbey Grange," "The Final Problem" and "The Bruce Partington Plans." Where, and when, ask these letters, did "The Bruce Partington Plans" appear? We are very strongly of the opinion that this story never appeared at all: The only tale involving Sherlock Holmes which was not presented to the American reading public

The Bruce Parkington Plans

was the "Adventure of the Card Board Box," which belonged to the very earliest series. Dr. Doyle did not wish it included in *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* and, after all, it was a yarn of very inferior quality. By the way, we wonder how many of our readers who have admired the acting of Mr. Gillette in his dramatisation of Sherlock Holmes or have been mildly thrilled by the more recent stage presentation of *The Speckled Band* recall the fact that *The Sign of the Four* was once dramatised by a Philadelphian, and had a brief run in the American theatres. We reproduce a poster designed to exploit that play.

When it is a matter of a character so widely known as Sherlock Holmes, and an author so conspicuous as Conan Doyle, it is a comparatively easy matter to say whether or not such a story has appeared, and whether it is the work of the author to whom it is ascribed. There are cases, however, which present far greater difficulties. Last month the writer of the article in THE BOOKMAN on "The Best Translations" was recalling Professor Brander Matthews's story about H. C. Bunner's adaptation of certain stories by Guy de Maupassant under the title *Made*

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MADAME MAURICE MAETERLINCK (GEORGETTE LEBLANC)

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in France. In a spirit of tricksy humour that Maupassant would have appreciated, the most French of all these ten tales "with a United States twist" was not derived from the French, but was Bunner's own invention—a fact no reviewer of the volume ever knew enough to find out. Now this is supposed to be very crushing. As a matter of fact it is not fair criticism of the critics. Maupassant's literary work was essentially disordered. After his death a number of tales by him were gathered from various obscure sources and some of them were incorporated in the volume *Le Père Milon.* Professor Matthews unquestionably has a very profound knowledge of the works of Guy de Maupassant, but we think that there are conditions under which he might find himself more than a little puzzled. We wonder if he has ever heard of a certain tale entitled "Notre Ami Rappel."

The Mystery

About the events leading up to the death of Guy de Maupassant in 1893, there has always been a curious mystery. He died in the madhouse of Dr. Blanche to which he was taken after two attempts upon his own life. But why were these attempts made? What made him change his plans and break the promise to his mother that he would spend Christmas Eve with her at Nice? He did not go to Nice, but to the Isles Sainte-Marguerite with two ladies, one of whom had played a considerable part in his life and is understood to have been the original of Madame de Burne of Notre Cœur. Something happened on that journey—something weird and horrible—but what it was no one seems to know. It was the definite beginning of the man's mental and physical débâcle. A week later at Cannes he made the two attempts at suicide.

A new book about de Maupassant has appeared. It was written by François Tassart, who from 1883 to 1893 was the writer's valet. Of the mysterious attempts at suicide he tells us that two o'clock one morning he was awakened by a noise. De Maupassant stood before him; his neck was covered with blood. "I have cut my throat, François," he said. "It is a clear case of madness." The servant called for help, and aided by one of the sailors of the *Bel-Ami,* staunched the bleeding as best he could, till the arrival of a physician. While the doctor took stitches in the wound the patient remained perfectly calm and silent. Stretching out his hand to François and the sailor, he asked their pardon for the trouble he had caused them. After that it was a clear case of madness. Once he woke his valet in the middle of the night. "War is declared!" he cried. "We must depart!" He imagined that Germany and France were fighting again.

François, despite his humble social position, had some decided literary opinions. He did not quite approve of the novels of M. Emile Zola. As he told De Maupassant, he considered that the author of the Rougon-Macquart was entirely too hard on servants. "I have been a servant twenty-five years, Monsieur," he said, "yet I have never heard anything even resembling what Monsieur Zola puts into the mouths of his characters. It is not right that he should fall afoul of poor creatures with no means of defending themselves." De Maupassant smiled at his vehemence. "Believe me, François, that Zola did not wish to attack those good girls of whom you speak so well," he remarked. "He simply wished to show the defective side of that class of society. He wrote very well about it, but, as is always the case with him, he sought sensationalism for the sake of big sales. If he had written about the good side of servants, as you suggest, he would have made no money. Writing as he does, however, all those with unhealthy appetites hurl themselves at his books, and money, which is all he desires, pours in on him. His method is wrong, I think. An artist, if he would really give his measure, must think of nothing but his masterpiece and be absolutely disinterested."

Fort Comme la Mort was a huge success, despite the ending, against which the author's mother argued resolutely. "My master is very happy about it," writes François. "He feels sure that it will sell well on the railroad station book stalls."

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But the novel's success brought upon its author an avalanche of youthful writers madly desirous of making his acquaintance. Finally he lost all patience with them. "How they tire me!" he complained. "I'll receive no more of them unless they make special appointments. Nothing would please me better than to be useful to these young fellows, but in most cases whatever I tell them can do them no good. Look at that chap who just went out. All my good advice is wasted on him. He won't do his work and expects to become a novelist. Impossible, impossible! In order to write a novel you must think of it continually, put every character carefully in place, see that everything is well arranged when you are writing the opening pages, otherwise you must always go back and change something. If you do that you get inextricably confused. Writing a book isn't the work of a single day, even for an experienced writer—think of what it should be for a beginner!"

Somewhat Inconsistent

A Napoleonic book that has been receiving high praise is Paul Frémaux's *Les Dernier Jours de l'Empereur*. Arnold Bennett, writing in the *New Age*, calls attention to the inconsistencies of the *Saturday Review*, that amiable periodical having published separate reviews of the English and French versions of M. Frémaux's book.

THE FRENCH VERSION

M. Frémaux's book should be translated into English, as it is a fair and unbiased account of a tragedy of undying interest about which neither Mr. Forsyth nor Lord Rosebery, still less Dr. Holland Rose, has said the last word.

THE ENGLISH VERSION

We do not think there was any need for a new volume on the same subject. M. Frémaux, of course, knows all there is to know in this connection, and it is hard for a specialist not to believe that everybody else wants to learn, . . . Like most partisans he spoils things by over-statement. . . . Sir Hudson Lowe was not a monster. He was merely a good gaoler.

The First Caricature

Napoleon in caricature is one of the most prolific of subjects. Indeed, European political caricature from 1798 until 1815 may be said to have been Napoleon. Although in France this form of pictorial art was rigidly suppressed, Gillray and Rowlandson in England, and a score of artists in Germany and Austria were depicting the great emperor as the most infamous of monsters. The first known caricature of Bonaparte was drawn years before the First Consulate, when the Bourbons still sat upon the throne of France. It is reproduced in Norwood Young's *The Growth of Napoleon*. Young Bonaparte's years at the military academy at Brienne were not happy ones. He was a Corsican, and at that time Corsica was a recently conquered province. The cartoon, which was drawn by a schoolmate, represents the future emperor standing, a severe and determined look upon his face, with both hands on the top of a musket, resting the butt on the ground. A smaller figure behind him, an old man whose nose nearly reaches his chin, is pulling him back by his wig. Napoleon's feet face in two directions—one forward, the other backward. Underneath is written: "Bonaparte rushes to the aid of Paoli to rescue him from the hand of his enemies." These words have been struck through with a pen, which has also been drawn across the face of Napoleon.

The Real Dora Copperfield

In a recent number of the *British Weekly* Claudius Clear has considerable to say about a book not yet published, entitled *Charles Dickens and Maria Beadnell*. Maria Beadnell, who afterward became Mrs. Henry Winter, was the original of Dora Spenlow in *David Copperfield* and Flora Finching in *Little Dorrit*. The book, which is edited by Professor Baker of Harvard, is based on a series of unpublished letters by Charles Dickens which found their way into the hands of an American collector, Mr. Bixby. Claudius Clear considers this book a real addition to the literature about Dickens. It cannot be forgotten, and it contains disclosures of significant facts which were not

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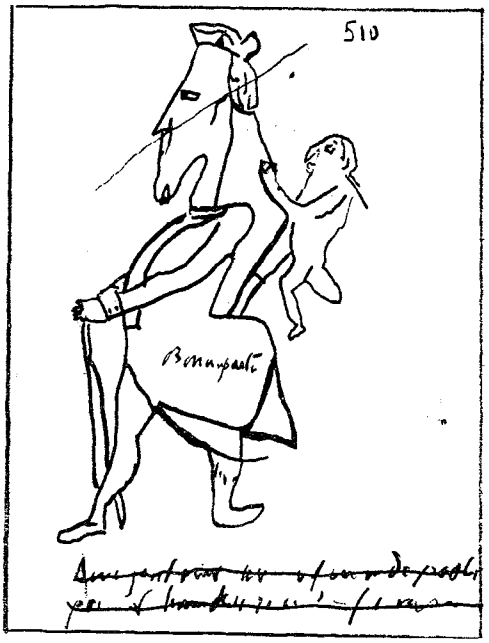
known even to Forster. The letters verify certain disputed points in *David Copperfield,* and show that in important respects the love affairs of its hero were those of the novelist himself. They also conclusively prove that a good deal of *Little Dorrit* was based on Dickens's own experience. A knowledge of these letters enables one to read *Little Dorrit* in a new light—as a kind of sequel to *David Copperfield.*

In 1830, when Dickens was eighteen years of age, he made the acquaintance of three sisters, Margaret, Anne, and Maria Beadnell, the daughters of a certain George Beadnell, who had a position in a London banking house. At that time Dickens had given up his work in a law office, had mastered shorthand, and was on the eve of becoming a member of the staff of the *True Sun.* In the Beadnell family he found the pleasant domesticities which were lacking in his own home. Among the young men who frequented the house were two intimate friends of his, David Lloyd and Henry Kolle. Lloyd married Margaret Beadnell in the spring of 1831 and Kolle married the second sister, Anne, two years later. Almost at first sight Dickens fell in love with Maria, and the girl, who was a year the boy's senior, was not reluctant to enter upon a flirtation. Dickens was intelligent, ambitious and, in a certain way, attractive, but he was still groping about to find himself, and his promise and enthusiasm did not constitute eligibility in the worldly sense of the term. Maria Beadnell was a deliberate flirt, and though Dickens fell madly in love with her, she hesitated, sometimes responding, and at other times becoming cold. She regarded the youth's love making with amused tolerance, an attitude that was apparently shared by her family. In the autumn of 1831, when her parents sent Maria to school in Paris, Dickens's love had reached the point of infatuation.

Maria Beadnell had a friend, Mary Ann Leigh, who seems to have been partly in love with Dickens. She did her best to embroil the lovers, and the task was not a difficult one. Maria thought that she could do much better. She did not realise, any more than Dickens's own parents did, what was in the boy. So by 1833 Dickens was turned bitterly away. He was wretched and considered himself ill treated. Maria excused herself by some gossip about Mary Ann Leigh. Dickens declared that he had been entirely misunderstood; that he had endured more than any man had ever endured before, and that his love would be lasting. He put aside all pride, went down on his knees, and begged for a response. Maria returned some of his letters, but kept copies of them. Finally, in 1833, Dickens went away, and the relations between the two were broken off for more than twenty years.



THE FIRST CARICATURE OF NAPOLEON

In 1836, after an engagement of several months, Dickens, who was then beginning to taste the fruits of first success, married Catherine Hogarth. Nine years later Maria Beadnell, who had reached the age of thirty-four, espoused Henry Louis Winter. There was no communication of any kind between her and Dickens for many years. But in 1855 Mrs. Winter wrote. Her letter arrived along with a number of others. Dickens suddenly remembered, opened it,

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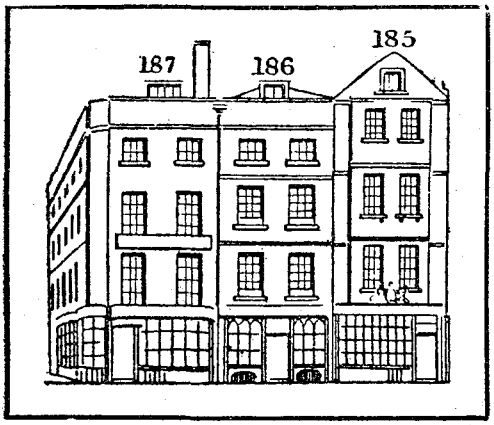

WHERE "PICKWICK" WAS FIRST PUBLISHED, 186 STRAND, THE ORIGINAL HOME OF CHAPMAN AND HALL

and was delighted. He replied warmly, if not exuberantly. He recalled their old trysting places, his happiness, his misery. He proposed that Mrs. Dickens should call on Maria and arrange a day for a quiet meeting. Later he confessed that whatever of fancy, romance, energy, passion and determination belonged to him, he could never be separated from her for whom he would have died with the greatest alacrity. He said that he had never heard the name Maria without starting, and thinking of the deep love he once bestowed upon her. He referred her to *David Copperfield,* and told her that she would see the touches of herself in Dora. He asked her to read the book, and to think, "How dearly that boy must have loved me, and how vividly this man remembers it."

Maria's apparent reply to this was an explanation that she would have married Dickens if it had not been for the opposition of her parents. She speaks of herself as being "toothless, fat, old, and ugly." This Dickens refused to believe. He recalled the old days and her early beauty. Finally, alas! they met. No sooner his eyes fell on the object of his youthful passion than it shivered and broke to pieces, and the Dora of *David Copperfield* became the Flora of *Little Dorrit.* The coldness with which she had treated him was now amply returned. The exuberant letters that she wrote were met by courteous refusals. Her husband failed, and she appealed to her old lover. Dickens declined to be drawn into the responsibility, and suggested that her father ought to help. Mr. Winter entered the ministry, became a curate at Cambridge, and afterward Vicar of Alnmouth, Northumberland, where he died in 1871. Mrs. Winter died in 1886.

The Dickens Stamp

Despite our mild expressions of disapproval in the matter of the Dickens stamps, we have received inquiries as to where they may be obtained. This is information which we very gladly give. What we have said on the subject has not been inspired by any feeling that Dickens should not have such a testimonial to his memory, but because we believe that some thought should be given by American readers to American writers, who have been the greatest sufferers by unjust and inadequate laws of international copyright. The Dickens stamps can be purchased with very little trouble. In addition, as engraved book plates, they seem to be well worth the modest price

THE MODERN PISTOL. "BASE IS THE SLAVE THAT PAYS"

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AMERICAN "COPYRIGHT BILL" IN A NEW PART. "DIE VILLAIN"

that is asked for them. If you wish to buy them go to one of the leading booksellers of your home city, and if he has them not himself he will surely be able to tell you where they may be found. If we had space we should be very glad to print a complete list of agencies in the United States. But it would take nearly two pages of the BOOKMAN.

"Punch" and the "Pirates"

A propos of our remarks last month on the subject of British ideas about American literary "piracy" we are reproducing two amiable drawings which originally appeared in the pages of London *Punch*. The first, printed in the issue of May 24, 1890, represents the American publisher as the modern Pistol, trampling the copyright act under foot, and unctuously declaring "base is the Slave that Pays." The second, which appeared in March of the following year, is based on a line in the *Times* newspaper to the effect that "the extinction of literary piracy in America has been decreed."

Old Country Inns

There is no feature of the older England that is more closely associated with literature and art than the old country inns, a subject which seems to be adequately treated, both in text and pictorially, in *Old Country Inns of England,* by Henry P. Maskell and Edward W. Gregory, a publication which has just come from the press of Messrs. L. C. Page and Company of Boston. Sir Walter Scott, when staying with Wordsworth, at Grassmere, usually managed to give his host the slip in order to spend an hour or two in the "Swan" beyond the village; just as Addison had fled the splendid state of Holland House for the "Old White Horse" in Kensington Road. The "Bull and Bush," in North End, Hampstead, was a resort frequented by Addison, Dryden, and Steele, and is said to have been once the country home of Hogarth. Fifty years ago George Borrow, Edward Fitzgerald, and Charles Keene, the *Punch* artist, were among those who gathered at the "Bull" at Woodbridge. David Garrick's birthplace was the "Raven" at Hereford; William Cobbett was born at the "Jolly Farmer" at Farnham; and Charles Spurgeon, the famous preacher, at the "Little Wheatsheaf." Thomas Hughes, the author of the immortal Tom Brown at Rugby, once kept the "Black Lion" at Walsingham.

The old country inn has also played an exceedingly conspicuous part in fiction. Charles Reade in *The Cloister and the Hearth* described the variety of characteristics mediæval. In *The White Company,* Conan Doyle drew a delightful picture of the "Pied Merlin" in the New Forest. For the coaching inns one need only turn to pages of Fielding's *Joseph*

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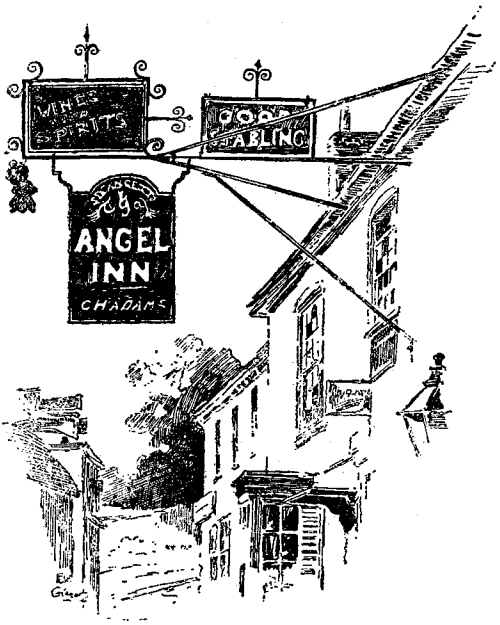

THE ANGEL INN, WOOLHAMPTON

YARD OF THE WHITE HORSE, DORKING

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THE KING'S ARMS, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD

THE FALSTAFF, CANTERBURY

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Andrews and *Tom Jones,* and Dickens's *Pickwick* and for the smaller class of inns to the *Old Curiosity Shop.*

Bertha Von Suttner

We confess that, on seeing the name of Bertha von Suttner on two volumes of *Memoirs,* published by Ginn and Company for the International School of Peace, we were somewhat at a loss to identify the lady, whose portrait, as frontispiece to volume one, presents a strong likeness to Carmen Sylva. However, as we were speedily reminded by a glance through the volumes, it was only six years ago that the Baroness von Suttner received the peace prize instituted by Alfred Nobel in his will—the year before the same prize was awarded to Theodore Roosevelt. Then we began to remember things about her. It was this woman who, in the Eighties, published a book, *Die Waffen Nieder* (*Away with Weapons*), which, on its publication, had much difficulty in finding a publisher, so certain were the editors of its flat failure in a militaristic country. Yet it made nearly as great a sensation in Europe as did *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in this country, and had almost as much to do with the spread of the peace movement as the latter with the spread of anti-slavery sentiment in America. The Baroness had already lived through three wars, that between Austria and Prussia in 1866, the Franco-Prussian in 1870, and the Turko-Russian, in 1877-78—the latter at close quarters, since she was living at the time in the Caucasus and saw the "sotnias" set forth for the scene of battle and return decimated—before she became conscious of a strong anti-militaristic sentiment in herself. In Paris in 1887, where she frequented the Salon of Madame Juliette Adam, and heard much excited talk about the policy of "Revanche" and the imminency of a second war with Prussia, she learned of the existence in London of an "International Peace and Arbitration Association," the aim of which was to bring about, by creating and organising public opinion, the establishment of an international court of appeal which should take the place of armed force in settling disputes between nations.

This was the turning point in Baroness von Suttner's career. She had already made a place for herself among contemporary German writers, and she determined to enlist her literary talent and influence in the cause. "I wanted to be of service to the Peace League, and how could I better do so than by trying to write a book which should propagate its ideas? And I could do it most effectively, I thought, in the form of a story. I should certainly find a larger public for that than for a treatise. . . . I wanted to be able to put into my book not only what I thought but what I felt, felt passionately; I wanted to give expression to the pain which the image of war burned into my soul; I wanted to present life, palpitating life, reality, historical reality; and all this could be done only in a novel, and best in a novel written in the form of an autobiography." This she did after exhaustive researches designed to render the picture more completely photographic. The impression of autobiographic truth was such that it was long thought by many who knew nothing of the author, that she had actually experienced all the tragedy of warfare so graphically and feelingly depicted. Thus the heroine was supposed to have lost two husbands, and when Mr. Felix Moscheles, the painter and the son of the famous musician, called on the Baroness in Venice, he was amazed to be received by a gentleman who began politely: "My wife will be much pleased . . ." "What! How is this," interrupted Moscheles. "Can you be Baron Suttner? So you are not dead? Why, you were shot in Paris!" "Excuse me, no. . . ." And then, of course, ensued the explanation.

Henceforth the Baroness was drawn completely into the propaganda, the detailed account of which, from one Peace Congress to another, fills the larger part of these two volumes. In the course of her activities she met or corresponded with nearly every distinguished writer and publicist of Europe. Not least interesting is her association with Nobel. Her first meeting with the famous inventor of dynamite and manufacturer of war material, was the result of an inci-

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dent in her private life. Although of a noble Czech family, the Kinskys, she was left in poor circumstances by the death of her father, and her mother wasted much of their small means in the attempt to restore their fallen fortunes at the gambling tables of such resorts as Homburg and Baden-Baden. There the daughter was able to observe a mingled society, which ranged from celebrated figures of the Second Empire, like Cora Pearl and Léonide Leblanc, and interestingly exotic Georgian and Mingrelian princes and princesses. After the failure of a plan to study music for the lyric stage, she entered the aristocratic family of the von Suttners in Vienna as governess, and proceeded to fall in love with the youngest son, Artur Gundacca, who was seven years her junior and who re-

VAUGHN KESTER, THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRODIGAL JUDGE"

"The Prodigal Judge" is a story which is receiving very generous praise and which marks a new departure in the game of book exploitation. A prize of $250 is to be given the writer of the printed review which is selected by the judges. For reasons which should be obvious to our readers, THE BOOKMAN'S review will appear after the prize award is definitely decided.

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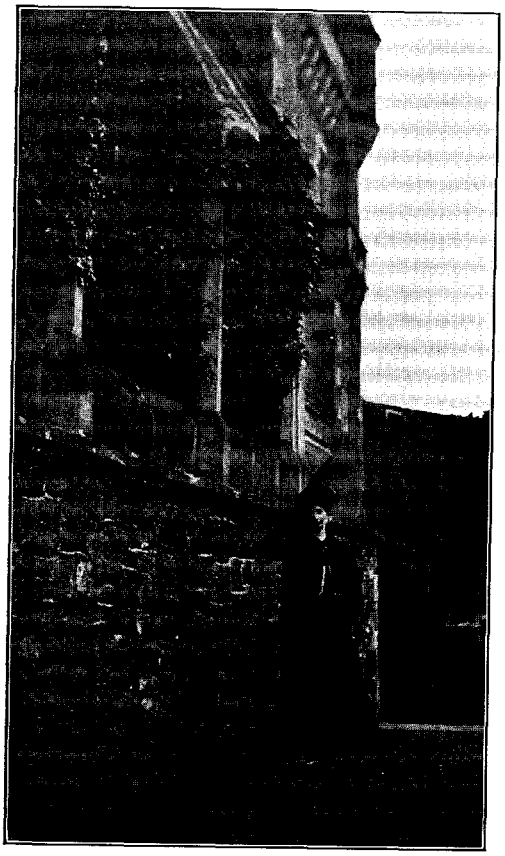

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. MARY JOHNSTON AT ABBOTTSFORD

turned her affection with romantic ardour. As there was no question of an alliance between the two families—the lovers were secretly married later—Bertha, who was determined to leave the house, answered an advertisement which read: "A very wealthy, cultured, elderly gentleman living in Paris desires to find a lady, also of mature years, familiar with languages, as secretary and manager of his household." She received a reply, signed with the name of Alfred Nobel, and after an exchange of several letters, she accepted the position and left for Paris. Nobel, who met her at the station, made a very pleasing impression.

He was not indeed an "elderly gentleman," as the advertisement gave us to understand and as we all imagined him, grey-haired and feeble—not at all. Born in 1833, he was then forty-three years old, rather below the medium height, with dark, full beard, with features neither ugly nor handsome; his expression rather gloomy, softened only by kindly blue eyes; in his voice there was a melancholy alternating with a satirical tone. Sad and sarcastic, such was his nature. Was that the reason Byron was his favourite poet. He could chat and tell stories and philosophise so entertainingly that his conversation quite captivated the mind. To talk with him about the world and humanity, about art and life, about the problems of time and eternity, was an intense intellectual enjoyment. He kept aloof from social life: certain forms of shallowness, of falsity, of frivolity, filled him with wrath and disgust. He was full of faith in the abstract ideal of a coming loftier humanity—"when once people come into the world with better developed brains"—but full of distrust of the majority of men of his day, for he had had to make the acquaintance of so many low, selfish, insincere characters. He was distrustful also of himself, and bashful even to the point of timidity. He regarded himself as repulsive; believed that he was incapable of inspiring

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. MRS. INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE, AUTHOR OF "PHOEBE AND ERNEST"

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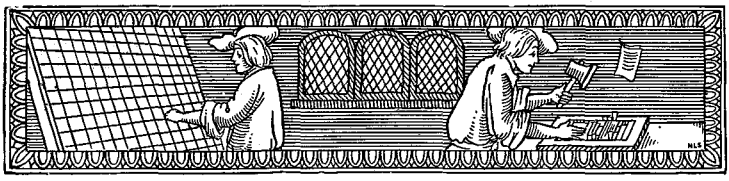
sympathetic feeling; was always afraid that people were merely flattering him because of his enormous wealth. That was doubtless the reason he had never married. His studies, his books, his experiments—those were what filled his life. He was also a writer and poet, but never published any of his poetical works. A philosophical poem a hundred pages long, written in the English language, he gave me to read in manuscript; I found it simply splendid.

Nobel had his own dream of world-peace, though it was of a different sort than that of which his young secretary formed the conception in after years. "I wish I could produce a substance or a machine," he said to her, "of such frightful efficacy for wholesale devastation that wars should thereby become altogether impossible." This notion of the way in which peace might be procured made him at first sceptical of the peace propaganda by means of congresses and international *ententes* when Baroness von Suttner sought to enlist him in the movement. He was always willing to contribute financial aid, but that he was finally won over to real belief in the cause was due, no doubt, largely, to her persuasive arguments. She was always deeply in his confidence, and as she says she was familiar with his intentions relative to the prizes which he instituted, it is possible that she had a share in the shaping of the bequest for that purpose.

HENRY S. HARRISON, AUTHOR OF "QUEED"

The Literary Army

In place of the usual polite form which accompanies a returned manuscript that has been submitted to a magazine, in at least four cases out of ten a more definite reason could be summed up in the brief words "sent to the wrong place." It is amazing what little consideration the vast literary army gives to the question of the right market. Not only are thousands of manuscripts being sent each month to magazines which, on account of the policy which should be perfectly understood, could not possibly use them, but articles are being daily forwarded to periodicals that have ceased to exist. For example, the last number of *Appleton's Magazine* was issued in May, 1909—two years ago. Yet the mail of D. Appleton and Company is still flooded with stories, articles, poems, and even novels, addressed to the magazine and offered for publication in it.



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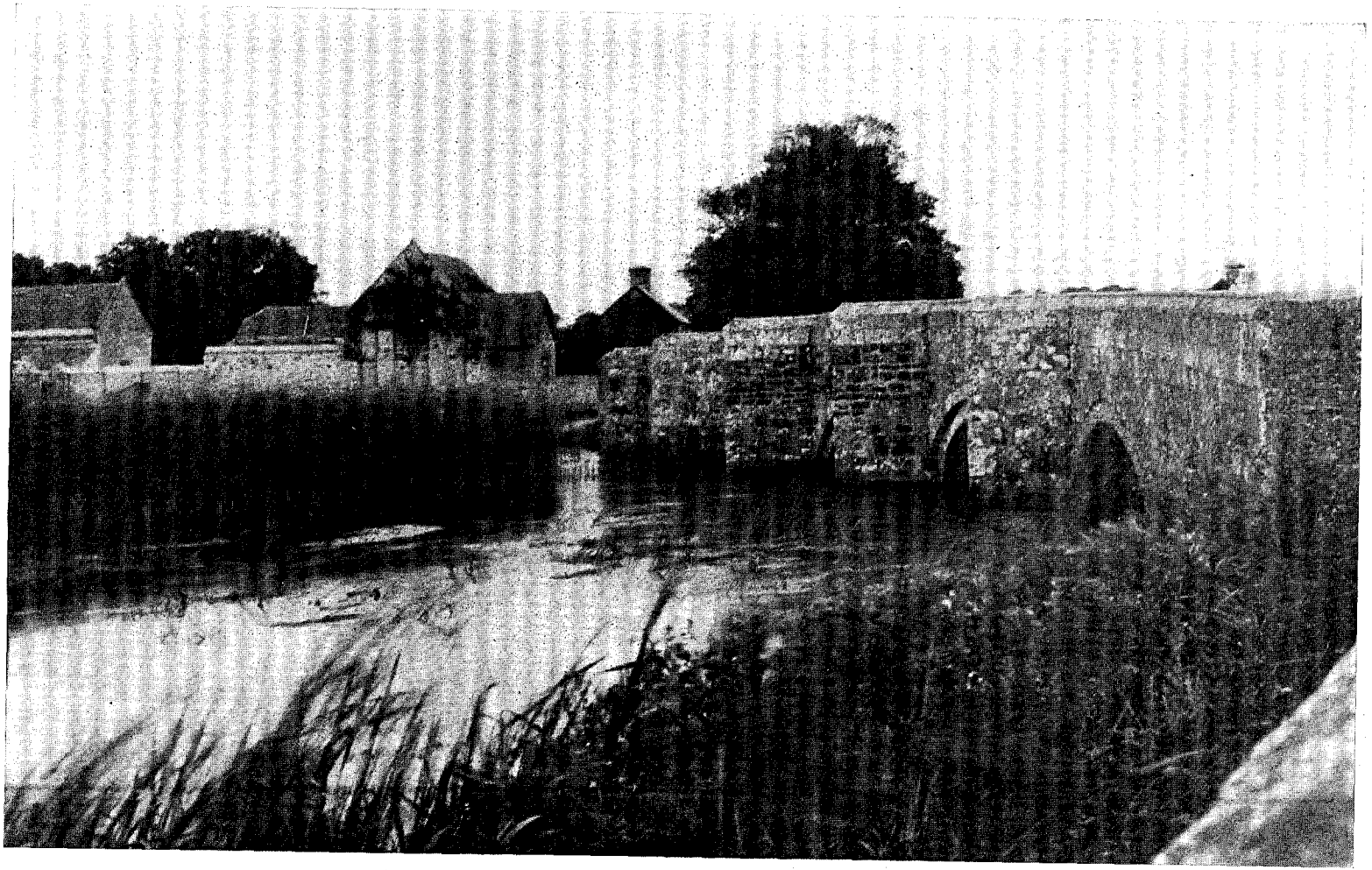

THE GREAT ELIZABETHAN BRIDGE AT WELLBRIDGE. "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES" Photograph by Clive Holland.

After their marriage Angel Clare takes Tess to Wellbridge. There is the flour mill in which he has planned to gain his experience.

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Photograph by Clive Holland.

"THE FIR-SHROUDED HILL TOP." "TWO ON A TOWER"

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Photograph by Clive Holland.

THE HOME OF THOMAS HARDY. "MAX GATE," DORCHESTER

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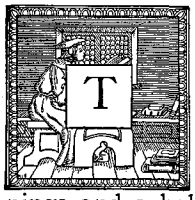
BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

IV—E. P. Roe's "Barriers Burned Away"

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I



HE other day, in an old notebook, the present scribe came upon the outline of a special article that he once intended to write. There were one or two abortive beginnings and a half page of jottings which must have meant something once upon a time, but which now are quite unintelligible, and scrawled across the top of the page was the exceedingly lugubrious title, "The Death-bed in Fiction." Perhaps it is as well, after all, that the article never was written. "Give us optimism and the sunshine of life," is the cry of magazine editors of to-day, and the subject is one that would certainly be frowned upon by the conventions. But what a marvellous wealth of material it suggests! What a vast field there is for one with patience to explore it thoroughly! Where begin and where stop?

I am alone by the fire, with the curtains drawn against the fading winter landscape, waiting in imagination for those welcome ghostly visitors. What a host of men, women, and children, whose demises have at some time wrung our hearts, will presently come trooping out of the twilight! Little Nell and Paul Dombey steal silent in. Whose is that kindly old countenance with the sweeping moustaches but Colonel "Tom" Newcome's? Since he said "Adsum" when his name was called, and laid aside the burdens of this world, one may be sure that he has not been much troubled by the society of his nephew Barnes. Mrs. Pendennis! We recall a very touching death scene to show music in some Continental watering place. And the Major! We confess to a little momentary surprise, but now we remember that you are by rights one of this company, because somewhere in *The Newcomes* you met your end in a proper spirit of contrition, and your last words were a somewhat belated appreciation of the good qualities of Laura. To you, Mr. Osborne of Russell Square, our welcome cannot be over-cordial. Think of the poor, tottering old man who is coming in behind you, of how once he befriended you, and of your own hard heart. Contrast his death and your own, and remember the wonderful sermon that was preached over that contrast.

The room is filling now. Over in a corner there sits a haggard old woman, the Baroness Bernstein, who was once the beautiful Beatrix Esmond. What a death-bed was hers with that last cry in French revealing the treachery of the Prince and calling upon the cousin whom she had so cruelly flouted! Next there is Jean Valjean, who died of a broken heart when his Cosette left him to become the wife of Marius, and whose material ashes lie buried in a remote corner of the cemetery of Pere Lachaise. The ghost by his side was once old Goriot, whose last mortal agony was embittered by the neglect of the ungrateful daughters for whom he had sacrificed so much. That prematurely old woman, whose countenance bears the unmistakable marks of loathsome disease, was the fascinating Valerie Marneffe, who maintained her rôle to the last, and who on her death-bed expressed a determination of going to "faire le Bon Dieu." It is quite fitting that her nearest companion in this ghostly gathering should be Emma Bovary, in the painting of whose terrible death-bed the genius of Flaubert reached its highest point.

But enough of this fanciful preamble. The point that the writer wishes to make is that if the death-bed in fiction seems to have gone out of date, in the old days it was of paramount importance. Dip into the conventional novel of a generation or two ago and you can no more

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E. P. ROE

escape that last pathetic scene than you can escape what is vaguely known as "the love interest." Commonplace as it may have been, it never failed of its appeal. Try to imagine *Uncle Tom's Cabin* without the death of Uncle Tom, or *St. Elmo* without the death of little Felix. In the story which is the subject of this article the death-bed was a decided factor. This must not be forgotten in analysing the book and its enormous popularity. The Chicago fire, from which the tale took its title, was merely an accident and a solution. The love of Dennis Fleet for Christine Ludolph, the strong religious tone of the story, and the deaths of Dennis's father and mother are the basic principles upon which the success of *Barriers Burned Away* was builded.

II

Dennis Fleet, after the death of his father, is confronted with the task of carving out a career for himself, and of materially contributing to the support of his mother and younger sisters. He is about twenty years of age, with strong religious convictions, health, and with an education which his creator considers sound, but without the equipment to do anything definite. It is with profound confidence and belief in the future that he goes to Chicago—the Chicago of the years immediately before the great fire. His early experiences are those of the conventional hero of this particular kind of fiction. He makes an unfortunate choice in the hotel in which he stays at the beginning of his visit, with the result that the one position that suits him, and

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is apparently within his grasp, is immediately closed to him. Day after day he walks the streets only to be met by the continual and inevitable rebuff. He falls in with a good Samaritan, in the person of the somewhat disreputable drunkard, Bill Cronk, and by him is shown the way to earn humble but necessary money by shovelling snow. It is this employment that brings him to the "spacious, elegant store" of Mr. Ludolph, a German of ancient but impoverished family, who has come to the United States for the purpose of building up a fortune that will enable him to restore his ancestral estate. By this man Dennis Fleet is employed, first in the capacity of a porter. From the beginning it is obvious that the boy's energy and ability will win him speedy advancement. Mr. Ludolph has an only daughter, and with the advent on the scene of Christine Ludolph, begins the love story of *Barriers Burned Away*.

III

Or ever the knightly days were gone
With the old world to the grave,
When I was a king in Babylon
And you were a Christian slave.

It does not matter in the least that some cynic has pointed out that Babylonian kings and Christian slaves were not exactly contemporaneous. Such a detail cannot mar the beauty of W. E. Henley's lines. In them you have the epitome of *Barriers Burned Away*, as you have the epitome of countless other stories. The four lines sum up completely one of the seven fundamental plots which comprise all fiction. *Barriers Burned Away* is another *Lady of Lyons* with the exception that Dennis Fleet is an honest Claude Melnotte. The romance of Christine Ludolph and Dennis Fleet is the romance of Edna Earl and St. Elmo Murray inverted, or the romance of Jane Eyre and Edward Rochester inverted. Before Christine Ludolph makes her appearance in her father's "Art Building" there arrives a picture which makes a curious impression upon Dennis. It shows a winter scene in Germany, and one of the figures is that of a young girl of great beauty, but with cold scorn and pride in her eyes and lips. The face haunts Dennis Fleet. When, a day or two later, Christine enters, he is startled by the strong resemblance between the girl and the portrait. Christine's first attitude toward Dennis is one of contemptuous indifference. The two are thrown into closer contact when he is called in to help rearrange the "Art Building" under her direction. In this work he displays a singular perception and talent, which leads to his promotion to a position of considerable responsibility. This marks the beginning of his real career. Under the instruction of a dissolute but talented old painter, whose family he has been able to rescue from dire poverty, Fleet takes up the study of art in the hours of the evening and has soon made surprising progress. To Miss Ludolph he has become an object of mild curiosity, but nothing more.

Dennis Fleet's first adventure in what the author refers to as "society" is at once complicated, and humiliating, and astonishing. A musical entertainment is to be given by some of Christine Ludolph's friends, and the young clerk is asked to assist as a kind of general stage manager. Dennis's reception is far from encouraging. A certain Miss Brown, the daughter of a good-natured but not overscrupulous brewer, sees to it that he shall not forget what she considers his place. At the last moment the tenor on whom those in charge of the entertainment have been counting fails them and Dennis shows himself equal to the emergency. A general gloom has settled upon the faces of all when he steps forward and asks if they have the music that the absent tenor was to sing. The quotation that follows is illuminating and characteristic:

"Certainly! Do you suppose it was of the kind that he could extemporise?" said Miss Brown, pertly.

"Will you let me see it? If you are willing, perhaps I can assist you in this matter."

All turned toward him with a look of great surprise.

"What do you think of that from the man who sweeps Mr. Ludolph's store?" asked Miss Brown in a loud whisper.

"I think the fellow is as presuming as he is ignorant," said Mr. Mellen, so plainly that all heard him.

"It is not presuming, sir, to offer a kindness where it is needed," said Dennis, with dignity,

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"and my ignorance is not yet proved. The presumption is all on your part."

Mr. Mellen flushed and was about to answer angrily when Miss Winthrop said hastily, but in a kindly tone: "But really, Mr. Fleet, much of our music is new and very difficult."

"But it is written, is it not?" asked Dennis, with a smile.

Christine looked at him in silent wonder. What would he not do next? But she was sorry that he had spoken, for she foresaw only mortification for him.

"Oh, give him the music, by all means," said Miss Brown, expecting to enjoy his blunderous attempt to sing what was far beyond him. "There, I will play the accompaniment. It's not the tune of 'Old Hundred' that you are to sing now, young man, remember."

Dennis glanced over the music, and she began to play a loud, difficult piece.

He turned to Miss Ludolph and said: "I fear that you have given me the wrong music. Miss Brown is playing something not written here."

They exchanged significant glances, and Miss Winthrop said, "Play the right music, Miss Brown."

She struck into the music that Dennis held, but played it so out of time that no one could sing it. Dennis laid down his sheets on the piano and said quietly, though with flushed face: "I did not mean to be obtrusive. You all seemed greatly disappointed at Mr. Archer's absence and the results, and I thought that in view of the emergency it would not be presumption to offer my services. But it seems that I am mistaken."

"No, it is not presumption," said Miss Winthrop. "It was true kindness and courtesy, which has been ill requited. But you see, to be frank, Mr. Fleet, we all fear that you do not realise what you are undertaking."

"Must I of necessity be an ignoramus because, as Miss Brown says, I sweep a store?"

"Let me play the accompaniment," said Christine, with the decided manner that few resisted, and she went correctly through the difficult and brilliant passage. Dennis followed his part with both eye and ear, and then said, "Perhaps I had better sing my part alone first, and then you can correct any mistakes."

There was a flutter of expectation, a wink from Mr. Mellen, and an audible titter from Miss Brown.

"Certainly," said Miss Ludolph, who thought to herself, "If he will make a fool of himself, he may," and she played the brief prelude.

Then prompt at the proper moment, true to time and note, Dennis's rich, powerful tenor voice startled and then entranced them all. He sung the entire passage through with only such mistakes as resulted from his nervousness and embarrassment.

IV

The triumph of the rehearsal is more than repeated at the entertainment itself. Dennis is overwhelmed with compliments and takes away with him the memory of them and the melancholy knowledge that he has fallen hopelessly and desperately in love with Christine Ludolph. For the girl, despite occasional moments of condescending kindness, has not yet changed or at most only very little. She is still cold, and proud, and cynical, and unbelieving—the very daughter of that mother who years before had broken her father's proud heart. In time, however, illness comes and does a little to soften her. She is not ripe yet for love, but she is for ambition, and she too is consumed with a desire to paint. She copies a famous masterpiece which passes the eyes of all save Dennis, who, to her infinite humiliation, detects the deception and points out the difference. The wound caused by his criticism is deep. He has told her that the sphere of true art is beyond her, a verdict that she knows is true. For her, as for him, there is a barrier beyond which she cannot pass.

Out of her mortification and pique she forms a plan. If the power of artistic creation is not within her she will learn it from the outside. She means perfectly to master the human face as it expresses emotions, to paint a picture that will make her famous, and Dennis Fleet is the human victim that she offers on the altar of her ambition. To this end she employs every art of coquetry at her command. Soon Dennis can wear the mask no longer. He tells her of the love that is in his heart, and then awakes to the truth that it is his face and not himself that she wants, and that he has been no more than the human subject under the surgeon's knife. In her moment of triumph she points to the picture and bids

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him criticise it if he dare. Dennis's reply is to seize a brush of paint and with one stroke to obliterate the face that has cost them both so much.

The months go by. Dennis Fleet has been at the point of death, and Christine Ludolph has gone on a journey to the East, believing his recovery to be impossible. The voice of conscience has been wakened within her and she passes her days in reckless gaiety in the hope that she may be able to forget. She returns to Chicago and encounters what she first takes to be an apparition. The months of her absence have brought Dennis back to health and strength, and although he has been discharged by Mr. Ludolph, who has come to suspect some understanding between his daughter and his employee, he is established in a studio, has sold a number of pictures, and has with high hopes entered a painting for a great prize. Of course, professional painters will be likely to find the art chapters of the story absurd to the point of ludicrousness. But romance is far from being so hypercritical, and the painting which wins the prize very naturally is signed with the name "Dennis Fleet." As he goes home after the award Dennis sees a brilliant light in the southwest and hears the firebells. It is the beginning of the conflagration that is to burn the barriers away.

V

Twenty-four years ago E. P. Roe wrote in one of the early numbers of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* the story of how *Barriers Burned Away* came to be written. In the year 1871 he was pastor of a church at Highland Falls, near West Point, New York. At that time he had never written fiction, nor had he any definite promptings toward authorship. His life was a busy one, and horticulture its chief recreation. Early in October he was asked to preach in a church without a pastor in New York City with the understanding that he would consider a call if the congregation extended it. It was on the night of that Sunday that the burning of Chicago began. On Monday people in New York held their breaths as they read the startling head lines in the morning papers.

"I cannot account for it," wrote Mr. Roe, "but the impulse to go to the stricken city at once seemed to overpower me. The officers of the church in which I had spoken asked me to spend the week with them and visit among the people. I told them I could not. Returning home I packed my valise and started westward. I had no clear purpose, no definite plan, beyond that of seeing humanity at a time when it appealed so powerfully to one's sympathy and interest. I hoped eventually to write about the scenes witnessed; but what or how I should write I did not know, nor was I certain that I could produce anything that people would care to read." The ruins were yet smoking when he arrived, and every hour deepened the impression of the great disaster. Making a partly finished hotel his headquarters, he spent several days, and part of the nights also, picking his way through the debris encumbering the streets, while trying to reproduce in imagination the scenes and events of the conflagration. In this effort he was aided by conversations with all classes of people; and many strange and startling experiences were told him.

Far more interesting than the ruins, however, were the number of citizens already engaged in removing them that

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GASKELL-MACVITTY-CARPENTER CO. (Inc.)
PRESENT
A Dramatization of E. P Roe's Novel

"BARRIERS BURNED AWAY"
BY
GEORGE MIDDLETON
Staged under the direction of William Josey

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dennis Fleet ..... Joseph Remington
Ethel Fleet, a widow; his mother ..... Edith Harian
Mr. Ludolph, a wealthy art dealer, brother of a German baron ..... Taylor Carroll

Christine, his only daughter ..... Miss Elsie Creecy
Susie Winthrop, her friend ..... Mento A. Everitt
Mr. Mellen, an unscrupulous real estate manipulator ..... Allen Leiber
Berthold Bruder, a broken down German artist ..... W. A. Orlamond

Mrs. Bruder, his wife ..... Minnie W. Carroll
Bill Cronk, a Knight of the Road ..... Walter Ayers
Mr. Cornell, a well known Art Critic ..... Arthur Johnson

ACT I.—At Mrs. Fleet's Farm House near Bankville. "Leaving Home."
ACT II.—Private exhibition room in Ludolph's Art Emporium. "The Barriers"

ACT III.—Christine's Studio. October Seventh. "The Barriers Rise Between."

ACT IV.—At Mrs. Fleet's again. November. "Barriers Burned Away."
The action of the play takes place during the year of the great Chicago fire. 1871

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER "BARRIERS BURNED AWAY" APPEARED IN BOOK FORM, THE STORY WAS FOR THE FIRST TIME ADAPTED FOR THE STAGE. WE REPRODUCE THE PLAYBILL OF THE FIRST PERFORMANCE

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they might build anew and better than before. In no battle has greater courage been displayed than was shown by the plain business men who then faced their great misfortune. With shop, and factory, and home in ashes, they were still rich in that undaunted courage. Mr. Roe hunted up a college classmate, and he showed him where his hundred thousand dollars worth of property had vanished; "But looking into his clear, resolute face, I saw far more than he had lost still remained, and that his richest possession was still locked within his own mind. Brave, genial Joe Lockwood was a type of the manhood that transformed seeming ruin into enduring prosperity. Would that he could have lived to fulfil the rich promise of his many noble qualities."

"I do not remember just how or when it was, but during those few days of my visit the story which resulted began to take a shadowy outline in my mind. On one night especially such creative power as I possess was awakened. I had been wandering a long time alone on the North Side, deeply impressed with the truth that what but a few days before had been a populous region of the city was now utterly destroyed. At last I sat down on the steps of the church, and watched the full moon shine through the shattered marble spire. How long I remained there I did not remember, but I feel that the story had its beginning on those steps." Soon after returning home he began to write.

VI

With the sudden access of religious belief in a work of fiction one has no quarrel. It is in moments of crisis that it comes, but no matter who the convert may be, such a crisis calls above all for directness and simplicity. *Barriers Burned Away*, as a work of fiction, has as many faults as it has pages, and the most glaring and ridiculous of them all will be found in the chapters dealing with the fire and the part that it plays in the conversion of Christine Ludolph. She and her rescuer, who is of course Dennis Fleet, have undergone hours of suffering and privation. They have sought shelter from the flames on the desolate beach of the lake. They are surrounded by frenzied, violent, drunken men and women. Every moment is of vital importance, yet Dennis finds time for the most elaborate of praises and Christine replies:

"It is I who must ask pardon. After your superhuman exertions your very life depended on rest. But I made a wretched watcher—indeed, I have lost confidence in myself in every way. To tell the truth, Mr. Fleet, I was lost in thought, and with your permission I would like to ask you further about two things you said this morning. You asserted that you knew God loved you, and that Christianity would sustain by arguments that no candid mind could resist. What are those arguments, and how can you know such a comforting thing as the love of God?"

This brings a long exposition from him, more questioning from her and more expositions from him. It goes on for pages upon pages. In a spirit of the utmost reverence one may ask if the various tyro in writing of the present day would be guilty of such flagrant violation of reality. Would he be allowed to do so in print?

To revert to the story, the fire brings to Christine and Dennis the solution of every problem. Her father's fortune has been swallowed up by the flames and he himself has perished. The old life, with its pride and scorn and intolerance, are things of the past. "With a little cry of ecstasy, like the note of joy that a weary bird might utter as it flew to its mate, she put her arms around his neck, buried her face on his shoulder, 'No hope for you, Dennis, but perfect certainty, for now every barrier is burned away.'"

VII

In the beginning Mr. Roe could give only scraps of time to the writing of *Barriers Burned Away*, for his mountain parish, though comparatively small, had its many requirements. There was preparation to be made for two sermons and a large Bible class every week, besides all the interruptions incidental to the calling that gives every one a claim to attention. "The story such as it is," wrote Mr. Roe, "was not made nor definitely thought out from the beginning. It simply grew, taking possession of fancy with very little

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volition on my part. During walks, travels, odd moments of leisure, at night before I slept, the scenes, incidents, and characters fashioned themselves before my mind. Chapters were written in the cars and on steamboats, wherever I happened to be, when a part of the narrative grew clear to my comprehension.

"The winter of 1871 and 1872 was one of the happiest of my life. It was spent in a cottage near the beginning of what is known as 'Eagle Valley,' in the upper part of the village of Highland Falls. I had a room that looked out upon an ever murmuring brook and a steep mountain side beyond covered with hemlocks. It was just the secluded nook in which to dream and work uninterrupted; and it was only by conscious dreaming, then working, that I got on.

"I had no training whatever for the effort in which I was engaged, and perhaps my best equipment for it was the somewhat careful study of human nature, for which I had enjoyed unusual opportunities in the army and elsewhere. I had no confidence whatever in what I had written and was desirous of the judgment of others. That which is of absorbing interest to the tyro in authorship may be regarded as 'stale, flat and unprofitable' to others. I am glad that even in those callow days I did not think of sending my manuscript to some busy writer, but rather took it to a friend, whom I knew to be as sincere as she was cultivated. Having written eight chapters I was anxious to obtain a fair and impartial opinion as to whether they 'sounded' like a story. Little I cared for the wild snow storm as I walked to her residence, and when I returned in the evening, honestly and justly criticised, but encouraged to go on, the sharp and cutting crystals were unheeded.

"I knew there were decided advantages, especially for beginners, in having a story appear serially, for it would be a long step toward securing a publisher of the narrative in book form. For a number of years I had written letters to the New York *Evangelist*, and had received much kindness from Dr. H. M. Field and Mr. J. H. Dey, the editors of that journal. I felt quite sure that they would give my little fragment of the book a favourable consideration as they could conscientiously, and so, on another stormy winter day, I made known to them my wishes. Dr. Field asked me if I had my manuscript with me. Finding that I had, he said genially, 'Sit down, and read it to us;' and he locked the door of the little sanctum of the old-time office in Beekman Street and again I heard honest yet friendly criticism, and I sat down and read the manuscript to the two arbiters of my fate—Dr. Field and Mr. Dey. Before me in the grate was a glowing fire, and for a while I was in doubt as to whether the story would go into that or into their paper.

"When I had read the eight chapters, Dr. Field asked, if I remember rightly, 'Is that all you have?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, leave the manuscript with us,' he said encouragingly, and there was no disapproval in Mr. Dey's kindly face and words."

The author then had little idea how long the story would be. It was supposed that a few more chapters would finish it; but it grew from week to week, from month to month. Sometimes Mr. Roe would make a "spurt" in writing and get well ahead of the journal, and again interruptions and various duties would prevent his touching the work for weeks and the paper would catch up and be close at his very heels. The fashioning of the story in his mind and the task of writing out the pages occupied two years, and just fifty-two instalments appeared in the *Evangelist*.

In book form *Barriers Burned Away* made its first appearance toward the end of 1872. It was an instantaneous success. By the following March thirteen thousand copies of the book had been sold, astonishing figures for those days. Moreover, it proved a work of an abounding vitality. Year in and year out the demand for it has gone on; it is still selling after thirty-eight years, and its total sale, in all editions, may be roughly estimated at not far from a million copies.

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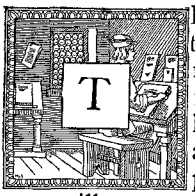
THE MYSTERY OF WAGNER

BY W. J. HENDERSON



HE announcement that the long hidden autobiography of Richard Wagner is soon to be published has aroused no small amount of interest and public curiosity. There are still many things in the life and thought of this remarkable man of which his millions of admirers know too little. For many years the well informed have been aware of the existence of the memoirs. It was in 1892 that the publishers of Ferdinand Praeger's *Wagner as I Knew Him* placed the work in the hands of the present writer to be prepared for the press. Praeger was a German, and although he had lived many years in England, his English was not always idiomatic and often somewhat obscure. The duties of the present writer in preparing his book for publication consisted of making certain essential corrections in the language. In this volume Praeger placed this passage:

"In writing of Wagner as I knew him I have touched upon certain subjects and criticised him in a manner which I am aware many of his worshippers might shrink from. But in this I have in no way offended Wagner. He wished to be known as he was. Indeed he has written his own life, which should it please the Wagner heirs, may one day be given to the world to its great gain. I became aware of the existence of this autobiography in the following manner: Wagner and his wife were going out, leaving me alone at Triebschen. Before going Wagner placed in my hands a volume for perusal during his absence. 'It is my autobiography,' he said. 'Only Liszt has a copy; none other has seen it, and it shall not be published until my Siegfried has reached his maturity.'"

Praeger says that he read the manuscript and that his own book in no way contradicted it. But this is not a matter of importance. What became of the copy which Liszt had? Doubtless on the death of that master it was returned to the Wagner family, who, as the world has lately been informed, had other copies placed in secure places. The time of the publication was not prescribed by Wagner, except that it was to be after his son had attained majority. Very wisely the Wagner family decided to wait some years longer, or till all the bitternesses and animosities aroused by the controversies over Wagner's works had died out.

The time is indeed now ripe. Wagner's art is accepted in all countries in which western music is known and battles of opinion are no longer waged over it. All over the world there will be a sympathetic curiosity to know how Wagner in 1873, the time at which this series of memoirs was completed, looked upon his own career. His early autobiography, published in the edition of his prose works, ends with his departure from Paris to Germany in April, 1842.

"For the first time," he writes, "I saw the Rhine. With tears in my eyes, I, poor artist, swore eternal fidelity to my German fatherland." We are told that the actual compilation of the new set of memoirs was made during the years between 1868 and 1873. But of course we are not to expect that they will prove to be merely a diary kept through this period. They are rather a story of Wagner's life and artistic experience up to the year in which the book was completed, and this story should cover his stormiest years of struggle and inner life.

It was in 1872 that Wagner went to Baireuth to live. Events of tremendous significance in his career preceded that move and it is to be supposed that some new light will be thrown upon them by the contents of the long treasured book. For instance, the whole history of Wagner's relations with King Ludwig of Bavaria might well be retold by himself. It is well enough known that the young King was of an ardent and romantic temperament and that long before he met the master he had steeped himself in the art of Wagner to such an extent as to be-

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come almost an idolatrous worshipper of the composer. We all know how he sent for Wagner when the master's fortunes were at their lowest ebb and bade him go to Munich, where his artistic ambitions would all be gratified. We also know that it was not long until influences in court circles began to work against Wagner and that in time he was compelled to leave Munich. The great Wagner theatre planned by the King was not built until many years, and many years later the dream was realised in the Prinz Regenten Theatre, where the yearly Wagner festivals are now held in the Bavarian capital. Wagner went to Baireuth and that uncomfortable little town became the Mecca for Wagner pilgrims from all over the world.

Years later in a document which he called his "Final Report" on the preparation of the four dramas of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* for production at Baireuth, Wagner in a comparatively calm and dispassionate manner (for he was a man who habitually used vigorous expressions) referred to the experiences of this time in this style:

"Now that I and my unusual project had been placed in broad daylight, it appeared as if all the ill-will that had lurked before in ambush was determined to make an open attack in full force. Indeed it seemed as though no single interest of all those represented by our press and our society was not stung to the quick by the composition and plan of production of my work. To stay the disgraceful direction taken by this feud in every circle of society, which recklessly assailed alike the protector and the protected, I could but decide to strip the scheme of that majestic character which my patron had accorded it and turn it into a channel less provocative of universal wrath. Indeed I even tried to divert public attention from the whole affair by spending a little hard won rest on the completion of the score of my *Meistersinger*, a work with which I should not appear to be quitting the customary groove of performances at the theatre."

But it is palpable that the whole history of the plots against Wagner at Munich has never been told. We have been informed that the newspapers were used unscrupulously to foment popular excitement and official hostility to Wagner, and that in the end the police administrators represented to the King that the musician's life was in danger. Only in this way, it seemed, could the monarch be induced to ask Wagner to leave Munich. But it is evident that there is behind all this much more than has appeared on the surface. It will be interesting to learn from Wagner's own pen who were his active enemies and why they were so eager to prevent the expenditure of the royal marks on the theatre which was afterward built almost on the spot originally chosen.

Wagner did not lose either the confidence or the support of the King. The young ruler seems to have acted in accordance with what he believed were the best interests of the composer. The later revelations of Glasenapp and Ellis have not made us much wiser in regard to this period than we were in the beginning. Possibly Wagner, writing in the peace and seclusion of his Baireuth home after the battle was over, may have felt that his memoirs, to be published by his own wish twenty years later, might contain the history of the true inwardness of the matter.

It was while Wagner was in Munich, under the protection of King Ludwig, that, in 1864, Hans von Bülow went to the Bavarian capital to prepare for the first performances of *Tristan und Isolde*. Not long after him went his wife and children. It was with the beginning of the acquaintance of the composer with this remarkable woman that her influence in his life began. He was alone in the world. His first wife, an estimable woman, lacked the high mental force which he required in a spouse, and in Cosima von Bülow he found this wanting psychological power.

The question, then, naturally arises, whether the autobiography contains anything which will throw light upon the workings of Wagner's mind at this critical period of his life. It is true that Cosima Wagner is yet living at Baireuth and that we might expect this fact to put an effectual obstacle in the way of publication of the memoirs if they contained any reference to the separation of the von Bülows.

But this is just one of the things about

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which no one can be sure till the book is made public, for the extraordinary vanity of Wagner and the still more extraordinary view of him taken by his family renders it entirely within the possibilities that the inmates of the Villa Wahnfried might regard it as of the gravest importance that the master's explanation of the events of the early sixties should be given to the world.

It is hardly likely that the autobiography will throw any new light upon the famous friendship between Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonck, and yet it might easily do so, for this affair has never been thoroughly illumined. We have abundant literature on the subject, and above all we possess in the correspondence between the composer and Mrs. Wesendonck, one of the most beautiful and

RICHARD WAGNER—A FRENCH IMPRESSION

From the drawing by F. Gorguet

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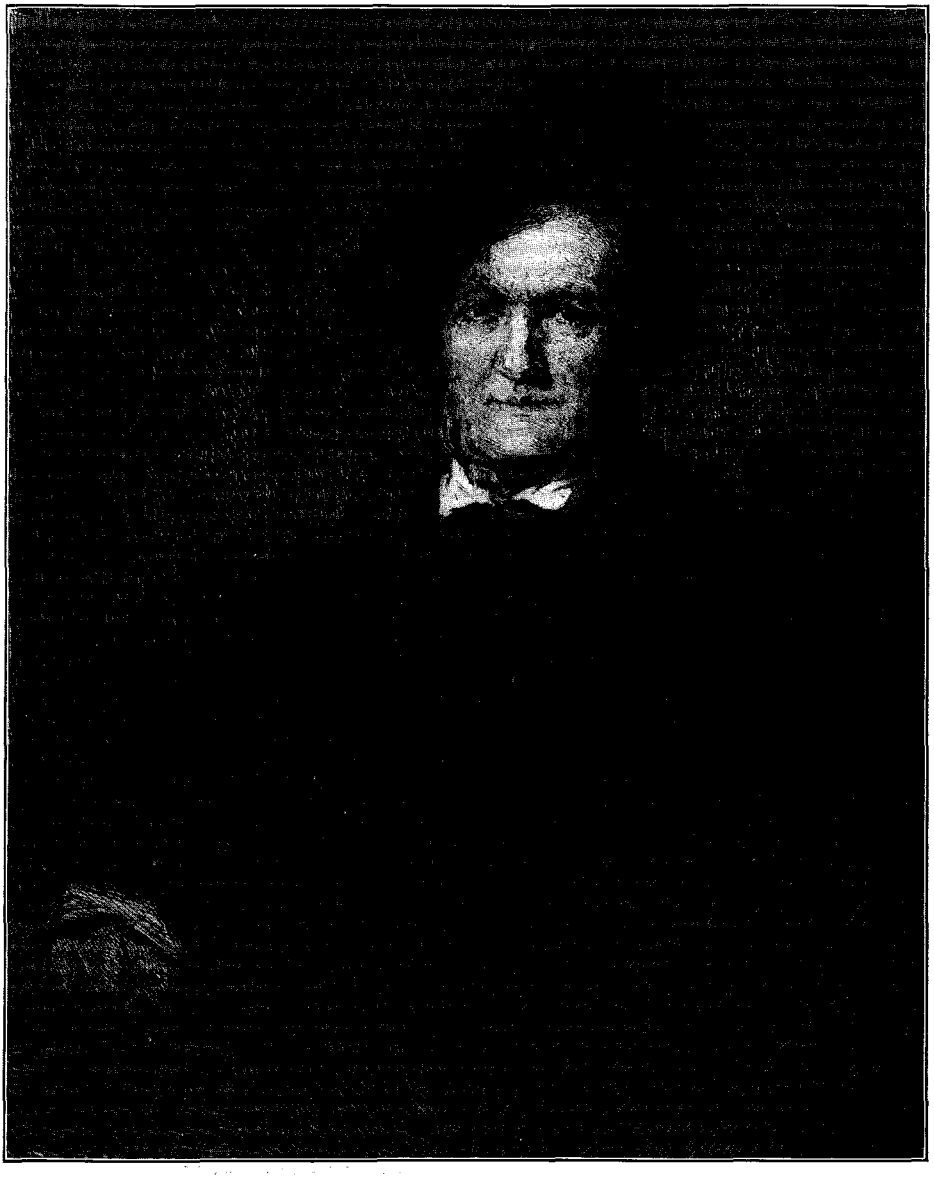
touching of human documents. But nevertheless there are matters which remain unexplained. The self-constituted advocates of Wagner, such as W. Ashton Ellis, appear to regard it as their solemn duty not to tell merely the cold facts, however unpleasant they may be, but to make out a case for the composer at all costs. He speaks of Wagner and the two Wesendoncks as vessels of silver against which the poor earthen jar, Minna, Wagner's first wife, shattered herself. He refers to the painful scenes which must have been enacted on the hearth of the Wesendonck home, and almost morbidly declines to imagine their precise nature.

But, reading the extant correspondence



RICHARD WAGNER. FROM THE ETCHING BY WILLIAM UNGER

William Unger, who was born in 1837, was a pupil of Josef von Keller in Düsseldorf and of Thater in Munich. He became the foremost champion of reproductive etching in Germany if not in Europe, reproducing the great masterpieces of the galleries of Brunswick, Haarlem, Amsterdam and Vienna.

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of Wagner and Mrs. Wesendonck, we can readily comprehend the situation in which the three people found themselves. The attraction between the composer and the woman was, for him at any rate, irresistible. Throughout his life he needed, like a child, a woman upon whom to lean. Mrs. Wesendonck's letters prove that she was a woman of singularly delicate sensibility, of exquisite taste, of high poetic imagination and of fastidious intellectual refinement. Her personal influence over Wagner is not to be questioned for an instant.

But as to whether the relations between her and the composer ever reached conditions justifying the quite unpoetic charges brought against the two people is another matter. It has not been cleared up by the publication of the beautiful letters of the two. Nor has it been cleared up by the lengthy and detailed introduction and epilogue to the volume by Mr. Ellis. For with a caution more discreet than admirable the editor of the English translation of these letters has carefully avoided reference to certain human documents of importance. One of these is a letter which Wagner wrote to Otto Wesendonck in 1865. In it he said: "The incident that separated me from you about six years ago should be evaded; it has upset me and my life enough that you recognise me no longer, and that I esteem myself less and less. All this suffering should have earned your forgiveness, and it would have been beautiful, noble, to have forgiven me; but it is useless to demand the impossible, and I was in the wrong."

While it is plain that such a letter might be construed in a sense quite different from that which appears upon the surface, it is none the less true that most students of the life of Wagner have felt that it was a confession of painful facts. Yet if the new autobiography should contain something throwing further light on the relations between Wagner and Otto Wesendonck, this portion of the book would be devoured with avidity by every reader.

It is one of the interesting and significant things about the art work of Wagner that, while it contains much of his character, it offers little direct self-revelation. The medium through which he published his thoughts, namely the lyric drama, was not favourable to direct personal utterance. The glory of Wagner consists partly in the consummate mastery with which he characterised such widely differing personages. When one thinks of his *Siegfried,* his *Wotan,* his *Mime,* his *Tristan* and his *Hans Sachs,* one feels that here is a musical Shakespeare, capable of embodying all the experiences of humanity. And yet we still would have to consider the profound depths of his *Tannhäuser* and the imaginative comedy of his *Beckmesser.*

In spite of our wonder at the variety and breadth of influence of his characterisation, we realise that in no sense is the man Wagner projected through these creations as Beethoven was through the fifth symphony or Chopin through the ballades and nocturnes. It is this very impersonality of his creations that whets our curiosity about his inner life and makes us incessantly clamour for more details. It is therefore to be hoped that the autobiography will contain some reference to those dark and dreary years in which he was struggling, apparently without hope, for public recognition. Much has been made known to us through the record of the excellent Frau Wille, with whom he tarried for some time at Zurich just before King Ludwig sent for him.

This was one of the bitterest periods in his entire career, and from the article written by Frau Wille we have learned that he was often a prey to the deepest despair. Nevertheless the artistic force within him would not be put to rest and Frau Wille's description of his performances on the piano of some of the music of *Die Meistersinger* is little short of thrilling. It was on this masterpiece of comedy that the composer was labouring in the depths of his hopelessness. His heart was heavy, his worldly vision obscure, but his soul preserved its confidence, and, filled with a sublime faith in his own genius, he worked on day and night. He was convinced that *Die Meistersinger* was great and that no matter what the Norms read in his future it was a solemn duty to complete it.

It will be strange if the autobiography does not contain some pregnant passages relating to this period in his career. It was the darkest hour before the dawn.

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It was the distant point of his journey in time. It was a period which must have seared itself deeply into his memory and doubtless many an hour in after years, when the world had begun to smile upon him, he recalled the starless night of the birth of *Die Meistersinger*.

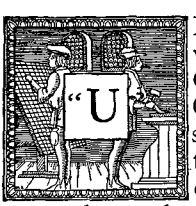
Perhaps, too, there were regrets dwelling with him in those days at Zurich, and it may be that in the autobiography he will say a word about that wonderful quotation from *Tristan und Isolde* in the third act of *Die Meistersinger*. There is something more than a mere dramatic device in Hans Sachs' reference to his acquaintance with the story of Tristan and the utterance of the love theme from that drama by the orchestra at this point. Perhaps this is the one poignant personal utterance of the man Wagner through the mouth of a character in this marvellous comedy.

Special stress has been laid in this cursory paper on strictly personal points in the career of the famous composer because it is upon these points that the world is most in need of enlightenment. The art theories of Wagner have been set forth in his prose writings with a fulness which leaves no possibility of error as to his convictions and his purposes. But it is unquestionable that there are still certain comparatively obscure spots in the story of his life. Some of these might have been illumined long ago, had not the ardent worshippers of the composer used every endeavour to conceal many truths from the art world at large. Wagner's measureless belief in himself leads us to hope that he has not hesitated to speak frankly about every matter with which his biographers have dealt rather as special advocates.

We might with no great difficulty find many other points in regard to which the memoirs could furnish much desired enlightenment, but if they should shed a clear and perfect light on the dark places mentioned in this paper they would prove to be one of the most important of all human documents bearing on the lives of musicians. And because these memoirs were written to cover the period in which Wagner's inner life was most directly affected by the events herein noted we may reasonably expect that they will deal with those events in a final manner.

GUSTAVE DORÉ

BY W. A. BRADLEY



N gamin de génie"—it was thus that Théophile Gautier characterised Gustave Doré, and no description could give a better idea of this spoiled child of art and of fortune who, endowed by nature with every great gift in her power to bestow, pursued his wayward course across French art and life in the middle of the nineteenth century. Possessing a superb talent which he had no power and, indeed, little desire to improve or control by a rational effort of study and self-discipline, he carried into his work the impulsiveness and irresponsibility of the boyish pranks which he never outgrew, and sought success as if it were a butterfly, to be captured with a net by means of mere persistence and agility. And he won success, too—won it in a measure and with an ease and rapidity that might have made him the happiest and most contented of men. But the tragedy of Doré's life was that the success which he achieved was never that which he really wanted, and that that which he desired with all his heart always eluded his grasp, and made him, in spite of the temperamental buoyancy that never wholly deserted him, a prematurely saddened and disappointed man, who died at the age of fifty with on his lips the words, "J'ai trop travaillé." It was nothing to him, or next to nothing, that he had

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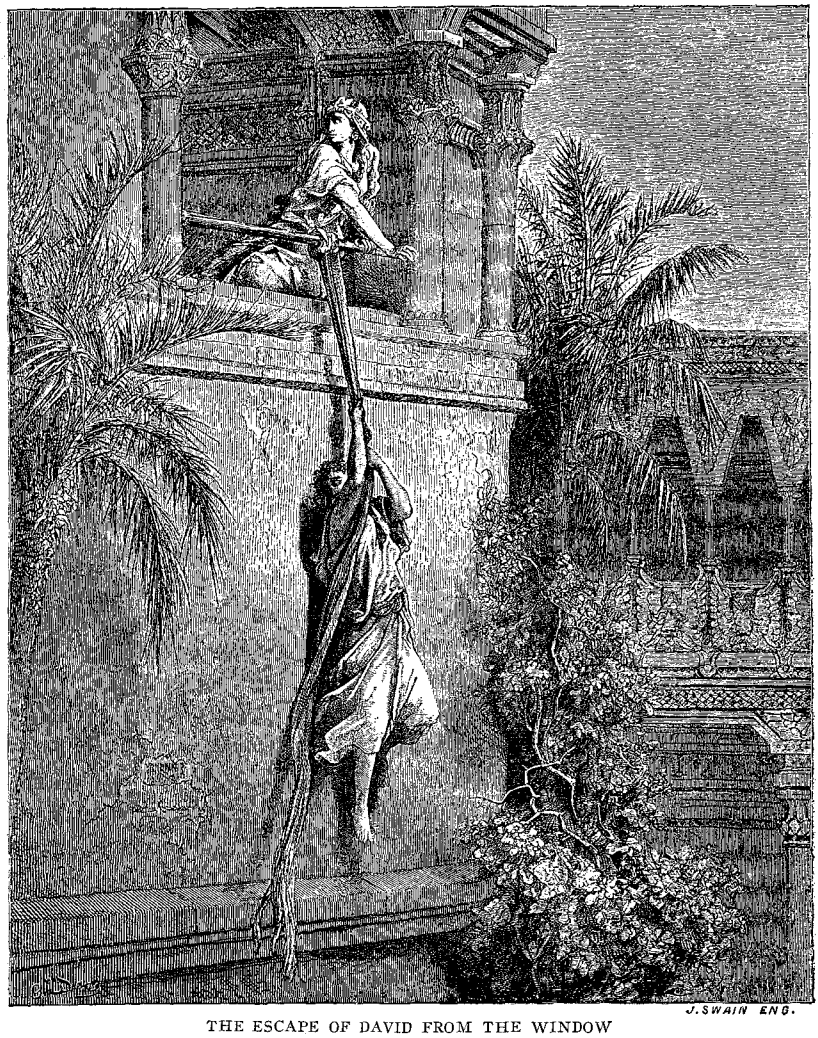
achieved the position of the most celebrated and sought after illustrator of his time. Between the draughtsman and the artist—that is, the painter—there was for him a world of difference, and it was as an artist that he wished to win recognition from his fellow-countrymen. This he never did. England created a furore over his enormous canvases and hailed him as "the painter-preacher," on the strength of his "Christ Leaving the Prætorium" and other pictures displayed in the Doré gallery in Bond Street, or purchased for private collections. But in France the government, the critics, and the public passed him by, and however well grounded in his own self-conceit, he never forgave or rose above this indifference, for which he and his friends found solace only in imputing it to the basest motives of hatred and envy.

How far these imputations were justified it is not necessary to enquire here. An age that accepted Meissonnier, Gerôme, Rosa Bonheur, and Bouguereau as among its great ornaments was not one that judged and condemned by any very exalted artistic standard, and doubtless Doré's paintings, in some instances at least, were as good and as worthy of note as many of the salon successes of the seasons in which they were exhibited. But it is notoriously difficult for a man who has gained a great reputation in one



THE ESCAPE OF DAVID FROM THE WINDOW

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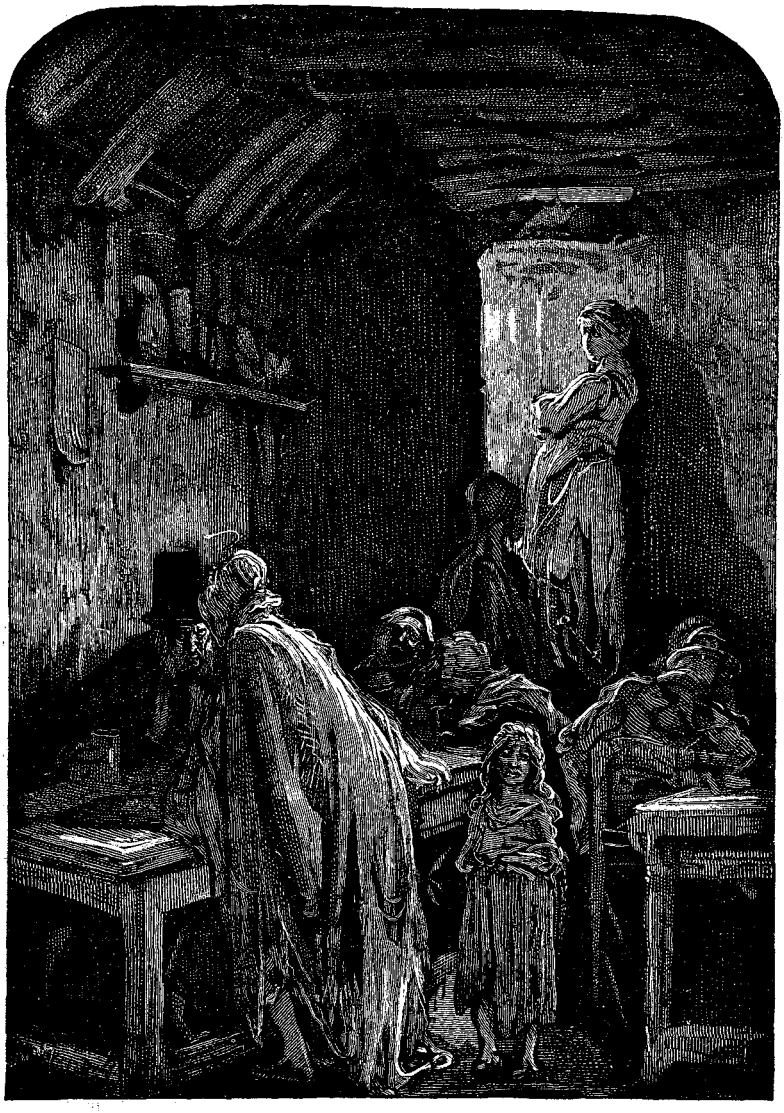
field to make a successful début in another. And Doré's fame as an illustrator came so early, and so soon filled the world, that before he knew it, and almost before he had reached manhood, he found himself a slave to that single conception of his talent which forced upon him, as a necessity of living, the decoration of the vast series of literary masterpieces with which his name remains indissolubly associated. The story of Doré's precocious childhood and entrance upon his artistic career has all the fascinations possessed by similar stories of prodigious youth, with, however, an added charm due to unusual traits of boyish attractiveness, as well as to accidental circumstances of environment and early association. He was born in Strasburg in 1833, under the very shadow of the great cathedral, to the influence of which he himself attributed the germination of that Gothic spirit of fantasy which made him create in the very spirit of the mediæval architects and sculptors. Part of his boyhood was also spent in Bourg, where the



LONDON, 1871

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DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHA PANZA

mountainous country is in the same manner claimed to have had its effect upon the imagination of the artist who loved to render the most grandiose aspects of nature. To what was most picturesque in this double environment Doré began to respond at an early age. From the first he was a dreamer and a lover of beauty, and though he was a natural enough boy in most ways, he had queer traits, such as an extreme physical energy which made him, like the English poet Calverley, prone to express passing moods of emotion in strange gymnastic caprices without consideration of time or place. Akin to this general agility of body was the amazing manual dexterity with which he was born. His art sprang full-armed, as it were, from an almost perfect co-ordination of hand and brain.

Blanchard Jerrold, who was the son of Douglas Jerrold and who collaborated with Doré in his work on "London," writes in his biography of the artist: "He could not tell you when he began to draw. His old nurse, Françoise, has described him as never without a pencil after his fourth year. As an infant he would crawl out of his crib into his mother's room, and cry, 'Mamam, je ne sais ce que j'ai.' He could not sleep. 'Je veux crayonner,' he would add, and then go back to bed with a pencil in his hand. Abd-el-Kadr was the hero of his childhood. In his fifth year he made drawings of the taking of Constantine and the battle of Mazagran, the vigour and movement in which struck all who saw them with amazement. Pencil and paper came naturally to his baby hands. He would beg his father's friends to cut his pencil for him, and to cut it at both ends, because it would last longer. The desire to give form to his thoughts and observations was irresistible."

II

Doré was only eleven when he borrowed some lithographic stones and made drawings. He pictured the peasants of Bourg and Strasbourg and incidents of his school life. Already he began to give evidences of the humour and love of the grotesque which characterised his mature work. His father, who was an officer in the engineers, and who was determined that his son should follow the same profession, did not look with any pleasure

AN ILLUSTRATION MADE BY DORÉ FOR THE WORKS OF RABELAIS

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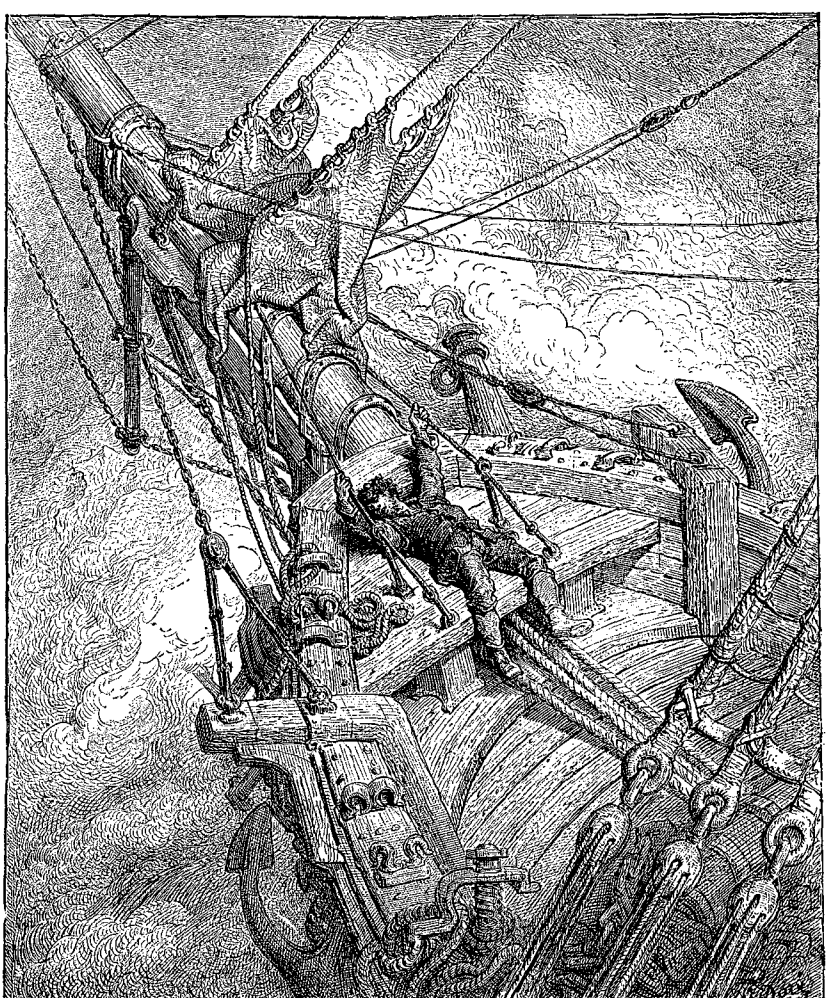
upon these manifestations of a precocious talent, and did all he could to discourage and break the boy's bent. At the schools he attended, and at which he showed himself a bright and manly, if rather mischief-loving youngster, he found greater sympathy among his masters. One of these accepted, in lieu of a translation of a certain Latin passage, a drawing setting forth the incident described in the text with startling truth and completeness, and on another occasion asked him to go to the blackboard and draw a picture of Nero so that the class might get a vivid idea of the Roman emperor.

It was in 1847 that Doré's parents took him with them to Paris. He was so delighted with the capital that he determined to remain there if possible. One day, passing the shop window of Philipon, the proprietor of the *Journal pour Rire*, on the Place de la Bourse, he noticed some caricatures displayed there, and, on returning to the hotel, he made several sketches in a like manner. These he took surreptitiously to Philipon, who was so much delighted with them that he visited the elder Doré and persuaded him to allow his son to devote himself to drawing, and even to sign a contract whereby Gustave was immediately to begin supplying a regular monthly caricature. This was the beginning. The boy, only fourteen years old, and still a student at the



THE ANCIENT MARINER

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Lycée Charlemagne, had entered upon his career as an artist, and henceforth his story is merely the chronicle of one success after another in the field of illustration.

His first book was a burlesque performance entitled *The Labours of Hercules*, in which he travestied grotesquely the classic myth. A series of similar works followed this, and for six years he devoted himself to purely comic work, which he could not turn out fast enough to satisfy the increasing demands of the publishers. During this time changes occurred in his life. In 1848 his father died, and his mother came to join him at Paris, where they settled in the Rue St. Dominique. He made many friends. Among his own age were Hippolyte Taine and Edmond About, school fellows,

THE RAVEN

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while in the older generation there was, particularly, Paul Lacroix, who wrote under the name of "Bibliophile Jacob." Recognising the great gifts of the youth, Lacroix gave Doré every encouragement, though he tempered his praise with admonitions to study and perfect himself in the art of drawing. If all Doré's early admirers had been as honest and intelligent as this one, perhaps the artist's career would have turned out very differently. But for the most part he seems to have received little but gross flattery—his mother was among the worst offenders in this respect—so it is small wonder that his head became completely turned, and that, coming to conceive the utmost confidence in his native powers, he resolutely followed the line of least resistance. "I have it all there," he would cry, tapping his head, where he did, indeed, carry a most extraordinary organ for the recording of his most casual impressions, and for inventing myriad forms of life out of his stored-up memories. It was in conjunction with Lacroix that he achieved his first overwhelming triumph. Tired of producing newspaper work and comic albums, he determined to illustrate Rabelais; and after some difficulty in finding a publisher, he finally issued the work in a text edited by his friend.

This was in 1854. In 1858 appeared his edition of Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques;* in 1861, the *Inferno;* in 1863, *Don Quixote;* and in 1866 the Bible. These are his greatest works, though they by no means exhaust, or even begin to exhaust, the list, which also includes, among others, the *Fables* of La Fontaine, *Paradise Lost, The Idylls of the King, Orlando Furioso,* Taine's *Voyage aux Pyrenées,* and *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.* Many of these works were republished in England, where they established Doré's fame even more securely than in France. When he visited London for the first time, he found himself a social lion. He was entertained by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and was a guest at many country houses. In France he was made an officer of the Legion of Honour and, although an Orleanist, was on excellent terms with the Imperial court. In Parisian society

PEASANT'S HEAD. DRAWN AT BOURG IN 1841

of the period he held a unique place, and in his studio in the Rue Bayard he held a salon which was frequented by the musical, literary, and artistic celebrities of the capital. He remained in Paris during the siege and made many drawings of incidents of which he was eyewitness. The outcome of the war contributed to the depression which sprang primarily from his failure to achieve recognition as a painter; for, although he has been called the most German of French artists, he was a patriotic Frenchman, and after Alsace was annexed by Prussia he swore that he would never return to his native city of Strasburg.

III

Such was the outward course of a life lacking in great events, and passed almost exclusively in the practice of his art. As he remained unmarried he was free even from the ordinary domestic distractions, and could thus devote himself exclusively to the realisation of his vast projects. One feels that if he had been less ambitious he would have accomplished more; but he had a veritable hunger for universality, and there was scarcely a branch of art in which he did not make experiments. He etched, he painted in both oils and water colours, and he tried

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A CRIPPLE OF PALESTINE. BALZAC'S "CONTES DROLATIQUES"

his hand as a sculptor. It is characteristic of him and an evidence of the trait of megalomania which corrupted his talent, that in each of these fields he sought at the very outset to extend the ordinary scale of execution. His canvases were so large that he had to erect ladders and scaffoldings in his studio to reach them. In water colours he attempted life-size portraits, in etching he made his first plate over a yard wide, and in sculpture he constructed a monumental vase designed to stand in some public place in Paris. In short, he utterly confused bigness with greatness, and this is one secret of his relative failure even in the field in which he won genuine contemporary success. He sought to make illustrated books of a size and on a scale such as had never been seen before. For his *London* he proposed issuing a prospectus which should announce a thousand pictures. Now it is clear that where such quantity is aimed after, quality must almost certainly suffer. Doré used to represent the charge that he worked too rapidly, and it is true that he never intentionally "scamped" his product, but often took infinite pains to make a picture come out right. He did, nevertheless, work with terrible speed. He threw off hundreds of drawings, all with evidences of real imaginative originality and power, but often without sufficient accuracy in the draughtsmanship or depth of observation in the rendering to make them completely satisfactory to any save the most casual and untrained observer. It was not that they lacked finish. They were often overfinished for the amount of matter they contained, and their perfection merely served to accentuate their fundamental poverty. For this reason many of his roughest and earliest sketches are far more interesting than his later, more carefully executed drawings, since they display greater vigour and a better balance between conception and execution. In short, though Doré worked hard, he did not exert himself in the right way. He wore himself out by the pro-

THE LANDLORD OF THE THREE BARBELS

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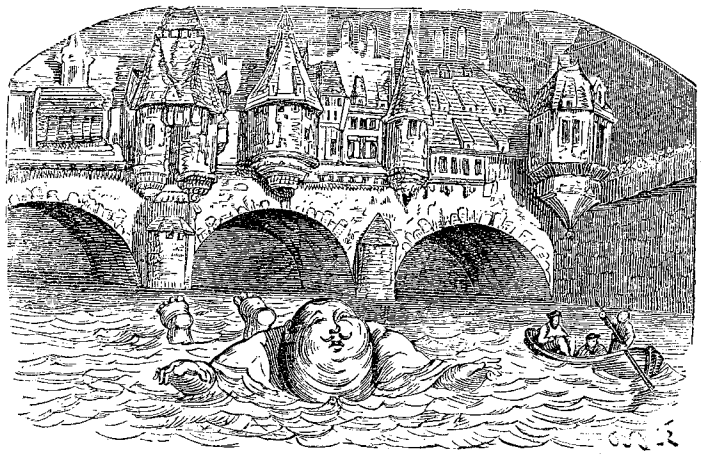

AN ILLUSTRATION MADE BY DORÉ FOR THE WORKS OF RABELAIS

digious amount he produced, while one-half the energy thus wasted would, if put into study and preparation, have enabled him with the other half to reach an altogether higher level of artistic achievement.

The sheer theatricality of much of his work has become increasingly apparent with the flight of time and the growth of a more exacting ideal of art. Doré was a romantic by temperament and by such training as he had, which was exclusively of a literary sort. His associations, both as an illustrator and in society, were largely with poets and men of letters, and he worked in their manner. He was concerned primarily with telling a story, with expressing emotion, and Hugo gave him praise which was strictly just, and which he appreciated, when he wrote of the illustrations for *Les Travailleurs de la Mer,* that they constituted a veritable *translation* of that work of fiction. At the same time Doré had a fine decorative and pictorial sense, and his drawings usually have a certain value as compositions, though he is over-rated for his dexterity in the handling of great crowds. It is, however, in the subtler qualities of representation that he is most deficient from our modern point of view. Skilful in rendering the phases of dramatic action—though he grossly exaggerated these, as he did the expression of character and emotion through the bodily forms—he failed signally, for the most part, to suggest individuality and beauty in surfaces and textures, and to give true organic life to inanimate objects, as well as to the creatures of his own imagination. This is most plainly seen in his treatment of the supernatural, to which he was first attracted when as a boy he was taken to see a performance of the opera *Robert le Diable.* His monsters and his angels alike are merely pasteboard and tinsel creations, and in the elemental forces he loved to evoke with grandiosity—water, earth, and air—there is little that is really elemental save as an idea. Essentially imaginative, and yet often extremely realistic, there was between his realism and his fantasy a gap which marks the limitation of his power in the production of supreme reality.

For the rest, the record of Doré's life is the record of his friendships, which were many and long-lived, and which afford an inexhaustible material of anecdotes. Mention has been made of some of his friends, but the chief of all, perhaps, was Théophile Gautier, who was also Doré's staunchest champion among the professional critics, although their ideas on art differed radically. Often their discussions roused both to the highest pitch of violence, and it is recorded that on one occasion Gautier at dinner lifted the soup tureen and was about to hurl it at the head of his friend, when both suddenly realised the absurdity of their anger, and quickly recovered their good humour. Doré's sensitiveness to criticism occasionally imperilled an old-established friendship, and even brought it for a time to an abrupt termination. But a

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force of generosity and affection, which forms one of his most charming traits, caused him always to be the first to seek a reconciliation. In fact it is very much more as a man than as an artist that Doré retains a vital attraction for us to-day, although for many thousands his illustrations still constitute a means of approach to great literary masterpieces that would have but little appeal to them otherwise.

FROM AN ILLUSTRATED DANTE. DRAWN AT TEN YEARS OF AGE, ENTITLED "VOYAGE À L'ENFER"

OSCAR WILDE IN PARIS

BY ARTHUR RANSOME

THIS is in no sense an article on Wilde's work, nor is it an estimate or character of the man. The utmost it attempts is to show how intimately Paris was connected with his life, to put into English some anecdotes still told by the Frenchmen who remember him, and, incidentally, to set right an error of fact about the writing of *Salome*, an error into which a statement true in itself has led even the most competent of his English biographers.

Oscar Wilde's relations with Paris divide into three periods—before, during and after his term of imprisonment. He had travelled in France as a boy, grew up with an excellent knowledge of French, wrote *The Sphinx* in Paris in 1874, and in May, ten years later, took his bride to Paris for their honeymoon. He almost became a French man of letters, and when the Censor refused to license Madame Sarah Bernhardt's performance of *Salome* already in rehearsal at the Palace Theatre, he threatened to change his nationality. He was always at home in Paris, and he died there. On the background of that city rather than of London the drama of his life stands out, cleared of side issues, far enough away to be seen by us, with its light-hearted, exuberant beginning, its moment of glory, when he could say with Traherne:

> I was as high and great
> As kings are in their seat:
> All other things were mine,

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its catastrophe, which he turned into a momentary renaissance, its defeat and sombre end.

Long before his more general success, Wilde had projected on the screen of notoriety that is observed by the public a flamboyant caricature of himself. He did this partly for his own amusement, partly as a means of expression, partly also as a passport to celebrity. His essay on Wainwright, that startles again and again those who know the story of its author as well as of his subject (the essay called "Pen, Pencil and Poison"), contains a sentence of characterisation that may almost without change be fitted to himself. "Like Disraeli, he determined to startle the town as a dandy, and his beautiful rings, his antique cameo breast-pin, and his pale lemon-coloured kid gloves were well known, and indeed were regarded by Hazlitt as being the signs of a new manner in literature, while his rich curly hair, fine eyes, and exquisite white hands gave him the dangerous and delightful distinction of being different from others." Wilde also possessed and emphasised this distinction. He was known for his dress before he was known for his genius, and he waved before a multitude of empty eyes the cap and bells and pulchinello of his always decorative eccentricities. He created a legend of himself and did not leave it behind him when he came to Paris in the years of his success. Stuart Merrill wrote in a French paper: "Certain hansom cabmen even say that they have seen him about the hour of cats and poets walking with an enormous lily in his hand." He was able to add: "Oscar Wilde rejects, as if regretfully, their testimony in replying that legend is often truer than the truth." In 1883, before this time, when he went to Paris after his lecturing tour in America, he carried a jewelled walking stick in imitation of the stick that pleased Balzac by setting the whole town talking of its owner and itself. And in 1891, when André Gide met him, "some compared him to an Asiatic Bacchus, others to a Roman Emperor, others to Apollo himself." Wilde was "the man who walked the streets with a sunflower in his hand," and everybody wanted to see him, if only to look for the sunflower. He was also "the man who smoked cigarettes with gold tips," a luxury of Oriental magnificence in London at that time, and still more remarkable in Paris in those days before the *bureaux de tabac* had begun to sell Muratti's little tin boxes beside the paper packets of the state.

He became known as a talker. André Gide writes of a dinner: "Nous etions quatre, mais Wilde fut le seul qui parla." His talk was the subject of argument. He was accustomed to fit it to his widely varying audiences, and sometimes he miscalculated. There are still legends in Paris that make him a large over-confident man, whose conversation was very disappointing. Some accuse him of lack of taste in his anxiety to startle and amuse. But mistakes were rare with him, and the main tradition is of an entertainer, the charm of whose talk was only equalled by that of his personality.

There are many records of the dinners at which Wilde was supreme. Let me notice one at which he suffered a discomfiture only conspicuous because of its contrast with his usual success. One of Wilde's friends was Jean Moréas, the Greek whose death on March the 30th last year deprived French literature of one of her most interesting poets. They used frequently to dine together and to drink at the Café by the Odéon facing the gardens of the Luxembourg, a café that has since become a *bureau de tabac*. Their youthful admirers used to stand in the street to see the silhouettes of the two masters on the café window. Moréas was the founder of the Ecole Romane, a school of poetry that Anatole France, holding him for its Ronsard, called a New Pléiade. When Wilde was at the height of his glory, Moréas gave a rather ceremonious dinner at which were present, beside himself and Wilde, Raynaud, La Tailhède, and Du Plessys, three of his disciples, and Stuart Merrill, who tells the story. It is in perfect contrast with the dinner of four at which Wilde was the only speaker.

"At dessert, Wilde bent his tall body toward Moréas and asked him to recite some verse. "I never recite," replied Moréas, "but if you would like it, our friend Raynaud will recite us some-

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thing. Raynaud stood up, and resting his redoubtable fists on the table announced, "Sonnet to Jean Moréas." He received our applause, and then Wilde again pressed Moréas to recite. "No; but our friend La Tailhède—" In his turn La Tailhède rose, and, his eyeglass fixed, launched in a clear voice: "Ode to Jean Moréas." Wilde grew visibly unquiet at the worship paid to its chief by the Ecole Romane; none the less he continued by courtesy his insistence. "Du Plessys, let us hear your latest verses," commanded the master. Leaping up, Du Plessys trumpeted in vibrant tones: "The Tomb of Jean Moréas." Oscar Wilde, choked, conquered, routed, he who had silence about him in the salons of London, asked for his hat and coat and fled into the night. It was certainly the first time that all the incense round a dinner table had not been reserved for himself."

There is a feeling of amused hostility in that story, read by itself, which is not present in the man who tells it. Stuart Merrill, it is well to remember, not only loved Wilde well enough to laugh at him, but was also the moving spirit in the petition for Wilde's release that was projected in Paris a few years later.

II

At this time Wilde preferred telling stories to talking. They were fairy tales, like that of "The Fisherman and his Soul," or parables, like that of "Narcissus." In 1894 a few of these parables were printed in *The Fortnightly Review,* and all those that André Gide mentions in his little book were so published. I suspect that when Gide heard them they had already been written, and that, wonderfully as he improvised in English, Wilde did not choose to risk the hesitations of new compositions in French. Stuart Merrill, the American-French poet who told the anecdote of the dinner with Moréas's disciples, remembers the sonorous, unhurried movement of these tales and the powerful music of the narrator's voice. André Gide, whose account of them is the best published, is a little too reticent. I have heard that Wilde's narnative was the main thread of a melody whose accompaniment was made bv Gide, then very young and very impressionable, sobbing distractedly into his plate. That is all to the credit of Monsieur Gide, and it is a pity he has not chosen to remember it himself, as it is also sad that Pierre Louys in a wonderful article in *Vers et Prose* should have to remind him of his desperate silence in the presence of Verlaine, when the two young writers of twenty years ago visited the old bandit in the hospital. Théophile Gautier, for the trembling of his knees, had to sit down on the stairs when he was taken to be introduced to Victor Hugo. Such tales are all to the honour of the ashamed.

There are slight disagreements about Wilde's knowledge of French. He did not know the language as well, for example, as Mr. Arthur Symons, of whom Frenchmen say that he can talk for an hour without letting them suspect that he is not one of themselves. Monsieur Gide says that "he knew French admirably, but pretended to have to look for the words for which he intended his audience to wait. He had almost no accent, or at most only what it pleased him to retain, to give a new and strange aspect to his words. He pronounced *scepticisme, skepticisme* on purpose." On the other hand, Monsieur Merrill writes of his speaking French with a fantasy that, pleasant enough in conversation, would have produced a deplorable impression in the theatre. For example, Wilde ended one of his tales with this delightful example of what Du Maurier would almost call *Inglefrank:* "Et puis, alors, le roi il est mouru."

All this should be remembered when we come to the question of the composition of *Salome. Salome* among the plays and *The Sphinx* among the poems, as well as much else of Wilde's work, were written in Paris. *The Sphinx,* perhaps written as early as 1874 at the Hotel Voltaire, and published after much revision in 1894, is dedicated to Marcel Schwob, whose proofreading of *Salome* was later to cause the misconception already mentioned. Marcel Schwob was a writer of subtle criticism and unfathomable erudition, whose early death shattered the lamp he was about to light in the darkness of the fifteenth century. He had spent many years in preparing a life of Villon, and

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in the knowledge that that book was building about him the vagabond poet seemed almost to have become less mysterious. He seemed at least sure of eventual clarity. With Schwob's death he disappeared again into the dusk. There are tragedies of books as of men, and this is surely one, that the notes of Marcel Schwob, the whole material for his book, so written as to be only legible by himself, must remain a mass of inarticulate paper.

Now, Marcel Schwob, who was a close friend of Wilde, passed the proofs of *Salome* for press, and made only two corrections. This is quite true, but a false deduction has been drawn from it. Correction in proof does not preclude correction in manuscript. *Salome* was written in Paris in French, but not in the French that now stands as the text, not in the French that Marcel Schwob corrected as it went to press. The French of *Salome* is not the language of a Frenchman, but it is better than the French of Wilde, whose fantasy in conversation would have earned harder names in print. It is worth while to inquire into the facts.

The truth, as it is accepted in Paris to-day among the people who could not help knowing at the time, is as follows. Wilde wrote the play in the French he talked, perhaps in French even less careful. He wrote it swiftly and without revision. It was a princess clothed in the fine gold of very simple speech, and in the tattered rags of colloquialism. He took it to Stuart Merrill and asked his help in removing these accidental disfigurements. Merrill corrected the French, eliminating, for example, such expletives as "enfin," with which it was too liberally decorated. Almost all the speeches, he says, began with "enfin." Wilde, in writing his play rapidly in a foreign language, would naturally use any short cut he could find in carrying the body of the tragedy to the paper. "Enfin" is an easy way of getting into a speech. He would use it to get on with his play, knowing that it would not be difficult to obliterate it in revision. But Stuart Merrill, although one of the most delightful of modern French poets, is American by birth. Perhaps it was because of this that Wilde lost confidence in his corrections. He took the play away, and gave it, on Merrill's advice, to Adolph Retté, then a Symbolist and Anarchist, since become a Poet of Nature and a Catholic. Retté went on with the work of revision. The play was probably at this stage when it was read at the Théatre de l'Œuvre (originally the Théatre d'Art) to my very dear friend Paul Fort, the founder of this theatre, where it was eventually to be played. It was not performed at this time, and Wilde came to distrust Retté's criticism as much as Merrill's, and took the play to Pierre Louys, the celebrated author of *Aphrodite,* who, as Merrill says, gave it the last touches of the file. After all this it was published in Paris and London by the "Librairie de l'Art Indépendant" and Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, when, in reading the proofs for press, Marcel Schwob contributed his two corrections. That, so far as I have been able to discover, is the true story of the writing and revision of *Salome.*

III

Salome was published in 1893. The first period, the flamboyant, magnificent period of Wilde's visits to Paris, was nearly at an end. The second period was when he lay in Reading Gaol. The news of his condemnation roused a ferment in Paris. At no time had he more loyal French admirers and friends, although in Paris as in London many who had benefited by his acquaintance did not wait the second crowing of the cock before denying him. There were many whose acquaintance in the sunshine became friendship under the clouds, and they opened a Quixotic and hopeless campaign for his release. Merrill and Deschamps, ignorant of the immutability of our laws, forgetful that the Anglo-Saxons share at least one characteristic with the Orient in their resemblance to the Medes and Persians, drew up a petition on Wilde's behalf:

"(1) In the name of humanity, because public and private witness shows that M. Oscar Wilde is seriously ill;

"(2) In the name of art, because his possible death would deprive letters of works whose value is sufficiently guar-

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anteed by the literary past of the author."

The appeal to sign this manifesto brought curious answers. Sardou, the writer of successful vaudevilles, replied, "C'est une boue trop immonde, pour que je m'en mêle, de quelque façon que soit." Alphonse Daudet wished to know in what company he was asked to protest. Zola suggested that it was an attempt at advertisement to which he did not wish to lend his name. The younger men, among whom were many since become famous and then not without renown, were proud to sign.

Those who had known him in Paris could not believe that Wilde was guilty of the offence for which he was condemned. They remembered the man who had told them fairy stories round the dinner table, the man whose courtesy was characteristic even among a courteous people, the man whose kindness many had experienced, the man who could not suffer without disgust the ordinary licentious anecdotes of the smoking-room. The trial with its result seemed a fantastic nightmare. When the indiscretions of his friends convinced them of the truth, they replied immediately with other truths, that Wilde was mad, that there are few men without a private madness of their own, and that there are no laws for men of genius. Henri de Regnier, the poet and novelist, who has just been elected a member of the French Academy, defended him eloquently and in vain. Merrill and Deschamps were indefatigable without success. The Théatre de l'Œuvre put *Salome* upon the stage, Lugne-Poë playing the part of Herod, and Wilde wrote from prison: "It is something that at a time of disgrace and shame I should still be regarded as an artist; I wish I could feel more pleasure, but I seem dead to all emotions except those of anguish or despair. However, please let Lugne-Poë know that I am sensible of the honour he has done me. He is a poet himself." In that time, when English journalists only stopped abusing him to close their lips over his name, when English mothers forbade all mention of the man or the writer, when admiration of his books was become a secret thing, like a half-ashamed religion, if there is any truth in the saying that we are where we are loved, then Oscar Wilde may indeed be said to have been in Paris.

As soon as Wilde left prison, he crossed the Channel to Dieppe, and settled in an inn at the little village of Berneval, where he lived as Sebastian Melmoth. André Gide saw him there, and has preserved a most valuable conversation, in which Wilde stated as directly as in *De Profundis* his conception of what he had to do with his life. "Prison has completely changed me," he said. "I counted on it for that—one must never take up the same existence. My life is like a work of art; an artist never begins the same thing over again—unless he has failed in it." And again, "The public is so terrible that it never knows a man except by the last thing he has done. If I returned to Paris now, they would only see in me the condemned. I do not want to reappear before I have written a play. Until then I must be left in peace."

IV

At Berneval he took a little chalet, and wrote "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." But he could not write his play in spite of the two subjects he had invented in prison. He was loved by every one. The curé offered him a stall in the choir, and he felt adopted by the place. He found that the customs officers were bored, and lent them the novels of Dumas père. On the day of the Queen's Jubilee in 1897, he gave a feast to forty children from the school with their master. But these pleasures were like the hallucinatory interests that a man takes in insignificant things when recovering from an operation.

The operation had been serious and successful: a tracheotomy, an opening of the skull, and a removal of the organs of will. For a little while he could pretend to himself that all would be well, that he could write a play and then come to Paris and "be again the King of Life." But his will was gone. He could only talk of his projects, and he came to Paris with his play unwritten.

Various friends tried desperately to give him confidence. Stuart Merrill gave a dinner in his honour, but some of the

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guests did not appear, and Wilde was made, perhaps, more miserable by their absence than if the dinner had not taken place. It is hard for a king to become a knight, and Wilde's power of leadership was gone. With him it was always the throne or nothing, and when some who had known him closed their doors on him, he would call on no one for fear of a similar rebuff. Gide and a friend passed him sitting before a café. He ordered drinks for them, and Gide was sitting down in front of him with his back toward the passers by, when Wilde begged him to sit beside him. "Oh! sit here by me. I am so lonely just now." He was without the money to pay for the drinks.

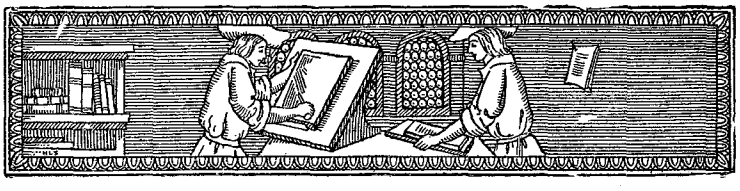
In spite of his poverty, for, in spite of his allowance, he was frequently penniless (Merrill has a pathetic note from him asking for a very little sum "afin de finir ma semaine"), he refused in any way to profit by his condemnation. Fernand Xau offered him a weekly article to write. His messenger imprudently said, "After the noise of your condemnation you are sure of a great success." Wilde straightened himself and replied, "Thank you. My successes before the condemnation are sufficient for me."

He went to Italy, to Switzerland and to the south of France, returning always to Paris. During the Paris Exhibition he used to spend two or three evenings a week in the exhibition grounds. Paul Fort and Madame Fort (the Suzon of the "Ballades"), who were his companions on some of these occasions, speak of him with tears in their eyes. Wilde seemed to them very gentle, not outwardly unhappy, and interested in everything. The depths of the man, they felt, had come much nearer to the surface.

On November 30, 1900, he died. He had been turned out of an hotel a couple of years before because he could not pay his bill, when the landlord of the Hotel d'Alsace, 13 Rue des Beaux Arts, took him in, paid what was owing, and recovered his luggage for him. He made this house his home in Paris until he died, as he put it "beyond his means." His health failed, and he drank and hurried the failure. Mr. Robert Ross nursed him and brought a priest to ease his dissolution. It so happened that neither he nor any other close friend was with Wilde when he died. Paul Fort saw him just before his death and just after. He describes the small, dingy hotel, the passages, and the smell of disinfectants about the room where Wilde lay. He was one of the few who followed Wilde's coffin.

In Paris, where he had moved in glory as a Roman Emperor or a Bacchus of the East, the remains of Wilde headed a pitiful procession. Of those who filled the two cabs of which it was composed, several went about their business before reaching the cemetery. No bell tolled. The church hung no mourning curtains round its entrance, and admitted the body by a small side door. When Wilde came to Paris the boulevards fluttered with his name. When at last he left, his departure was almost unnoticed. A sergent-de-ville saluted the coffin with magnificence; he did not know whose body it contained.

Oscar Wilde was buried in the cemetery at Bagneux on December 3, 1900. On July 20, 1909, his coffin was removed to Père-Lachaise, where a monument, on which Mr. Jacob Epstein is already working, will eventually be erected over his grave.



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BUTTERFLIES

BY MADISON CAWEIN

Freebooters of the sunlight, blue and black,
Glimmering with gold you go your velvet ways
From flower to flower, from weed to weed, and back,
Demanding toll of all the honeyed days;
Nature accommodating all your needs,
As once she did when with unaltered face
She fed the worm as now the fly she feeds.

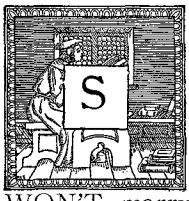
The worm!—How long since you forgot the worm
Unsightly that you were? the chrysalis
Your life endured; the dark, prenatal term
Of your existence, wherein naught of bliss
Or beauty was. Now out of night returned,
Pinioned and plumed, your life is one long kiss
On summer's languid lips for which you yearned.

This was your dream in darkness, where your dreams
Were all of wings and rainbows, manifold,
Which transformation touched and changed to gleams,
Materialising their ethereal gold,
That burst your prison-house and rose to range
With joy, forgetting all the life of old:
The new accepted as if nothing strange.

Go your glad ways of fragrance and of light,
Following the dream, forevermore that lures,
Beyond the shadow of immortal night
That holds the soul: the dream, through which endures
That which hath led the world for centuries,—
The hope within the heart which still assures
The soul of that which only Heaven sees.

HOW WOMEN PROPOSE

BY EDNA KENTON



AID Jack Tanner, after three and a half acts of resistance at once sincere and simulated: "Ann, I will not marry you. Do you hear? I won't, won't, won't, won't, WON'T marry you." And said Ann Whitefield, after three more pages of discussion interesting to none more than to Tanner: "He (her father) asked me whom I would have as my guardian before he made that will. I chose you!" Then this ensues:

TANNER: The will is yours, then! The trap was laid from the beginning!

ANN (*concentrating all her magic*): From the beginning—from our childhood—for both of us—by the Life Force!

TANNER: I will not marry you. I will not marry you.

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ANN: Oh, you will, you will.

TANNER: I tell you no, no, no.

ANN: I tell you yes, yes, yes.

TANNER: No.

ANN (*coaxing — imploring — almost exhausted*): Yes. Before it is too late for repentance. Yes!

TANNER (*struck by an echo from the past*): When did all this happen to me before! Are we two dreaming?

ANN (*losing her courage with an anguish she does not try to conceal*): No. We are awake; and you have said no: that is all.

TANNER (*brutally*): Well?

ANN: Well, I made a mistake; you do not love me.

TANNER (*seizing her in his arms*): It is false; I love you. The Life Force enchants me. I have the whole world in my arms when I clasp you——

ANN: Take care, Jack. If any one comes while we are like this you will have to marry me!

TANNER: If we two stood now on the edge of a precipice I would hold you tight and jump.

ANN (*panting, failing more and more under the strain*): Jack, let me go. I have dared so frightfully—it is lasting longer than I thought. Let me go. I can't bear it.

TANNER: Nor I. Let it kill us.

It would be interesting to know precisely the weight of influence that Mr. Shaw's *Man and Superman* has had over the increasing feministic tendency in fiction to propose, boldly and most baldly, marriage to the chosen man. One observes with interest that it is the men novelists who are leading the way in giving women of fiction their chance to do openly what for countless generations they have done tacitly, within a narrow radius prescribed, it is true, but contriving nevertheless to keep alive the sacred fire of their own right to choose their men—a fire that has flickered but faintly and all but died out in some of the darkest periods of the world's androcentric history. It occurs to one to wonder just here how much influence Mr. Lester Ward's interesting gynococentric theory may have been exerting over the minds of students of men and women ever since it was propounded in 1888, and how far it has been influencing the treatment of women in fiction. Time was, we know, when only the boldly bad adventuress was the avowed hunter of the Most Eligible who was in mad pursuit of the violet-like heroine who was in a veritable panic of retreat, and the precept established for women, an androcentric precept by the way, was: "Stay beside the mossy stone; wither and die unseen if need be, but never shamelessly attempt purposely to attract the eye of man. He must be the seeker; thou the sought!"

Now of course this is utter nonsense, and the men and women who say they believe it is good either in theory or practice are either deliberately deceiving others or are themselves unconsciously tricked. It would be worth while to study the mental processes of some one of eight out of any ten conventional married women set to the novel task of being utterly honest on this question with herself for one naked hour. The crimes she must admit; the lies and the finesse; the gullery and cozenage and jockeying and chicanery she must own to if she goes honest step by step through her friendships with men, through the courtships so conducted in their advances and retreats as to make both the trapped and the trapper sure that each is the other! That crucial moment when the die is cast, the relieved sigh drawn, and the game ended—which precipitated it, the man or the woman! Which one would not take for granted; which one forced the spoken word: "Well, if you care for me, what are you afraid of! If you really care, why don't you ask me? Oh, dearest, now that you've made me say yes, I'm so frightened!" And like Ann the Superman, she all but faints under her own forever unadmitted daring, and after her supreme moment of unashamedness, puts on again the trappings of her presumed nunnery. The mind of the victim as he holds his conqueror in a grasp more or less firm according to his nerve and love has never been successfully probed, we think. Being brought up to play the game of life, as women are not, he is apt to accept philosophically the all but inevitable consequences of playing the game with women, even to its unfairnesses. But if men and women were to be honest with themselves for an hour! Yet it would take a generation of development to acquire the habit.

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Now this is a digression from fiction, which does not always represent life, into life itself, to show this: that science and sociology and so-called modern women whose minds in relation to men are still too greatly of the prehistoric type, are slowly changing the attitude toward each other both of men and women, and are forcing upon them the truth that if a woman is to be the equal of the female bee or spider, she is to choose rather than be chosen; at least that a woman's choosing is as imperative and as honourable as the man's. Women have been forced to feel so ashamed of their emotions and desires and impulses for so many hundreds of years, that any and all of their pet trickeries and deliberate deceits as well as a too crude use of their new freedoms should be judged gently and laid at the door, not of the present emancipative movement, but of their past enslavement. For freedom is never dangerous. It is the combining of a too small amount of freedom with false fetishes that causes dangerous explosions. It is the imperfectly freed woman, still hampered by ghosts of the past, who, doubtful of her right to exercise her own judgment when it is opposed to that of some code or dominating mind, is apt to waver in her first steps alone, and, frightened and uncertain, to fall. Then she and her small world—above all her small world!—are apt, like the creeping child whom she has too much resembled throughout her adult life, to blame freedom for her fall instead of her own untried limbs, or the particular bump in the particular path she chose.

And since sociology has entered in rather a lively fashion into fiction of late, novelists interested in living women are bound to deal with them as they are, and not with long accepted types. When writers begin to write the truth in novels —which will not be generally done until people will read truth, of course—some of the most cherished ideals of the bourgeois home are bound to crash into dust, and, shorn of the trickeries with which it has bedisoned itself so long, our bourgeois civilisation will seem a degree worse than savagery, in so far as children playing with taboos and believing in fetishes are only pathetic where the older generation so playing and believing is hopeless.

Well, the novelists are beginning to make, not their adventuresses but their heroines, propose. Brave little Brontë, in *Jane Eyre,* came as near it as the older generation of writers dared to come, when she made Jane galvanise the ascetic clergyman into something akin to emotion by boldly choosing to seek another man. Jane was an epochal heroine, not so much because she loved a rake, as because she triumphantly and proudly loved him. Yet Jane did not propose, even at the end where, with the blinded man, she might have properly followed any queen's example, and put the question. But she forced it, word by word from Rochester's stubborn lips, and we are rather inclined to blame Miss Brontë rather than Miss Eyre for the latter's failure to antedate Ann Veronica.

Of course Mr. Wells's *Ann Veronica* chose her man for herself. Equally, of course, she proposed to him. She would have stopped his proposal in full sweep had he forestalled her, and with her hand upon his parted lips, have uttered the words herself. She would not have been Ann Veronica if she had not proposed and Mr. Wells knew this. But it is interesting to note—and it is true that when women go far they go farther—that Ann Veronica, once set upon her proposal to Capes, persists in the face of an atmosphere so foggy as to have caused the most inexperienced male sailor on that uncharted sea to set right about face and wait in port for brighter weather. This is how Ann proposes in a laboratory—fitting spot!—vacant except for herself and Capes:

"I've broken my engagement," she said in a matter-of-fact tone, and found her heart thumping in her neck. He moved slightly, and she went on, with a slight catching of her breath. "It's a bother and disturbance, but you see—" She had to go through with it now, because she could think of nothing but her preconceived words. Her voice was weak and flat. "I've fallen in love."

He never helped her by a sound. "I—didn't love the man I was engaged to."

She met his eyes for a moment and could not interpret their expression. They struck her as cold and indifferent. Her heart failed

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her and her resolution became water. She remained standing stiffly, unable even to move. At last his voice came to relieve her tension.

"I thought you weren't keeping up to the mark. You—it's jolly of you to confide in me. Still—" Then with incredible and obviously deliberate stupidity, and a voice as flat as her own, he asked, "Who is the man?"

Her spirit raged within her at the dumbness, the paralysis that had fallen upon her. A fever of shame ran through her. Horrible doubts assailed her. She sat down awkwardly on one of the little stools by her table and covered her face with her hands.

"Can't you *see* how things are?" she said.

Then one Miss Klegg came noisily in. But afterward Ann Veronica and Capes took a walk and she was told many things of a man's life and ways, all of which inflamed her the more.

"The thing I feel most disposed to say, Miss Stanley," he began at last, "is that this is very sudden."

"It's been coming on since I first came into the laboratory."

"What do you want?" he asked bluntly.

"You!" said Ann Veronica.

"Why did you tell me? I thought—I thought we were going to be friends. Why on earth did you *tell* me?"

"I couldn't help it. It was an impulse. I *had* to. I was sick of the make believe. I don't care. I'm glad I did. I wanted you to know. And now you know. And the fences are down for good. You can't look me in the eyes and say you don't care for me."

"I've told you," he said.

"Very well," said Ann, with an air of concluding the discussion. "Rules are for every day. This is not every day. This is something above all rules."

"For you."

"Not for you?"

"No. No. I'm going to stick to the rules. You've placed me in a very exceptional position, Miss Stanley." The note of his own voice exasperated him. "Oh damn!" he said.

"I've had a biological training. I'm a hard young woman. I don't deal in Higher Things, or Lower, for the matter of that. I don't classify. Flesh and flowers are all alike to me."

"It will spoil your life."

"It will make it. I want you. It isn't because you're good, but because I may be rotten bad. I'm making a mess of my life—unless you come in and take it. I know what I am doing better than you."

Like brothers in distress John Tanner and Capes both said damn! Both of them protested they were being put in exceptional positions and so they were. Capes particularly, being a married man, undivorced, a biological professor, with a young woman student so intelligently in love with him, thanks to his scientific training of her, that she not only recognised an impulse when she felt it, but had sense enough to name it, and the vocabulary to phrase the situation. Their solution was not conventional, but its aftermath was as moral and unmodern as only a modern woman can make the ending to an unconventional beginning.

In *White Magic,* David Graham Phillips, in trying presumably to make his heroine brave and unashamed, succeeds only in making her shockingly crude. Here are some samples of her love making. After eight days of acquaintance with the artist Wade, Beatrice answers, to his, "You're trying to lead me on—why?" "Because we love each other." And when Wade says, "What will you think of yourself? What will I think of you?" Beatrice replies, "Why, that I love you!"

On the next morning she protests: "How can we be friends if you fuss and fume! Really I didn't do anything out of the ordinary—I simply proposed to you."

To her mother she says, "I might as well tell you at the outset that I mean to marry him— I want HIM. And I'm going to get him at any cost. I asked Mr. Wade to marry me. He refused. He is still refusing. You don't understand me at all, mother. Haven't you ever wanted anything so intensely, so—so fiercely, that you would take it on any terms—would do anything to get it?"

Wade, as one way out, said to her: "I've about decided to go away—to go back to Paris." Beatrice replies promptly, "Maybe we can cross together. Mother and I are going soon," and later she says, "It was only right I should speak first. You see, when the girl is poor and marrying her is going to put the man to great expense—it'd be downright impertinent for her to say such a thing."

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When they are about to part, he says coolly, "Good by, Rix." "Is that all—won't you—" He bent and kissed her hair at the temple. Suddenly she flung her arms about his neck, kissed him passionately, her embrace tight. In the last chapter, when he rushed to the boat and she realises her triumph she gazes at him with estatic, incredulous eyes. "Have I *really* got you!" she asks, and he, a truly Phillipesque hero, says gravely, "That will depend on you."

Mr. Chambers's *Iole* is pure comedy with delightful ladies that never were on land or sea proposing. The seven sisters who romp in pink pajamas and jest in Arabic have just been taken to a city full of men. Said the lover of Lissa, whom she has just met, after some remarkable speech of hers:

"I think you'd better let your father pick out your novels for you."

"I don't want to," she said rebelliously: "I want *you* to."

He took a closer hold on the hidden hand. "I wish you—I wish I could choose—everything for you," he said unsteadily.

"I wish so, too. You are exactly the sort of man I like," said Lissa.

Then the cataclysm! Later Lissa says, and not much later—"Oh there can be no doubt about it, I am dreadfully in love—and so quickly too. I suppose it's because I am in such splendid health, don't you?"

Aphrodite meets her young man in a Fifth Avenue bus, and this is what happens an hour later in the park.

"Do you really find me so attractive?" she asked, looking him directly in the eyes. "You must answer me quickly; see how dark it is growing. I must go. Tell me, do you like me?"

"I never cared so much for—for any woman——"

She dimpled with delight and lay back, regarding him under level, unembarrassed brows.

"That is very pleasant," she said. "I've often wished that a man—of your kind—would say that to me. I do wish we could be together a great deal, because you do like me so much already, and I truly do find you agreeable. Say it to me again—how much you like me."

"I—I—there is no woman—none that I ever saw—so interesting. I mean more than that."

"Say it, then—I shall believe you. I know how I feel toward you. And every time you speak to me I feel more so. Do you suppose you and I are going to fall in love with one another?"

"I've done it already." His voice shook and failed.

Her eyes wandered over him thoughtfully. "So *that* is love—I didn't know—I am perfectly delighted that you love me. Shall we marry some day, do you think? I will be to you everything you wish, in every way, always, ever, and forever and ever. Will you marry me?"

"Will *you?*"

"Yes."

There is one quaint similarity in all these proposals of fair ladies that raises a question which only a world-wide committee of men who have been honourably proposed to can settle: Do women invariably, when they propose, say, "I love you, will you marry me?" For it is the consensus of opinion among women who know—women novelists do not always remain faithful to the truth as they know it!—that not one man in ten thousand has ever said to his first or his ultimate choice, "I love you. Will you marry me?" More is understood than is expressed by men or women. More men have proposed formally in fiction than ever will propose formally out of it. Women know this, and it is rather apt to be the case that a woman's earth-old training in finesse and trickery of herself and of men is not going to desert her in the moment when she "proposes." In other words, she is more than apt to follow the man, as the man the woman, and let the formality of the thing round off into an estatic murmur and a mutual clutching of beloved throats; that is, if she possesses what all but the mentally unsexed of her sex have, intuitive knowledge of men and moments! It must be admitted that a woman, with her natural inclination to clinch a good thing beyond chance of retreat, will probably say, after the ecstasy, "When shall we be married?" but that is another question.

Therefore, we feel honourable doubt in the face of the unanimity with which these men novelists imprint such banal words upon the lips of their proposing heroines. Granting that each novelist of

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them has been so literally proposed to once or even twice by women the case is still not proved. This new creature in fiction is already becoming a type, fast woven and dyed. Like the woman adventurer, the woman detective, we are about to be furnished with the woman proposer, acting up to unnecessarily strong rules.

For an example of a woman proposing marriage with infinite finesse, let us run through a page from the *House of Mirth*. May not a woman know how a woman might propose marriage! It may be said that Rosedale had already signified matrimonial intentions to Lily and had been repulsed. This little scene comes after Lily's troubles are well advanced, and when she is well-nigh desperate. They have gone for a walk together, and she breaks into a perfectly general rhapsody of Rosedale's with:

"I *do* believe what you say, Mr. Rosedale, and I am ready to marry you whenever you wish."

Rosedale, reddening to the roots of his glossy hair, received this announcement with a recoil which carried him to his feet, where he halted before her in an attitude of almost comic discomfiture.

"For I suppose that is what you do wish," she continued in the same quiet tone. "And though I was unable to consent when you spoke to me in this way before, I am ready, now that I know you so much better, to trust my happiness to your hands."

Rosedale gave a short laugh, and drew out a gold cigarette case, in which, with plump, jewelled fingers, he groped for a gold-tipped cigarette. Selecting one, he paused to contemplate it a moment before saying: "My dear Miss Lily, I'm sorry if there's been any little misapprehension between us, but you made me feel my suit was so hopeless that I had really no intention of renewing it."

Lily's blood tingled with the grossness of the rebuff; but she checked the first leap of her anger, and said in a tone of gentle dignity: "I have no one but myself to blame if I gave you the impression that my decision was final."

Her word byplay was always too quick for him, and this reply held him in puzzled silence while she extended her hand and added: "Before we bid each other good-bye I want at least to thank you for having once thought of me as you did."

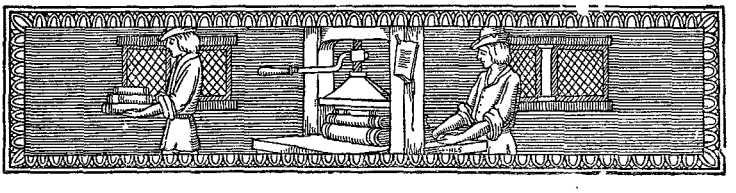
"Why do you talk of saying good-bye? Ain't we going to be good friends all the same?" he urged, without releasing her hand.

She drew it away quietly. "What is your idea of being good friends?" she returned with a slight smile. "Making love to me without asking me to marry you?"

"Well, that's about the size of it, I suppose. I can't help making love to you—I don't see how any man could; but I don't mean to ask you to marry me as long as I can keep out of it."

She continued to smile. "I like your frankness, but I'm afraid our friendship can hardly continue on those terms." She turned away as though to mark that its final term had in fact been reached, and he followed her for a few steps with a baffled sense of her having after all kept the game in her own hands.

So much for women proposing in fiction. It is a new field, and one that will widen considerably during the next hundred years or so. It is a trite truth that in life women do most of the wooing, even though it be in tacit invitation, for that man is a fool and his fellows call him one who walks, uninvited, into a love scene with a woman who has not made it clear that she feels the attraction that he feels. Proposal scenes in fiction will ring truer when they are written down after the manner in which they occur, and not to accord with the wide-eyed dreamings of the maidens who have yet to hear, often disappointedly, a real one. And in these true love scenes the star will very often be the lady, verbally as well as tacitly.



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STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

V—Strange Stories of the Foreign Diplomatic Corps

OR over a century Maryland had been famous throughout our nation for its terrapin, oysters, fried chicken, beaten biscuit, and, of course, its statesmen, courtly men and lovely women; but it is only within the past four years that it leaped into the light of international fame as the site of more diplomatic *hold ups* than any other place on the face of the earth at any time since diplomacy superseded persuasion by clubs and spears.

The real Washingtonian, who makes no bids for social recognition, and who is often pitied because he has no vote in local or national affairs, gets plenty of compensation in the rôle of audience to a great many plays, national and international, which stir up the actors to the verge of frenzy.

No comedy ever conceived in an Indiana playwright's brain could surpass that of "The Ambassadors *vs.* The Maryland Marshall—and The Mayor." (Title not copyrighted.) This was originally enacted at various intervals, with slight diversions, on the smooth Conduit Road which runs picturesquely along for fifteen miles from Washington to the Great Falls of the Potomac. It is a wonder how this genuine international comedy ever escaped the vigilance of playwrights and managers, who are tousling what hair they have in frantic efforts to find new plots—especially such as will be "pleasing to both sides of the Atlantic."

And it would cost so little to set it up, too! The real hero is mounted on a bicycle, clothed in a blue bicycle suit, adorned simply with one deputy sheriff's badge. His other properties are a self-cocking revolver and a speedometer attachment. His name is Collins, and his chief business in life is to guard the road from speeding automobilists, seeing that they do not exceed the six-miles-per-hour law. In the spring of 1907 he held up the Italian Ambassador, who had as his guest at the time the famous Duke of Abruzzi; and as Ambassador Des Planches—who was also the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps at the time—complained to the State Department it was most mortifying to have a common sheriff hold him up and reprove him when he was taking a little whiz with the cousin of the King of Italy! The Secretary of State, then Mr. Root, personally regretted the incident, and Washington officials began to try to make Mr. Collins and the young Mayor of Glen Echo deal gently with speeding diplomats.

The sturdy Marylanders stood by their law books. They had the international law regarding the sacredness of foreign diplomats down to a period, but they said in effect:

"We wouldn't know a diplomat from a groceryman, if he were whizzing along so fast we could not even see the number on his machine; and we are going to arrest, or at least hold up, every speeder on this road. If he proves he is a diplomat or an attaché of the corps, of course we'll let him go, for we cannot arrest or fine him. But unless he can prove this to us he must suffer the way of all common transgressors!"

And thereupon members of the German Embassy, Austro-Hungary, and others were apprehended so swiftly that the play moved on merrily. The scenes shift to the State Department, to the office of the Attorney General and to the War Department, because some one declared that the Conduit Road, built by the Federal Government, came under its jurisdiction. Bonaparte of Baltimore, the Attorney General, received a few disrespectful raps from the young Mayor, who, like some Baltimoreans, has small use for "the Peacock of Park Avenue,"

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as Bonaparte has been called. Then came in the irate Washington citizen to ask *why* members of the Diplomatic Corps could not respect the law of our land? The excitement grew, and Washington held its sides, so to speak, at the splendid comedy. Finally, after the brave Mayor of Glen Echo backs his Marshall to the last spoke of his bicycle and defies the whole crowd, enter the most polished of the diplomats, disclaiming that the Diplomatic Corps had any intention of infringing our laws; that diplomats are not chosen for their violating propensities—and Peace and Order reign, and all is quiet along the Conduit—indefinitely!

CHILDREN OF PRIVILEGE

Washington's younger set, in that section of the city where foreign embassies and legations are located, have had many wordy wars at home and on the streets because the children of the diplomats are accorded more freedom than they in outdoor sports; because these little foreigners are not bound by American laws. Many children attached to the diplomatic families attend the public schools, and though it is generally accepted that the public school is a great leveller of position, that rule does not apply in Washington.

An incident occurred a few years ago in the vicinity of the Chinese Legation, which commands a fine coasting sight. This hill was disputed territory by white and negro children, and so many stone, stick and snowball battles took place between the races that the police intervened, with the result that coasting by Washingtonians on that particular hill was forbidden. Enter the Yellow Usurpers in the person of the children attached to the Chinese Legation. Imagine the emotions of the whites and blacks who are standing longingly by (yet silently joyful at thought of the "Chinks getting nabbed by the police"), only to see the police smile on the whizzing Orientals, and "never touch them!"

One indignant young American, like a ruffled eagle, ran home to his father, who is employed in one of the Government departments:

"Say, Dad, *ain't* this country going to the dogs when a real American is arrested for coasting and Yellow Kids smiled on!"

The finest of the historic houses of Lafayette Square is that on the northwest corner, originally built for Daniel Webster, who, however, found it too grand for his circumstances and moved to simpler quarters. The mansion then passed into the ownership of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, Washington's earliest philanthropist and founder of its fine Art Gallery. Mr. Corcoran sympathised with the Confederacy, and, fearing that his beautiful home would be confiscated like Lee's *Arlington*, he rented the building to the French Legation—and this made it immune, for international law forbids invasion of legation property, regarding it as "foreign soil." This was a shrewd move on Mr. Corcoran's part, and not long after the war was over he returned to his own. But he was always so generous to the national capital that no one held this action against him.

Marquis de Montholon, the French Minister during the last year of the Civil War, entertained very highly in this mansion, and helped to enliven Washington society to such an extent that old members of it talk feelingly of him to this day. At the close of the war he gave a brilliant ball, made bright by the uniforms of the heroes of the Union Army —among them General Grant—and of the French officers from the ship stationed at Annapolis. Of course all the beautiful women of the capital and neighbouring cities were there.

Not far from this house is that occupied by the British Legation when Lord Lytton was an attaché. It is said that here he composed *Lucile*. This statement is much disputed for want of absolute proof.

THE SUICIDE OF PARADOL

Napoleon III during eighteen years had sent at least eight Ministers to represent him in the United States, but for various reasons each and every one failed to do so. His throne was tottering when he almost beseeched the brilliant Prévost Paradol to accept the mission. Paradol had been elected to the French Academy

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at the age of forty, and was considered one of the most able political writers in France. Though for years he had been hostile to the Empire, he consented to accept the post on the Emperor's assurance that he could carry with him the guarantee that peace would be established in Europe. Prévost had scarcely presented his credentials and his peace message when news of the war with Germany was received at Washington, and that the days of the Empire were numbered. The distracted Minister committed suicide, and, naturally, the deed was attributed to the fact that he considered himself disgraced by accepting the office and word from a falling monarch. But forty years afterward, when some letters of his written during his residence in the United States were brought to the light of publicity, his faithful defenders, who always claimed that his mind must have been unbalanced at the time of his rash act, triumphantly pointed out that in the last letters he penned he claimed to be suffering intensely from the extreme midsummer atmosphere of Washington, and could not bring himself to endure the iced drinks which its other inhabitants used to mitigate the heat; and this, they claim, is positive proof that the courageous patriot was insane from heat at the time he took his life—that life of which the French scholars were justly proud.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF FOX

The first Minister to represent Queen Victoria at Washington is also believed to have committed suicide. That he was most eccentric there is no disputing, if Washington's social history, founded largely on gossip, is true. In a large house facing Washington Circle, he led a single and singular life, caring nothing for the society of ladies, but prone to giving large stag parties to men of convivial taste, without any regard to social precedence or political affiliation. He liked "good fellows" who could sit at a game of cards as steadily and as thirsty as any poker crowd chronicled in a Wild West story; and, as he found many such in our national capital during the late forties, night was as day in his great house, and it was long past high noon when breakfast was served at the British Legation. After breakfast, if weather permitted, Mr. Henry Stephen Fox, ignoring for the nonce any diplomatic correspondence which might claim his attention, wandered out into the fine garden to admire and often personally attend the many beautiful flowers and shrubs growing there; for, somewhere in that strange, stormy soul of his had been planted a seed of sentiment, and it grew into a fine passion for flowers, chief among them roses—and the roses which grew in the legation garden were the talk of the city. They say he never sent flowers to the ladies, but with his own hands often pulled blossoms to give to the poor children who, frequently barefooted, passed his garden on their way to and from the wharves not far distant. And so consistent is Fate at times, it was decreed that in years later this estate should become the property of St. Ann's Infant Asylum; and foundlings took their airing in the old garden which the eccentric British Minister loved.

Mr. Fox did not keep a coach to uphold the dignity of his station—for he seldom went where he required it—so he depended upon local livery stables when obliged to have a conveyance. When Count Bodisco, the Russian Minister, gave a grand ball in honour of his marriage to Miss Williams, Mr. Fox knew he was obliged to attend, else incur the displeasure of two nations; for this prominent Russian noble was to marry one of Washington's fairest and richest daughters. But he found that he had procrastinated too long in engaging a coach—none was available in all Washington or Georgetown, for everybody who was anybody was going to the grand fête. Ash carts, express wagons, and other carriers of vulgar products he might have for the asking; but as unconventional as he was, he did not press such into service. But he did what shocked Washington more: he hired a hearse to carry him to the scene of gayety. Some say he rode with the driver; but, of course, tradition loves to believe that he rode inside it, stretched out as much at rest as if lying in his coffin! What wonder then, when his death occurred under mysterious circumstances, that the rumour went abroad that

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he died by his own hands—those hands which caressed equally well flowers, poor children, and cards.

MAY AND DECEMBER

Whenever an international marriage occurs in Washington, the old social recorders begin to talk and write of Count Bodisco and Miss Williams, of Georgetown (now part of Washington), with a zest which never seems to lose its delight—for romance never dies. There is an enchanting, crooked thoroughfare along Rock Creek which bears the century-old name of "Lovers' Lane." Here the story of this international love affair has been related as often as other lovers' tales, and if the old trees and rocks along this charmed route could speak they would tell of thousands of such which have been breathed in their vicinity. This lane was part of the estate of Brooke Williams, Senior, a gentleman who owned considerable land along Rock Creek, especially where it purled through the most exclusive portion of Georgetown. Along the retreat of Lovers' Lane the elderly Russian Minister paid court to Miss Harriett Beall Williams whenever he was permitted to be alone in her company. And though he was credited with sixty years and she with but sixteen, she listened to him with favour; for, strange as it may seem to many, she actually loved him.

Their wedding was the most brilliant held in the young capital up to that date. So far as conditions permitted, it was a court wedding; the entire Diplomatic Corps attended in full dress, and President Van Buren—who was accused by his enemies of assuming the airs of royalty, if not actually donning the purple and ermine—was there, as courtly a man as any in the foreign set; though his sombre citizen suit was in keeping with the dress of the other American statesmen who honoured the occasion by their presence; notable among them, Webster, Clay and Buchanan. Henry Clay—whom some have declared too lovable to ever become President—was chosen to give the bride away; and James Buchanan walked in solid dignity beside one of the pretty young bridesmaids. The most wonderful feature of this romance is that the couple who pledged their union before that brilliant company kept their vows better than the average couple having equality of age, station, and country; for they lived in perfect amity until, a dozen years after the bridal ceremony, the death of the aged lover took place. The widow soon married a young man, but she put charming emphasis on the fact that it was only because she was obeying the dying request of the dear old Baron whom she loved so dearly.

American wives of foreign diplomats have helped smooth international intercourse ever since the early days of our nation, and there is a well-grounded assumption that the government which has a likely diplomat married to an American is apt to be lucky in its relations with Washington. This faith is usually rewarded; but, of course, so long as women are indiscreet or capable of rousing jealousy, the wanton, "green-eyed monster" is bound to wreck some of the most flowery diplomatic roads. This was true of Lady Erskine, who was married to Lord Erskine shortly before he was appointed to succeed Minister Merry, whose wife also roused trouble in Washington. Lady Erskine was a Miss Frances Cadwalader, daughter of General John Cadwalader of Philadelphia, and when she came to Washington bearing a title and much personal charm, she was open to the criticism of some of the ladies, who prided themselves on the fact that they were American wives of American husbands; though, truth to be told, they were those who pestered poor Thomas Jefferson to establish *levees* and turn the White House into a "Republican Court." All of which President Jefferson emphatically declined to do, though he was one of the most hospitable hosts that ever sat in the Executive Mansion; his hospitality taking the form of dinners and keeping open house for every one who willed to come, just as he did on his Virginia plantation. "Jeffersonian simplicity" is a term which should never be applied to his table or his sideboard.

JEFFERSON AND THE SOCIAL CODE

It was Jefferson's indifference to the establishment of a social code which led to so many social wars, domestic and international, at the capital during his

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term of office. He came to the White House a widower, and though his two married daughters visited him at the Executive Mansion a few times there was no established First Lady of the Land. The honours of this position fell to Mrs. James Madison, wife of the Secretary of State, and the witty, sociable "Mistress Dolly" was nothing loath to assume the rôle. She was a greatly admired woman, who tried to be friendly with every one who came in her path; and if the secret of diplomacy lies in the art of knowing *how not to make enemies,* then Mistress Dolly deserves to be called the most diplomatic woman who ever moved in Washington society. For all of her virtues, she was the cause of an international social war between this country and Great Britain. President Jefferson gave a state dinner, to which were invited his Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps. As usual, he did not bother about assigning the places at his table, but all those who pretended to know something of court etiquette naturally thought that Mr. Jefferson would take in to dinner Mrs. Merry, wife of the British Minister and the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. He offered his arm to Mrs. Madison, and she sat in the seat of honour, much to the chagrin of the British Minister and his wife, who made so much of the affair that the Minister was recalled.

THE QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE

The majority of heartburnings over precedence at Washington have originated in the Diplomatic Corps, and no doubt many an appetite has suddenly vanished when the spleen of invited dinner guests has been stirred because of places assigned them. Of course, all this seems puerile to the average American citizen; but it is as natural as the push for the front places at a village gathering, and the only way to prevent such disturbances (as some of our most wise and very democratic men have seen) is to have an official code of precedence. Mr. John W. Foster, when he became Secretary of State in Harrison's Cabinet—after filling many diplomatic posts abroad—endeavoured to arrange a social code for Washington, which has been followed pretty closely by succeeding administrations, though circumstances admit of many modifications. This code places the Vice-President next to the President; next come the Foreign Ambassadors, between whom and the Foreign Envoys Plenipotentiary is wedged the Secretary of State. After these diplomats comes the Chief Justice of the United States, and this is the rock on which the Ship of State has struck more than once when attempting to navigate the social sea. Some contend that the Chief Justice should follow the Vice-President; others that Mr. Foster's code is the correct one; while some perfect peacemakers try to placate all parties by saying soothingly to such as have injured feelings to be ministered to and seek social salve:

"Remember that these foreign diplomats are our guests; and as such we should accord them the courtesy of coming next to the Vice-President, who is the heir-apparent of the nation."

This term "heir-apparent" came into use in our social language at the time when the pompous Sir Julian Pauncefote (later Lord Pauncefote) claimed that as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps he was entitled to take precedence over the Vice-President. But he was politely set right on that point, even when he declared he demanded it as the personal representative of the Queen of Great Britain, who, if she were to visit the United States, certainly would take precedence over the Vice-President, who, after all, is merely a figurehead, and presides over the United States Senate, the members of which are ranked below all members of the Cabinet and the Supreme Court. Back came the answer: "The Vice-President is *our heir apparent,* and no one can stand between him and the Chief Executive."

For a time Washington society was rife with rumours that the British Ambassador would ask for his recall, or that our Government should ask it for him; but Lord Pauncefote managed to endure our society, and we to accept him, until "Death, the Great Leveller," claimed him in the spring of 1903.

There are times when Fate seems to have grim humour in its moves; and surely such was evident when it decreed that Lord Pauncefote should lie cold and

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unhonoured in the British Embassy while the President, his official family, the Diplomatic Corps, and the cream of Washington society in general—not forgetting to mention distinguished visitors from France—were gloriously celebrating the unveiling of the statue of our adopted hero—Rochambeau—erected in Lafayette Park, opposite the White House. When the brilliant and happy ceremonies were concluded, and not until then, did the President and other distinguished officials turn their carriages toward the British Embassy to offer condolence to the family of the dead Ambassador. The writer was a witness of the ceremonies, and of President Roosevelt's bowing and smiling right and left to the throngs which lined the sidewalks along the square, and heard some of the remarks made regarding the general air of festivity prevailing in the city when "Poor Lord Pauncefote, who thought so much of precedence, was lying dead." And one young woman, who rather admired the dignity which hedges the British Embassy, exclaimed on seeing the expansive, expressive grin on the President's face as he was setting out on his solemn mission:

"It's enough to rouse to life any stone lion representing British dignity!"

She was gently reminded that President Roosevelt was then taken up with the greetings of American citizens, but, no doubt, all traces of his dynamic smile would be removed before he entered the *porte cochère* of the British Embassy.

AN INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATION

Marquis de Villalobar, a personal friend of King Alphonso, and credited with having brought about the match between the young King and the Princess Victoria Eugene, when he was in the diplomatic service of Spain at London, was rewarded by the United States mission about two years ago. He was a bachelor, a scholarly gentleman, and very much admired by Washington society. But troubles beset him from the beginning of his mission here. In the summer of 1909 he accepted an invitation from the Chamber of Commerce of Toledo, Ohio, to attend the ceremonies of celebrating the foundation of that town by the Spanish. He accepted. So did the Mexican Ambassador, Señor de la Barra. But the latter withdrew his acceptance when the Chamber of Commerce asked him if he would not yield his place of precedence to the representative of the King of Spain. The Mexican Ambassador courteously declined to do this because his rank of ambassador did not permit him to yield place to a minister. But, he said, inasmuch as he had high regard for the King of Spain, and his mother, who had befriended him in his younger days, he would remain away so that the Spanish Minister might have the place of honour. This gave rise to the rumour that there was another international social war on, but it was denied by both the Mexican Ambassador and the Spanish Minister. For these thorough diplomats had no quarrel because of the diplomatic code. Soon the gallant Spanish Minister was called home by Alphonso, and rumour has it that when the United States will accept Spain's offer to send an Ambassador, the Marquis may come in that capacity, for then he will not be humiliated by being placed in rank below men from much newer countries. Uncle Sam does not care for ambassadorships. They are expensive and often useless, and he is becoming very deaf when the cry for more Ambassadors goes up. He says he has troubles enough now—what with nearly every South American Republic crying for ambassadorial recognition in order that they may be equal to Mexico and Brazil. As for Turkey, he explains, he would never have consented to an Ambassador there if the etiquette of its government did not forbid any one below the rank of Ambassador an audience with the Sultan.

THE MOVE ON MEXICO

When President Taft ordered our troops to the border of Mexico, newspaper men, secret agents, and even some of the fair spies of society tried to get some expression on the move from various members of the Diplomatic Corps. But they are getting very wise in the first lesson of diplomacy—to hold their opinions to themselves. They remember Señor de Lome, the Spanish Minister at Washington, whose indiscreet letter was inter-

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cepted on its way to Madrid, carrying in it his opinion that President McKinley was a "spineless politician," who would merely continue his policy of inactivity. He learned his mistake, and it was not long before he was packing his effects and going home, disgraced for his breach of diplomacy.

Followers of the tariff may recall how distressed that able Ambassador from France, M. Jules Jusserand, became during the autumn following the tariff of 1909 by the frequent newspaper reports that he expressed himself for France as being highly dissatisfied with the Payne-Aldrich tariff revision. He did nothing of the kind, for he is too much of a gentleman—let alone a diplomat—to criticise a country when in it. And perhaps he recalled the sad fate of the British Minister, Sackville-West, who was the victim of a political trap during the closing year of Cleveland's first administration. He received a letter from an imitation Englishman, purporting to be then a naturalised American citizen with a vote to cast, asking him for whom, Harrison or Cleveland, a loyal British subject—at heart—should cast his vote in the coming election. The Minister advised Mr. Cleveland as the better man, inasmuch as he was opposed to a protective tariff, and with aid of a Democratic Congress he could aid materially in reducing duties on British articles. The letter was published broadcast by the Republicans, and they got the bulk of the Irish-American votes. Cleveland was defeated, and Sackville-West sailed back to England a sadder but wiser man. He had been used as a tool by American politicians.

THE WILY WU

The best diplomat, so many think, which has been in Washington for many years was Wu Ting-Fang, who on two occasions represented China. He is picturesque, witty, and infinitely wise. He interviews his interviewers; and, though three reporters might corner him at one time, he could talk to all three and yet escape their traps. Yet he was the best "diplomatic copy" they had. He was versed in everything new, as he appears to be in everything old. He questioned and experimented in everything from spiritualism to vegetarianism; dived into the subject of submarine boats, and soared into the flight of aeroplanes; attended school commencements and shadbakes; lectured the women on their dress, and the men on their manners; gave his opinion on "Merry Widow" hats; and the woman who would dare to be a merry widow in public.

He might say of himself, as Henry Clay did, "No man has better friends or more bitter enemies than I." His positive character made mediums impossible. He said he first began to attack the customs of Americans because they thought they could poke all the fun at a Chinaman. They found out differently. He has a serpent's tongue when he chooses to use it. At an informal gathering a bold Member of Congress, thinking to quizz him, asked:

"Dr. Wu, why do you Chinamen wear those silly pigtails?"

"Why do you wear moustaches?"

"Oh," and the Member tried to parry at this, "*I* wear one because I have an impossible mouth."

"So I observe," calmly retorted the Minister from China.

Yet, for all his biting comments, he was known as one of the most gentle and unassuming men to many who approached him in the proper way. Shortly before his departure for China last year he said that he intended to live to be two thousand years old by being temperate in thought and food. If having an interest in life keeps one young, then indeed Dr. Wu may achieve a wonderful age, for he is the most intensely interested man that ever lived.

During the early period of Oriental representation at Washington a number of ignorant Americans looked upon the Ministers from China, Japan, and Korea, respectively, as deserving of less respect than the poorest negro at the national capital; and the conduct of such was sufficient to make well-mannered Americans blush with shame. They rang the doorbells of the legations and demanded to be "shown through" with the same assurance they might stalk into the National Museum—or more, for in all public buildings in Washington they would at least have to be respectful, wipe their muddy

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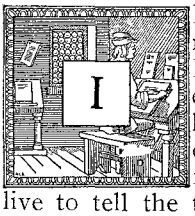
feet at the door, and check their parcels. The writer, about a dozen years ago, was told by the Secretary of the Korean Legation, which occupied a handsome mansion on Dupont Circle, that women laden with shopping parcels often forced their way into the afternoon receptions held there, and did not seem to be the least disconcerted because they were not in proper dress, much less that they were uninvited. He also explained that the reason why little which was Korean in furniture or decoration met the eyes was that American women, some of whom passed for ladies, have taken so many "Korean souvenirs" that in order to remove temptation the Minister had all Korean effects packed in huge chests and stored until they could be opened in the *Land of Morning Calm*. The Korean Legation ceased with the passing of Korea's independence, but there are many good Americans who tasted of their genuine hospitality at Washington and who know their splendid qualities who sincerely regret that perhaps never again will they be known in Washington.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PRIZE STORY CONTEST

BY ONE WHO READ THE MANUSCRIPTS



I HAVE been helping to read fifteen thousand MSS. that flooded the editorial office of a popular magazine which recently offered big prizes for short stories—and I live to tell the tale! It was an anonymous competition, conducted with the most scrupulous sense of fairness. We were looking for great stories, not great names, and I think we found a few. It is worth wading through thousands of impossible offerings to find the one hidden gem; and it is this hope of discovery that keeps the manuscript reader's enthusiasm alive. A sense of humour is a valuable asset, too; for curious little incidents are forever occurring in a competition of this kind which throw a strong light on a certain side of human nature and lighten the day's hard drudgery.

The unknown writer is always declaring that the editor is his enemy. I found, in reading for these particular editors, that they were anything but the foes of unrecognised talent; and I had not been in the office an hour before I was told to keep a sharp lookout for promising new authors; to put any MSS. aside that contained the shadow of an idea, since later on these budding writers would have a special encouraging letter sent to them in place of the necessary form epistle that is sent to the rank and file.

It goes without saying that hundreds of MSS. entered in a big prize contest are hopeless from the first sentence; yet even these stories received a thorough examination, in the hope that at least an idea would be found. Indeed, if any error was made at all, it was on the side of too careful consideration. We became obsessed with the thought that we would pass something by.

The announcement of the contest, with its alluring prizes, had not been printed a day before a vast number of questions flooded the office. The mail was tremendous; and while the majority of these letters were absurd, and often even illiterate, each received a kind and immediate reply. Many successful story-writers are poor letter-writers!

Here is a good specimen of the inane questions:

DEAR SIR: You say all MSS. must be typewritten. Now, there ain't no typewriters within twenty-five miles of my farm, but our Bessie knows a corking story based on a real true incident, and she'll write it up for you people if she can send it in her own pen-

EDITOR'S NOTE: The names used in this article are of course not the real names.

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writing. Will that be O. K.? And is this size paper the right size for her to copy it on? Answer right away.

Two days had passed since the announcement's appearance, when a "story" of two hundred and forty-eight words arrived, ignorantly written in pencil on a bit of brown paper, entitled *My Ride with Mama*, and accompanied by this startling communication:

Send the $7,000 by *regstered male*, as need it to rase morgage.

MRS. J. H. SCHULTZ

Then a woman, who wrote as if she ought to know better, sent this:

I write to ask a number of questions regarding your contest. First: Can I submit a story? Second: Will it make any difference if my brother does the typewriting?

For once the editor's sense of humour got the better of his manners, and he replied:

It won't make any difference to us, but will probably make a lot of difference to brother.

It must be remembered that this was an anonymous competition, the anonymity being a factor for the benefit of the unknown writer; yet there came floods of letters signed by these same unknown writers, who revealed the titles of their stories—which happily the editors forgot at once.

The telephone rang incessantly, with no effort on the speaker's part to hide his identity. But of course there was no possibility of remembering a contributor's name one minute after the receiver was hung up. In the meantime, the MSS. were pouring in. Although it had been plainly stipulated that no stories over five thousand words would be considered, a doctor in Colorado (why do so many doctors, lawyers and clergymen try to write fiction?) sent in seven novels, badly written but beautifully typewritten, not one of which was less than one hundred thousand words in length. The sealed envelope, containing the writer's real name and address, was forgotten in hundreds of instances; and other important details were utterly ignored.

At least seventy budding authors wished to know before they posted their masterpieces what the phrase "nom de plume" meant; and six of them spelled it "non de plune"! Not only did novels come to this short-story contest, but poems galore, in every known and unknown variety of metre. And plays were offered in profusion, one of which began:

SCENE: A winter day in January.

Of the titles selected, a careful estimate showed that the one in highest favour was *The Awakening*, with *A Little Child Shall Lead Them* a close second. Titles like *The Subjugation of Polly*, *The Recrudescence of Billy*, *The Winning of Marjory*—the thoroughly bromidic titles—were very popular. As for themes, stories of shipwrecks and other appalling disasters were often seized upon as especially worthy of telling. No doubt many of these tales were true, which made them seem, in the minds of the tellers, particularly desirable. Then there were the so-called imaginative tales of haunted houses, demented women who carved their husbands and families into bits; and stories of nurses and keepers who had frightful experiences with lunatics who were trying to escape from asylums. Poor disappointed contributors, whose horrible (I use the adjective in a double sense) stories had to go back, I wish you well! You tried to tell the tale of action, at any rate; and that type of fiction is so much more appreciated by the tired manuscript reader than the deadly nothing-doing sort of yarn! O you disciples of the school of Henry James! My heart is not warm for you at all, for you gave me so many barren hours.

There were hundreds of stories (I was about to say thousands) which began thus, with a heavenly bit of description:

As the last rays of the setting sun tinged the world with scarlet beauty, or The dying sun had just sunk behind the beautiful hills when Alice Marchmont, accompanied by her favourite greyhound, walked slowly forth upon the veranda of her gorgeous old Southern home in Virginia.

This also was a beginning in much favour:

As Hilda Demorest sat before the dying embers, dreaming of the sad past and of all her crushed hopes, while the twilight shadows wrapped her round about . . .

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But these are the joy-givers, and their writers may do better some day. I object only to the sad imitators of Henry James, who were sandwiched in between them. I could read with some measure of delight, too, a legend which had come down to the writer from his Grandpa Cropsey on his maternal side; a legend, say, of a horseback ride through a desolate Florida swamp, and the meeting with a headless horseman in the mysterious dusk, and with the naïve finish: "'True, Hubert? You must not ask me that. Grandma Cropsey is dead now,' brushing away a tear, 'and she saw me the night I came home and told her of my wild adventure. She nursed me through my long illness, and says I repeated the story again and again as I have told it to you to-night.'" Or I could delight in the story of a bear-hunt, crudely told, and ending with the statement that the narrator and his hearers were actually sitting on the skin of the bear described, for "Grandpa Ellis had had it made into a parlour rug."

Then there were the delightful people who coyly mentioned the name of the magazine offering the prize, somewhat after this fashion:

Ella Benson stepped from the train at the Grand Central Station, a copy of *The Cryptic Magazine* under her arm.

The editor would be certain to appreciate that little touch. He did, O unknown friend, and he now, through me, thanks you.

Before the contest was quite finished (it had been open for at least five months) a band of nurses in a near-by city sent this round-robin post-card to the editorial office:

DEAR SIR: We, the undersigned, wish to try for that big prize, but we are busy with our hospital duties and won't have time to write our stories unless you postpone the date of closing. Do so and oblige,

Yours truly,

Here followed eight signatures.

And one little woman sent in her story, immaculately pen-written, from an obscure village in the far West, and enclosed one dollar to pay for having it typed in the editorial rooms. Needless to say, her MS. was read with great care, and the money returned to her with the statement that if all MSS. had been so neatly prepared, the labours of the readers would have been much easier.

Editors like such correspondents. But they abhor such a thoughtless trouble-maker as, say, Miss Lizzie Burnside, of Kansas, who, after forwarding her story, sends, weeks afterward, a list of "Errata," somewhat after this fashion:

On page 1, paragraph 2, fourth line, read "were" for "was." On page 5, line 7, insert "forth" after "drew." On page 7, line 8, sentence should read, "He went *up* the stairs" instead of "*down* the stairs."

Of course the whole editorial force hastened to hunt up Miss Lizzie's MS., to correct such hideous errors before giving the story to the judges for a final verdict!

Just before the date of closing, a telegram from Toronto came to the editors. They had been wondering why they had been feeling so uneasy during the last days of the competition; but their fears were set at rest when they opened the night message, which read as follows:

Severe illness, ptomaine poisoning, prevents mailing story until last moment. It will go in post-office before midnight of January 1st.

It was signed by a lady of whom the editors had never by any chance heard.

Next day came another night message from the South, which also dispelled any further fears the editors might have had that a fine story would not come into the office:

Have tragic story based on real incident in my husband's life, but no time for typewriting. Powerful plot. Shall I send it? Answer immediately.

But these charming correspondents and would-be contributors, how they did lighten the days' burdens! Heaven bless them, wherever they are. As I said before, it is only the sad imitators of the Henry James school who weary the tired manuscript reader and make his path one of thorns rather than roses. And I would go through it all again gladly.

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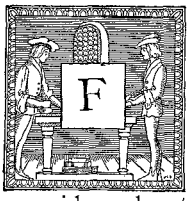
THE STORY OF MODERN BOOK ADVERTISING

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

IN THREE PARTS—PART II



REE publicity had hardly extended its tempting draught to the publishers before a new and greater intoxicant appeared. The conservative members of the profession called this new idea advertising a book like a bar of soap—its progenitors called it the application to the book business of the modern methods of other manufacturing concerns. In a word, however, it was selling a book by sheer advertising. This, too, as it had never been done before, succeeded greatly for a time. The principle that underlies it is sound enough; namely, that most people read with the eye rather than with the mind and if they only see a thing often enough they will become interested. The formulators of this new idea went in for large space and big pictures and colossal type. For half a dozen years they published books selected for their supposed salability, and their intention was to let everybody in the country know about them.

The first book to be exploited under the new scheme was *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. It was largely advertised by means of several ingenious plates in the magazines. One was an ancient castle, each stone from foundation to turret numbered with a month and the amount of the sale. Another was a set of portraits of writers with whom the author might be compared—Shakespeare, Pepys, Scott, Dumas, Hope—and finally the author himself. A third was an interesting medallion formed of old prints of the historical characters in the book. Such advertising had never been seen before and it caught the public eye at once. For a long time the authorship of the book was kept a secret, and the pressure to find it out was stimulated by the publishers. The book was displayed in department stores in great piles. This fashion spread like wildfire, and stacks of books became a common sight. All sorts of sensational rumours as to enormous royalties the author was receiving began to run around. Finally came the idea of putting the book on the stage through the initial interest of Miss Marlowe, and soon the dramatising of novels became a specialty. The next story selected for the plunge was *Alice of Old Vincennes*. In this campaign a specialty was made of the newspapers. The review of the Chicago *Times-Herald* attracted wide attention. "More original than *Richard Carvel;* more vital than *Janice Meredith;* more cohesive than *To Have and To Hold;* more dramatic, spontaneous, and artistic than any of its rivals—such is Maurice Thompson's *Alice of Old Vincennes.*" The book responded so well to the country-wide reproduction of this review that one of the jobbing houses re-ordered ten thousand copies after it had been out two months. *The Mississippi Bubble* followed, with a special design used in all the advertisements. This was a bubble enclosing a conventional fleur-de-lis with the title printed upon the petals; and as time went on, the increased sale was indicated by the size of the bubbles—the first, second, third, and fourth weeks. The new idea always believed in letting the public know that a book was progressing. It ingeniously seized upon every contemporary idea or event for advertising, cleverly utilised the Alphonse-Gaston idea of *The American;* Mont Pelee blowing its head off just then, it was pictured as belching forth the bubble and the fleur-de-lis with the caption, "a magnificent literary eruption." Bubbles girdled the globe and rose triumphant upon roaring seas. Much was made of the historical background of the book and the life of John Law was published as an appendix. With the next book, *Hearts Courageous,*

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naturally the heart design was used. The little red emblems were scattered like confetti all over the country, and department store girls wore their hearts upon their sleeves. *The Main Chance* was brought out just after the trouble in Havana when the slogan was "Remember the *Maine*." Naturally this was too good an opportunity to lose, and the phrase was changed to "Remember the Main Chance." "Don't Miss the Main Chance" plastered the bill boards in New York; and this was probably the first book to take advantage of this form of advertising. Another phrase which had just come in was used in a following novel—"Something doing all the time in *The Bishop's Carriage*." In each new book were put the coloured bubbles and hearts of the old as bookmarks. All kinds of devices appropriate and suggestive were used. A circular staircase and a man in the lower berth of a sleeping car recalled the respective titles at once; in fact, so many of the titles of this school are capable of instant visualisation that they would seem to have been selected for that purpose. The street dodger was given a new form. With the new popular edition of *Knighthood*, a man dressed in armour paraded the streets on horseback, but he was stopped by the authorities, as he had no parade license. The man on the box was more successful; his appearance was only eccentric, not illegal. *The House of a Thousand Candles* had of course many illustrations suggested by the title. Its most distinctive pictorial design was a candelabrum with an actor in each flame, and, printed above, his comment on the book.

The effects of these campaigns were far reaching. Publishers that had at first depreciated these methods adopted them when they saw the large sales. Only a few publishers kept their heads in the frenzied period of 1902-1904, which saw the height of big advertising. And even those who remained comparatively conservative greatly increased their expenditure. One long established house started out to spend twenty-five thousand dollars and spent seventy-five. The fact is significant in two directions—for the year before the first figure would have been considered excessive. There remained only one more step to take in the general illustration of advertising which had now become universal. This was made by a new publisher, who was introducing a new writer. With this combination of circumstances something new had to be achieved to attract the public attention. It proved to be an extension of the idea that advertisements should be intended primarily for the eye. In the press work—an ingenious and novel campaign—black pictures fairly jumped out of the newspaper at you. Soon a wave of grotesque cut-work deluged the country, and most of the other firms—except a few like Holt, and Macmillan, for instance—were swept away by it.

The extensive use of cuts, however, did not stay in long, and nowadays this form has been largely given up. The poster business, too, which had begun growing at the same time and which the publishers had taken from the magazines, is also dying out. There was a far more important result of the stampede. When everybody all of a sudden plunged into all forms of advertising, it was in the air that publishing houses had in the past neglected all the means of publicity. And a large proportion of newspapers began to start book departments. Their unavowed purpose was to allure publishers' advertisements. At one time there were at least half a dozen newspaper magazines like the Saturday *Times* Supplement. Publishers began to talk circulation, a matter which had never entered their heads before. Advertising agents proceeded to make up lists of papers offering so much circulation over so much territory at so much a line. This had never happened before in the publishing business. Up to this time it is safe to say one would never have found a publishers' announcement outside mediums of the large cities. Now towns of fifty thousand received their advertisements. This idea was carried to an extreme and soon better counsels prevailed as in the other cases. When the publishers waked up from their "awakening," they began to cut off these smaller mediums, it is true; but their announcements were never again restricted to just the five cities and never will be, even though the great bulk of their advertising appro-

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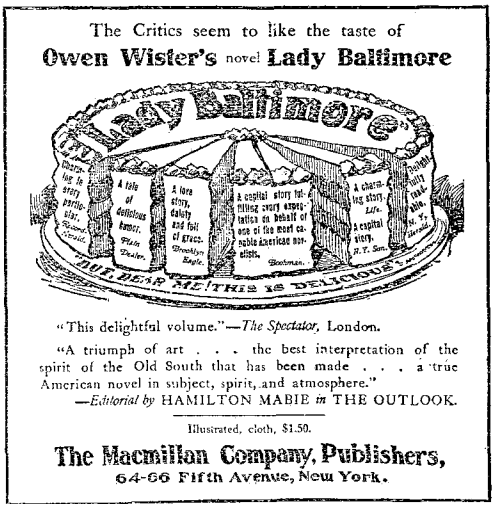
priation is still spent there. This was one permanent result of the era of intoxication.

Another was, from the very nature of the thing itself, inevitable. Never since those days, when the idea was new, have large increases in sales been due to large increases in advertising. Publishers since then have been decreasing their output in this direction, seeking the limit of safe advertising. The relation of expenditure to business is only a fraction of what it was five years ago, but it will never be so low again as it was before the great advertising drunk.

A third change is less obviously the result of the stampede, but is, nevertheless, intimately connected with it. People in



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY CONSIDERS THIS TO BE THE CRUDEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISEMENT THEY HAVE EVER USED

time grew weary of the rattle and bang of the most widely advertised books, and they began to seek others. That habit once formed was never departed from. There are very few big sellers nowadays, but there are many more moderately successful books. This by no means indicates any falling off in the reading public, because the sale has marched ahead in steady proportion to the population and even faster—a fact which shows the wide spread of education. The earlier enormous sales running into several hundred thousands indicates, rather, that readers suddenly awoke to a vast appetite for fiction and, having neither taste nor initiative, they followed in droves the books most widely exploited. The same public has now learned to discriminate. The magazine trade has also increased, so this public has not—as has been said—forsaken books for magazines. Indeed, this is just the period when the magazines are undergoing the enormous expansion which the books underwent ten years ago. The effect of this wonderful change from the few to the many is naturally indicated by the disappearance of big advertising campaigns on one book. A publisher has almost no novels selling over fifty thousand but many selling thirty. He could afford to waste money following the sales of a big seller, but not to waste ten dollars on a book which sells twenty thousand.

The net result, then, of ten years of reckless money-spending has been a slight increase in the advertising mediums, a large increase in the distribution of all books and particularly fiction, together with a corresponding increase in the publishers' business, and a lively understanding by publishers generally as to the nature and usefulness of advertising. One principle they all have firmly in mind—books cannot permanently create their market by advertising. It cost them a great many thousand dollars to understand this. All advertising can do is to assist those books that have the possibility of sale to realise that possibility. The problem is how much they can afford to help it come into its own. When a commodity is advertised the house is advertised; but the advertising of a firm's name does not sell a book, and each book is a new thing. Hence, one dollar spent which is more than necessary is thrown away; it advertises nothing.

The eternal question of book advertising is how to jolt the reader's mind in a dignified manner—how to combine propriety with impropriety. The prosaic announcement is no longer satisfactory. The praise of the publisher is suspicious. Exaggeration is a mistake. The overpraise of critics reacts upon itself and prepares the reader for disappointment. One publisher of long experience says that advertising is mainly valuable not with the reader at all but with the retailer, who redoubles his energies when

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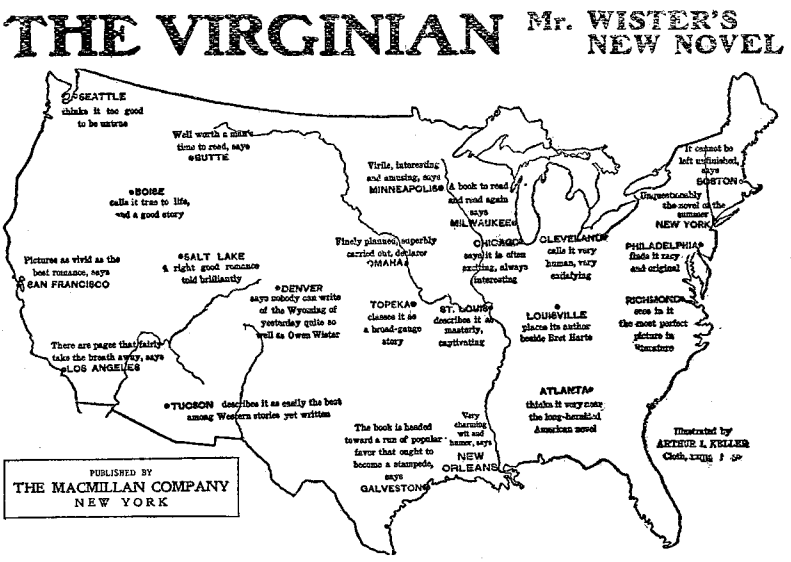
he feels that the publisher is strongly backing a book. Yet the "Confessions of a Best Seller" in the *Atlantic* says that stories of a romantic nature absolutely depend on persistent and ingenious advertising. One publisher says that there are three hundred born boosters of books in America and one must try to get at them. And the many contradictions in theory are as nothing to the contradictions in practice. Though the age of large experiments is past, everybody differs on methods.



THE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES USED TO EXPLOIT "THE VIRGINIAN"

The one trustworthy opinion which will emerge from the following survey of the various ways books have been exploited in the last twenty years is "You never can tell." What has succeeded with one has failed with another. But the fundamental idea still persists—to do the old thing (for there would seem now to remain no new ones) at the right time. Be not the last by whom the new is tried and be the first to cast the old aside, is the only valuable pointer in book advertising.

TIMELY HAPPENINGS

Is the sale of a book helped by some timely happening which puts the subject *in the public mind*? The answer—like that to most advertising questions—is, yes and no. Although it is the established custom of publishers, books issued with any expectation of timeliness have generally disappointed. The Lincoln centenary and the Hudson-Fulton celebration did little toward selling the books put on the market for that special purpose; when Admiral Dewey returned, there were several biographies written which are doubtless still on the shelves; the many hunting books hurried into print at the time of the ex-President's African trip had probably only a mild success. On the other hand, an unanticipated timeliness often reaps golden profits. A book on the Philippines had just been published when the war broke out, and it sold right and left; the Dreyfus case caused noticeable response in the sale of Zola's novels; the coal strike and the President's interference sold many extra copies of *The Anthracite Coal Communities*, which had been on the market for some time; the Government's case against the railroads sent MacPherson's three railroad books flying through several large editions—a most unusual record for books of that description; the

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Messina earthquake figured at once in Macmillan's advertisements of an old novel of Marion Crawford's and sold an appreciable number. The clue to this apparently random matter of timeliness is furnished by the history of Mr. Franklin Matthews's *With the Battle Fleet.* The author on his way around the world with the ironclads wrote papers for the New York *Sun,* and when he reached San Francisco secured a publisher for the papers in book form. The book sold well at home, and the return of the fleet revived new interest in it, but its fate during the voyage is significant. A large consignment met the squadron somewhere in the East and proved totally inadequate to the demand; the publishers issued a second enormous consignment for delivery at Hampton Roads when the ships came back, but by this time the demand had evaporated. What the sailors had at first seized upon with eagerness had now become an old story. It is so with timely books in general—the public interest is easily surfeited. People will not buy books on subjects which the newspapers have just exploited, for they naturally feel that the papers—which are so excellent in their range—have practically exhausted the topic. *The Story of the Battle of Manila,* by Admiral Dewey, was published quickly to take advantage of the event; but it was not quick enough, for the newspapers and the magazines had satisfied the interest and the book was a failure. Mr. Brisbane when he edited the Sunday *World* during the Chicago Exposition recognised this limit to public response. He began an advertisement for the next number with the statement that it would contain less about the World's Fair than any other paper ever published, and a relieved public promptly deserted all the other Sunday editions. So thoroughly were people kept informed of Mr. Roosevelt's doings in Africa, that it is a question if his book was very successful. Sometimes it happens, however, that the newspapers are unable to satisfy an emergency demand. *A Ken of Kipling* was hastily thrown on the market when he was supposed to be dying at the Grenoble in New York City. Though it was padded with old newspaper stories, about fifty per cent. of which were false, the book sold rather well at a time when even cab drivers were running in for the daily bulletin. The day after Graham Phillips was killed, the news-stands were crowded with his novels and the libraries recorded a tremendous call. To such a happening, however, the regular book-selling trade rarely responds. *The Title Market* is, perhaps, one of the ideal cases of unintended timeliness. Mrs. Post had written several books of a quiet literary nature which had not particularly sold, but this novel figured extremely well in the year's lists. Two subjects that it touched upon were much in the public mind. The child-labour question was just then being thoroughly ventilated; and her American hero had gone down to Sicily and introduced a system of extracting sulphur from the mines by machinery, thus doing away with the frightful amount of woman and child labour which the book vividly described. The affair of Miss Elkins and the Duke of the Abruzzi was occupying much space in the papers; and her heroine focussed attention upon the interest of titled foreigners in American dollars. Mrs. Post had lived in Italy, and the consequence was that five or six hundred newspapers printed her views on what would be the social status of Miss Elkins if she married the Duke.

TESTIMONIALS

It was Walt Whitman who first in America recognised the advertising value of the testimonial when he printed on the cover of the second edition of *Leaves of Grass* a sentence from Emerson's letter to him, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career." Publishers' opinions about testimonials are conflicting, yet their practice seems the same. They all publish testimonials from people of literary importance, though they admit that these often have a reactionary effect in antagonising local critics and in occasioning close scrutiny for books which might not otherwise receive critical analysis; they all say that the testimony of public people is valueless unless it carries conviction by pointing out some specific quality; yet waves of seemingly pointless testimonial have time and again struck book-advertising and probably will con-

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THE POSTER FOR "THE DANGER MARK"

tinue to do so. And certainly book history offers tempting illustrations of success. The man who made *David Harum,* says its publisher, was Governor Flower of New York. He carried it about in his pocket and brought it into every conversation. Mrs. Eddy for once indorsed a book—one of the first Christian Science novels—and for a time it was almost a rival to *Science and Health.* Senator Beveridge's *The Young Man and the World* was helped a great deal by the views of important persons in business, social and church activities. Perhaps the most notable instance of the unmistakable value of testimonial is furnished by the *Valour of Ignorance,* a book of our unpreparedness for a Japanese invasion. This was written by a Californian—and exploited in the State where the subject would appear to be most burning—yet it didn't go at all until Lord Roberts took it up as propaganda for English unpreparedness against Germany. And finally, though all publishers agree that a testimonial is worth nothing unless the man is known as an authority on that subject, they all publish eagerly the least word of praise from the most indiscriminate praiser of our times. Mr. Roosevelt is the great recommender. His announcement that Mr. Robinson was the great American poet stimulated a sale which up to that time had been noticeably languid even for poetry. He advised the Michigan Agricultural School to use the first chapter of *Aunt Jane of Kentucky* as a tract "in all families where the men folks tend to selfish or thoughtless or overbearing disregard of the rights of women," and later he lauded the women of Kentucky at a reception in the White House. In a widely published letter he wrote to Doctor Wagner, "I preach your book to my countrymen," and immediately the simple life rivalled the strenuous one as a phrase in the public mouth. Surely this was a case of a testimonial from one not known as an authority in the particular field! But even before the President took him in hand, Doctor Wagner owed a great deal to testimonial. No one in Paris had given him much attention until John Wanamaker began talking about him. Simple as he was, he was as eager as a child for publicity, and he gladly accepted the President's invitation to visit him at the White House. Then, preceded everywhere by this fact, he went on a lecture tour; and though his English proved unintelligible and his lecture dull, audiences flocked to him and bought several other collections of sermons which were brought out on the strength of his first success. It is safe to say that after *The Simple Life* Mr. Roosevelt received a free copy of every book likely at all to interest him. And what is not likely to interest him?

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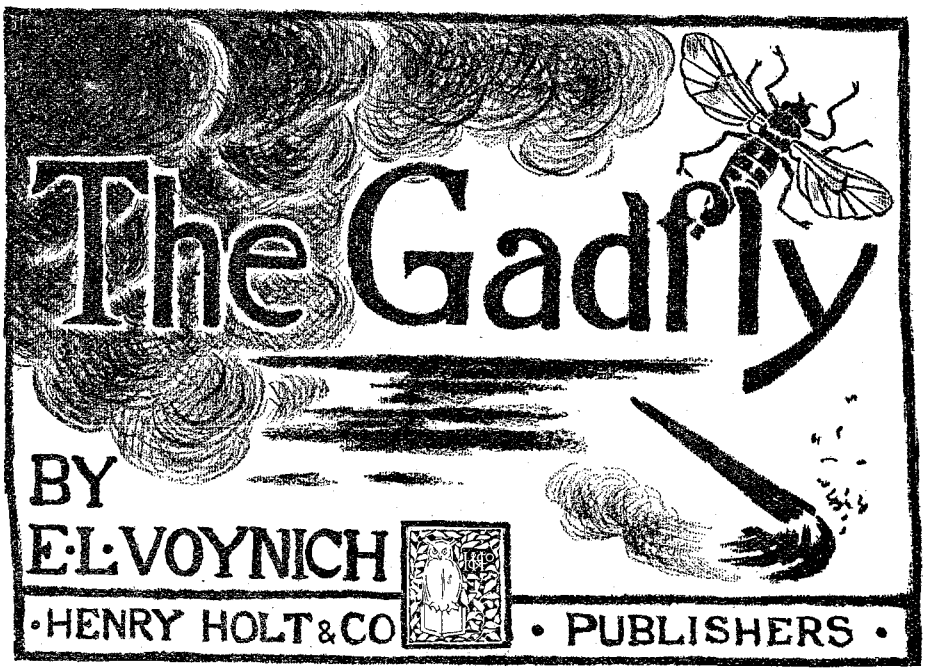

THE POSTER FOR "THE GADFLY"

PERSONAL PUBLICITY

The theory of personal publicity is about the same as the theory of testimonial. The personal history of authors unless they have special knowledge of the thing they are writing, is of use only in furnishing a basis for notes. Some publishers go further and refuse to exploit their authors at all, beyond a few short paragraphs of information. The Stokes Company says that the greatest publicity any novel of theirs ever received had little effect on its sale and the book virtually failed. Because a man is a celebrity his book does not necessarily sell. Carnegie and Rockefeller are perhaps more widely known to Americans than any other name but Roosevelt, yet their books failed to sell. *The Life of Mrs. Eddy* would be thought a book to attract enormous attention, but one doubts if it did so. The most a name can do is to give the book a start. Yet anything which gives an excuse for an anecdote about an author is at once sent to the newspapers. Here, perhaps, lies the secret of effective publicity. It is the quality of human interest behind the name which counts. Even picturesque anecdote is of little avail until it presents a warmly individual image. Mere adventure or unusual circumstance of life seems to make no difference unless it is accompanied by a magnetic or appealing personality. The value of an anecdote is the personality it discloses.

This would seem to be the general idea of publishers. But it is doubtful if, as a class, they recognise the commercial quality of what a man stands for, however vaguely, in the public mind. A person who is going to write a novel could scarcely do better, for instance, than get all the verses he can into the magazines, because his name becomes familiar to women readers and even to people who skip the poetry remains in the mind as an author. The magazines are a more actual gauge of this whole matter of publicity than the publishing houses. A short-story writer raises his price, quite aside from the merit of his stories, the moment he gets into the public eye or publishes a novel, however unsuccessful. Nor do publishers, as a class, appear to recognise that a man's other activities bring him readers. Mr. Hopkinson Smith's picture painting and lighthouse building have probably done much to sell his books. Even men who don't read

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A HOPKINSON SMITH WINDOW DISPLAY

"HOPKINSON SMITH'S PICTURE PAINTING AND LIGHTHOUSE BUILDING HAVE PROBABLY DONE MUCH TO SELL HIS BOOKS"

novels or depreciate them say, "Here is something written by a practical man—it must be sensible." Any serious public or semi-public endeavour of an author must have some effect on his saleability. Undoubtedly the fact that Mrs. Wharton has a high social position helped to make *The House of Mirth* a best seller. But—as an instance of how every advertising proposition is a gamble—there have been other society women who failed to sell where it was most counted on, simply because their circle refused to take them seriously. Mr. Stewart Edward White's personality as an open-air man and a camper has been largely exploited and must have greatly assisted his sales. But when a man's outside activities touch the public vitally in the fundamental matter of health, the reaction is of course greater still. Some years ago a paragraph went the rounds of the papers that an American millionaire consulted for his wife an Italian specialist. "Why," said the latter, "do you Americans come over here when you have Veir Mitchelli?" Doctor Mitchell's being a physician has certainly helped to make him a successful author. Women are the chief novel readers, and when any man in whom a large circle of women has great confidence publishes a novel, they feel it possesses a deeper significance than appears on the surface. The deductions that they draw are fraught with meaning—the least hint as to a matter of nerves or health or the relation of moral to physical soundness, for instance, is taken as the message for which the novel was made the popular vehicle. It is probable that the Fletcher books have been helped more by Mr. Fletcher's own activities than by anything else. He has been the chief of his own movement, his principal propagandist. More than any other factor this has advertised them; but even the wide publicity attending his movements would hardly have resulted in such large sales had not his publishers exploited the books at the same time by

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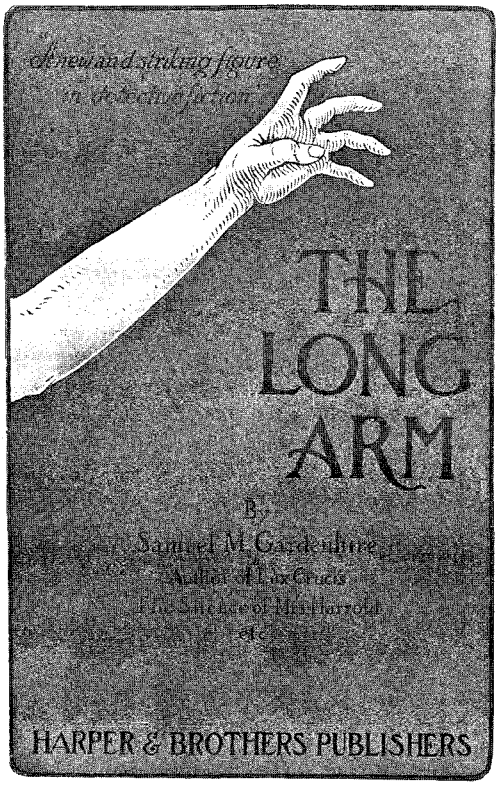
generous circular and advertising campaigns.

When one comes to speak of authors as intentional advertisers, one gets into a picturesque region. No author receives positive discouragement from a publisher for his ideas on how a book may be pushed. Harpers found Mark Twain the prince of advertisers and Mr. Irving Bacheller has many valuable notions. It is a matter of general history that Mr.



A POSTER FOR "THE LONG ARM"

Thomas Dixon has not stood in the way of his own success. Mr. Hall Caine has a genius for personal advertising, and it is he himself who has made every one of his books go. With his earlier novels this was especially the case. He made the public a confidant about his barrels of notes for the local colour of *The Christian*. For this book and *The Eternal City* and for Miss Allen's appearance in both plays, he crossed the Atlantic and managed to keep his name constantly before the public while here. Allusion to his Shakespeare make-up he is said to resent, but never to the extent of rearranging his hair. In the early advertisements of his books it is noticeable that his portrait figures pronouncedly, and certainly not without his consent. The tendency to compare it to a still more famous historical character breaks out every once in a while. Mrs. Glyn took a leaf out of Mr. Caine's book when she came over to stimulate interest by her presence, and it seems likely that one may count upon her permanent adoption of the practice, especially as she has her eye upon the stage. When Mr. R. H. Davis published *Our English Cousins*, one chapter was satirised by Mr. Townsend in the Major Max papers. It was said that the impetuous Mr. Davis challenged him to a duel. At length the matter was amicably adjusted but not, alas! until the newspapers had in some way got wind of it—with the result of exploiting the books of both challenger and challenged.

It is a guess whether the author will be a great nuisance or a help in publishers' advertising. Some of their schemes are highly spectacular. An author who was having difficulty in placing a novel assured his prospective publisher that, knowing a coroner intimately, he could arrange to have a copy found in a suicide's pocket. The whole matter of publicity in the book trade may be well summed up (not only actually but suggestively) by a conversation which once took place between two authors and a publisher. The authors lamented the fact that they, as a tribe, could not entirely throw away a foolish pride; and both agreed that a writer unhampered by it could certainly sell his books enormously by exploiting himself freakishly in a lecture tour after the famous manner of the sunflower and velveteen apostle of æstheticism. The publisher admitted that if he got hold of such a man (provided that he had already written several books and would promise him several more) he would finance him to the uttermost and bid him do his worst.

It need not, however, be derived from this that all authors and publishers are rapacious. *The Glory of the Conquered* received unusually large advertising for a first book, and the author almost tearfully protested at so much money being spent,

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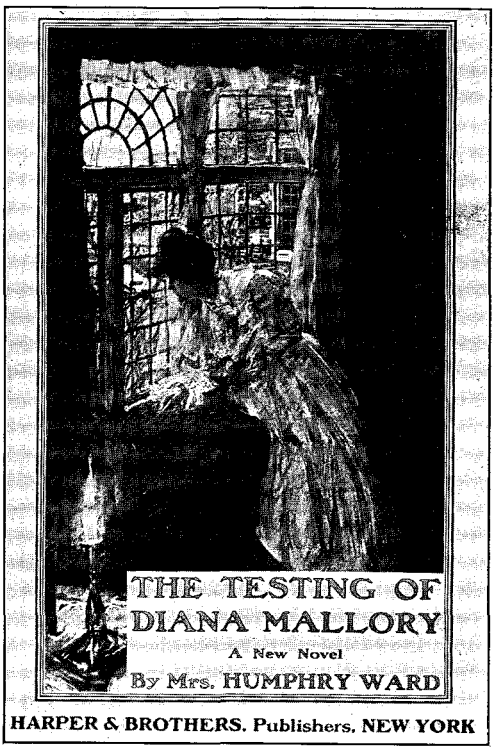
as she feared it would never come back. A good many years ago there came to light after the death of a well-established writer a personal anecdote which would have spread like wildfire and undoubtedly —if anything about the sale of books can be predicted with certainty—have made thousands of dollars. But the publishers decided that the injury it might do to the man's good name was greater than the profit; and they not only suppressed the anecdote but destroyed the evidence. It is this sort of thing which makes one feel that publishers, taken together, have more scrupulousness than is found in any other business. The selling of books does not seem to appeal to people of ordinary commercial sharpness.

ANONYMITY

The exact opposite of personal publicity as an advertising factor would seem anonymity, yet in a peculiar way it is the meeting of extremes. The reader and not the author affords the material for publicity. There are probably few people who read *Joan of Arc* when it came out in serial that denied themselves the pleasure of speculating upon its authorship. There is no more universal vanity than the desire to be thought a connoisseur. Ever since the success of *The Bread Winners,* Harpers have held the theory that anonymity pushes a book; and they resort to the practice more than any other firm. People were forever writing articles announcing who wrote it and why they thought so. And there were far more people than seems credible who admitted that they wrote it themselves. Even now when Mrs. Hay has practically declared it to be her husband's, it is not unusual for some one to walk into the office and claim it. John Hay was often associated with anonymity and he came in for the lion's share of the discussion as to who wrote *Democracy.* Only two people in the Holt office know the secret after forty years' constant sale. Certainly the anonymity of both of these books has managed to keep them well before the public. As far as one can tell *The Inner Shrine* was greatly assisted by the many printed speculations as to its author. Its more definite story and its serialisation had doubtless much to do with it, but they could scarcely account for the fact that his previous books had not sold one-twentieth as well. There can be no doubt whatever of the fact that the anonymity of *Letters of a Chinese Official* gave it all the appearance of having been written as represented. Under this false pretence it attracted a world-wide attention, which it could never have secured had one known that an Englishman wrote it. *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* had been successful a long while before some one accused the firm of hinting that



A POSTER FOR "THE TESTING OF DIANA MALLORY"

the author was a German princess. They had never thought of such a thing, but seeing its value at once, they began judiciously to make veiled allusions to the fact. But while it is true that the detective instinct is inherent in all of us, anonymity is a delicate device and can easily be overworked or employed at the wrong time. And occasionally it seems to get no response whatever. Nothing could have been more timely than *The Raid On Prosperity;* nothing else could have gained the precise credence brought about by its anonymous authorship; noth-

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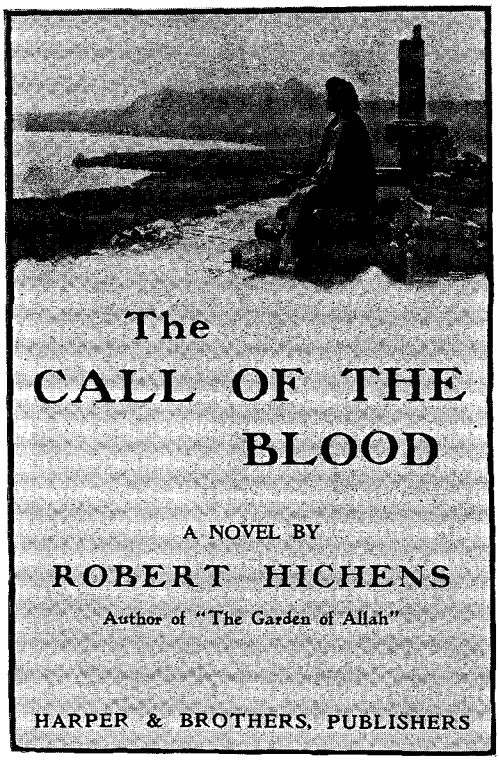
ing could have been livelier than the hot discussion in the journals about its history, but it was all to no purpose—the book failed to make a nine days' wonder.

SERIALISATION AND EXTRACTS

The question "Does Serialisation Help?" is one of the most evaded questions in publishing. The matter has never been thrashed out. The theory is that a person reads one instalment and



A POSTER FOR "THE CALL OF THE BLOOD"

misses another, and so buys the book. The general belief seems to be that it helps the sale of a strong book and hurts the sale of a weak one. But what does it do to the middling books? This of course is the important aspect of the subject, and the evidence is as yet uncollected. The most definite contribution is the career of *The Wings of the Morning*. This book moved along slowly until its second serialisation—in the *Evening Sun*—gave it a push and made it very successful. When the sales again ran down, the firm gave it another newspaper publication, but by that time the vitality of the book was exhausted. Stokes believes that *The Shuttle* was tremendously aided by serialisation. The Appletons say it was the *Saturday Evening Post* which made Chambers a big seller. But at that time the *Post* had a circulation of about five or six hundred thousand; nowadays, it is generally thought that serialisation in this medium blankets the sale of the book by taking in its entire reading public. Yet the Associated Sunday Magazines with their enormous number of readers in the cities which are the greatest book buyers, few publishers seem to object to—except those who think that serialisation in any large medium is a detriment. Perhaps even they would concede, however, that the *Evening Post* is still the best place to start a new writer.

The publication of extracts in a magazine is rarely done at present. But even though the practice has been discarded, the phenomena attending it were more or less conflicting. While extracts from the reminiscences of Goldwin Smith and Andrew White seemed to be helpful, the reminiscences of Carl Schurz were apparently much injured. Though the latter was published complete, the nature of the book would have made one bespeak for it a quiet but steady demand.

CONDEMNATION

The publisher who said that he would willingly finance an author to make just the right kind of a fool of himself, might have added that he would gladly bribe any public person to condemn a book of his in just the right fashion. There are few things more stimulating than condemnation in meet measure—but a shade the more, a ray the less, will impair the nameless grace it confers. Moral censure is an edged tool which even theatrical managers are now hesitating to handle. Long ago the books of the new scientists, Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer, were decidedly aided in getting an American foothold because they were published by the second generation of Appletons. These degenerate sons of old Daniel were severely criticised by the church papers, which started and kept alive a fierce discussion. The Appletons think that the adverse criticism of David Graham Phillips's books has helped their sale. If the condemnation of a novel can be ju-

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diciously exploited, its success is assured. But it must be the right Grundy-an fire which warms and beckons and does not burn. Mrs. Glyn never lost an occasion to speak of the censure *Three Weeks* had received.

Less unpredictable than moral censure is the action of other kinds of condemnation. That of literary critics is often beneficial. Macmillan announces frankly that the firm thinks less of half-hearted praise than a sincere and interesting roast. Several times the Holts have quoted unfavourable reviews in connection with favourable ones, especially where the former were manifestly self-exploitation —as when a paper of high standing attacked Stevenson and De Morgan. Mr. Churchill's *A Modern Chronicle* was advertised by parallel columns of the blame and praise of critics under the caption "Here is what competent judges say—Take your choice!" The censure of interested specialists also is often of value —it excites the public's suspicion at once that there is more truth in the exposition than they care to allow. *Coniston* advertised pretty heavily, but more remunerative was the free advertising it got when Platt condemned it and Odell said that the author showed he never knew anything about politics. And when Senator Chandler announced that its central character was a libel on the dear old man whose portrait it was meant to suggest, people who had never heard of the dear old man read it to see what had set politicians to squirming so.

PORTRAITS TAKEN FROM LIFE

Indeed, when any discussion can be raised by portraits reputed to be drawn from life, it tells at once in figures. The classic instance of this is Mrs. McLean's *Cape Cod Folks,* which owed its great hit to the ire of villagers who sued the author because they claimed to be libelled in the book. The early sale of *Peter Stirling* was helped along by the rumour that it presented the life story of Grover Cleveland. The Holts did nothing to assist the report and the author denied it, but after his death it kept coming up persistently in literary notes. The *Lion and the Mouse,* the novelisation of which was very successful, unquestionably desired to put into the reader's minds the relations of Rockefeller and Miss Tarbell with her Standard Oil investigation. Edwin Le Fevre's *The Golden Flood* was supposed to depict the personalities of Rockefeller and Stillman, and, whether or not on account of the obvious intention, the book sold very well. Mr. Chambers had an amusing and not unprofitable experience with *The Danger Mark.* There were two real persons in New York, it seems, who resembled his two trust-reared children; a newspaper got hold of the guardian of the real children and tried to persuade him to sue, and for three or four weeks the author, who thought he had hatched the situation out of his own brain, received a large amount of free advertising.

INFLUENCE OF PLAYS

A theatre edition of a dramatised novel is as much an established practice with publishers as books got out to meet the demand theoretically supposed to be occasioned by an anniversary. But, like them, it so rarely pays that one wonders why the habit still persists in face of the universal evidence against it. Indeed, many publishers go farther, and maintain that plays in themselves have not the least reaction upon the book sale. The effect of the enormously profitable play *Zenda* was almost negligible; at the theatre very few books were sold and very few ever sell there. The usual person never thinks of buying a book in a theatre lobby and does not come prepared for the additional expenditure. Yet there are many cases where the play has seemed to help. The dramatisation of *The Man on the Box* made such a hit that it stimulated the book sale wonderfully. *Brewster's Millions,* which played out of New York in the second-grade houses, pushed the book into a successful cheaper edition. A comparison of the route of *"Knighthood* with the best-selling lists" of the towns Miss Marlowe visited, showed that the book again after some months of absence resumed its place there. That these towns were of the third and fourth rank in point of size may possibly afford a clue; and this is supported by the fact that the simultaneous putting-on of several *Saint Elmo* plays at the time of Augusta Evans's death renewed interest in her books in towns of the same size. In New York with its innumerable theatres the reaction

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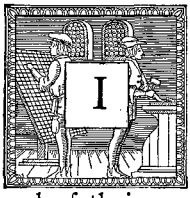
of a play is for the most part unnoticeable; "in the provinces" one may look for returns. Yet it was just here that *The Firing Line* as a play was very successful, and the publishers saw almost no response. The general conclusion of the relation of theatre to publisher would seem to be that a book written from a play finds readers serially in a newspaper, and in book form is sometimes remarkably successful; even a printed play, that forlorn hope of the publisher and playwright, occasionally succeeds—*The Servant in the House* is one of the most remunerative books Harpers ever handled; but a play written from a book, if it appears in the early career of the book, probably injures the sale a great deal; when it appears a year or two after—which is the usual experience—most people have read the novel and the sale is over. To this last statement the history of *Richard Carvel* might seem an exception. The play was produced a long time after the book came out and the immediate revival of the sale was unmistakably due to it. The solution here, if not conclusive, is tempting—Mr. Drew can always count upon a large audience and perhaps some few in every night's house were stimulated to a desire to know what on earth their favourite actor was doing. The extraordinary incoherence of the dramatisation may have driven some belated readers to the book. Here is a new idea for the Machiavelli of publishers! At present, however, the chief effect of a play is upon the author's next book rather than upon that one.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

XVI—Edith Wharton

BY CALVIN WINTER

I. HER MATERIALS AND METHODS



IN undertaking a critical estimate of any of our modern novelists there is usually a good deal to be learned from a study of their early work, the volumes that stand as a record of their apprenticeship. In the case of Mrs. Wharton, however, we have to dispense with any such sidelight. When her first collection of short stories appeared in 1899, under the title of *The Greater Inclination*, the most salient fact about them and the one which brought swift recognition was their mature power, their finished art. As it seemed to us then, the clear-cut, polished brilliance of those eight poignant studies of human heart-pangs represented the full development of a talent of unusual magnitude. Now, from the vantage point of a dozen years, we can see that the author of *The House of Mirth* and *Madame de Treymes* was still very far from having found the full measure of her strength; that a plenitude of culture and social wisdom had veiled an unsure technique; and that a normal sympathy for human weakness was either lacking or else deliberately masked under an assumption of amused irony. It is possible to show with a fair degree of conclusiveness that in these respects Mrs. Wharton's later work is bigger and stronger and more human. Yet the changes are of a subtle kind that would not strike the casual reader's naked eye; and for that reason it is more helpful, in considering her general characteristics as a story teller, and before taking up her separate volumes, to ignore any division into periods and to treat of her style, her methods, her philosophy of life as though there were no essential difference between her first book and her last.

Now the first thing that must strike a discriminating critic, whether he makes her acquaintance through the medium of "The Muse's Tragedy" or "The Letters" is that he has to do with an author of

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rare mental subtlety and unusual breadth of culture; a worldly wise person with rather wide cosmopolite sympathies, yet rather rigid prejudices of social caste. One would guess, with no further help than the light shed by her own writings, that here was a mind that might be likened to a chamber of art treasures—not over-crowded, but sufficiently rich to offer a pleasing harmony of colour and form. Such, at all events, is the impression that one gathers from her stage setting. She lingers over each interior, its portières and wall-papers, its etchings and mezzotints, its choice old furniture and fragile porcelain with the grudging reluctance of a bibliophile relinquishing a first edition or a priceless binding. So far as the atmosphere of her stories goes, there is everywhere a pervading sense of art and literature and culture; a sense, as it were, of sunlight softly filtering through richly stained glass; of life seen relentlessly within the limits of a definite angle. Mrs. Wharton's literary activity has resulted, up to the present day, in somewhat more than fifty short stories and novelettes, and three novels; and of these the great majority deal frankly with the literary and artistic circle. One has only to run over in memory the separate stories to realise the truth of this. There are, for instance, no less than a dozen in which the hero is by profession an author; every reader recalls at once "The Muse's Tragedy," "Souls Belated," "Full Circle," "Expiation," "The Legend," *The Touchstone*—there is no use in amplifying the list; and next to authors her favourite heroes are artists, as witness "The Portrait," "The Recovery," "The Rembrandt," "The Moving Finger," "The Daunt Diana," "The Letters," "The Verdict," and "The Potboiler." Yes, her angle of outlook upon the world is rather narrow, but, like the proverbial still waters, it runs rather deep.

Yet if Mrs. Wharton shows a predilection for artistic and academic society, she nevertheless has a far-reaching—I was tempted to say, an exaggerated—instinct of social values. In all the various settings of her stories, whether in the self-satisfied provincialism of a New England college town, or the full flood-tide of New York life to-day, or of Lombardy a century ago, she never for an instant allows you to lose sight of the fact that there exists a local social code more potent than any laws of Medes and Persians; a fine, stratified caste system, too attenuated for any but the native born to grasp in all its details, yet inflexible in matters of cause and effect. Her subtle sense of the far-reaching significance of some quite trivial, perhaps unconscious infringement of these unwritten rules of conduct, gives us the real key to a number of her strongest situations. Her understanding of human nature, her relentless pursuit of a motive down to its ultimate analysis, her deliberate stripping off of the very last veils of pretense and showing us the sordidness and cowardice of human souls in all their nudity, are unsurpassed by any other woman novelist now living. She has a trick not merely of describing even her secondary characters so clearly that you feel you can see them both inside and out, but she often flings out some single line of description which ever afterwards sticks to that particular character like a burr and is probably the first thing we think of each time that character reappears. For instance, in "Souls Belated," "Mrs. Tillotson, senior, dreaded ideas as much as a draught in her back"; in "A Coward," "Mrs. Carstyle was one of the women who make refinement vulgar"; in "The Mission of Jane," Mrs. Lethbury is described as a woman most of whose opinions "were heirlooms—she was proud of their age and saw no reason for discarding them while they were still serviceable": and still again in "The Portrait," Vard, the political boss, is described to us as a man "who had gulped his knowledge standing, as he had snatched his food from lunch-counters; the wonder of it lay in his extraordinary power of assimilation." And such examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

But this is merely a superficial aspect of Mrs. Wharton's treatment of character and of life. And to some extent the surface sparkle of her style is at times a blemish; we find ourselves straying away from the central interest of the story in order to relish for a moment the sheer verbal cleverness of some casual epigram, such as "Genius is of small use to a

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woman who does not know how to do her hair"; or "To many women such a man would be as unpardonable as to have one's carriage seen at the door of a cheap dressmaker." Her whole attitude toward the personages of her stories is a direct application of La Rochefoucauld's maxim that in the sorrows and misfortunes of our friends we find something that is not altogether displeasing. And her stories allow her abundant opportunity to do this. From first to last they deal with the victims of fate—men and women who are caught in the meshes of circumstance and struggle with as hopeless impotence as so many fish in a drag-net. Mrs. Wharton may not be conscious of it, but there is a great deal of predestination in the philosophy of her stories. Nearly all her heroes and heroines seem foreordained to failure. Of struggle, in the sense in which drama is defined as a

EDITH WHARTON

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struggle, a conflict of wills, her books contain little or nothing. Her tragedies belong to one or the other of two classes, or to a combination of the two: on the one hand, to the complications arising from not understanding, from the impossibility of ever wholly getting inside another person's mind; and on the other, from the realisation that one cannot escape from one's environment, that one's whole family and race have for generations been relentlessly weaving a network of custom and precedent too strong for the individual to break.

As for the first of these tragic keynotes, that of *misunderstanding,* it is only necessary to glance through a few of the separate stories chosen almost at random to see how the word recurs over and over, with or without variations, like a *leitmotiv.* Thus, in "In Trust," Halidon sums up the crucial point with the words, "I can't make her see that I'm differently situated"; in "The Last Asset," Garnett lays his finger on the difficulty, "Ah, you don't know your daughter!" In "The Portrait," Mrs. Mellish says: "I wish you'd explain," and Lillo answers: "Would there be any failures if one could explain them?" In "Souls Belated," Lydia asks piteously: "You do understand, don't you?" and the heroine of "The Muse's Tragedy" says pathetically, "I shall never be quite so lonely again now that some one knows." "That's the dreadful part of it," says Mrs. Westall, in "The Reckoning," "the not understanding." And even in "The Daunt Diana," where the idol of old Humphrey Meave's heart was not a woman but a statue, the same *leitmotiv* recurs in the concluding paragraph, "Now at last we understand each other."

The other tragic motive, that of the inexorable demands of social traditions, the unwritten law of *noblesse oblige,* we find forming the very warp and woof of all Mrs. Wharton's bigger and more serious efforts. In *The House of Mirth,* Lily Bart is tossed as helplessly as a cork in the whirls and eddies of the social stream—tossed and buffeted and finally dragged under with her eyes wide open to her own helplessness. In *The Valley of Decision,* Odo Valsecca and Fulvia Vivaldi sacrifice their happiness to the obligations of rank, a prince's duty to his people; and they do this not in the spirit of generous sacrifice, but rather because they recognise the impossibility of doing anything else. And so again in *Madame de Treymes,* even an American finds that all the vaunted freedom and independence of our republic avails nothing when confronted by the impalpable yet unyielding wall of French family tradition and prejudice.

So much for the general character of Mrs. Wharton's situations and problems. Before turning to take a more specific glance at some of the separate stories, it is well to get the following points clearly in mind regarding her technique of construction. Mrs. Wharton is one of those exceptional writers who do not greatly concern themselves with conventional rules of length and breadth. Economy of means is a principle which never binds her against her will. Her short stories frequently lengthen out into the structure and dimensions of a novelette; her novelettes might so easily have been expanded into full-length novels. She writes apparently to suit herself, in whatever way the narrative comes most naturally to her. A Maupassant with a different ideal of story structure, a more relentless self-discipline, would have used a vigorous pruning knife on almost any of her stories and gained, it might be, sharper effects, but at the sacrifice of much delightful cleverness and some rare and subtle half-tones. We must accept Mrs. Wharton as she is, recognising frankly that she is one of those writers who must do the thing their own way if they are to do it at all—but do not let us fall into the widespread error of assuming that because her stories are so remarkably good she necessarily has a flawless technique.

II. HER SHORT STORIES

It would be impracticable as well as bewildering to attempt a detailed survey of all or even a majority of Mrs. Wharton's stories. We must necessarily make a slender choice, touching only the higher places. The first volume, however, *The Greater Inclination,* needs closer attention for the purpose of pointing out some structural weaknesses. The opening

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story, "The Muse's Tragedy," deals with a young critic's interest in an older woman who in earlier years was the source of inspiration of a now deceased poet. Danyers, the critic, has learned to know Mrs. Anerton first as the "Sylvia" of Vincent Rendell's verse; secondly, through the gossip of a quite negligible woman, Mrs. Memorall; thirdly, by direct association with Mrs. Anerton herself, and, lastly, through that lady's voluntary self-revelation when in one sentence, she not only destroys his hopes, but sweeps away the entire legend that had gathered around her: "It is because Vincent Rendell *didn't* love me that there is no hope for you." Now the central idea of this story is clear as crystal, the tragedy of an unloved woman as seen through the eyes of another man. Two men and one woman, and a single point of view. That, I think, is the way Mrs. Wharton would have written the story ten years later; she would have done it more in the manner of "The Dilettante," and by so doing she would have gained in power.

"A Journey," Mrs. Wharton's second story, offers one of the strongest situations she ever used: a woman, bringing her invalid husband home to New York, discovers in the morning, shortly after leaving Buffalo, that he is lying dead in his berth. To avoid being put off the train she all day long keeps up the pretence that he is too ill to be disturbed, and breaks down under the strain only at the moment when the train slides into the Grand Central Station. Now the greatness of a short story very largely depends upon the trick of choosing all details of structure with the idea of making each in turn add its share to the poignancy of the situation. In the present case it seems axiomatic that the ultimate tragedy of the situation would depend upon the degree of affection that the woman felt for the dead man. Mrs. Wharton has chosen to tell us without reserve that the wife had ceased to care for him at all. She is a frail woman, physically unstrung, a little frightened at her isolation and helplessness; but that ultimate turn of the screw which comes of a great personal bereavement is missing.

And thirdly, we come to that much-praised story, "The Pelican"; the history of a woman who, finding herself a widow with a small child and no property, undertakes to support herself by lecturing in hotel parlours and before women's clubs. She has a scant mentality, but she makes a moderate success, "thanks to her upper lip, her dimple and her Greek"—thanks also to encyclopedias and an indulgent public who sympathises with her desire to educate her boy. Thirty years later she is still making the rounds of clubs and parlours for the purpose of raising money to educate that same boy. Now the crucial moment of the story comes when that boy, a bearded man of thirty, runs across her at a hotel, discovers her subterfuge and demands an explanation. All this is natural enough, but the story is told in the first person by an old friend of the mother; the son drags this old friend, a stranger to him, into his mother's presence, and before him denounces her in terms that make one wince. His whole manner is in bad taste —perhaps Mrs. Wharton meant him to be precisely that kind of a man, but one doubts it. At all events, if she were writing that story to-day she would not have made him a man of quite that kind; at least she would have smoothed over his raw edges a little more carefully.

In this way we might take up those early stories one by one and show how they miss that finer perfection which Mrs. Wharton began to show in *Crucial Instances,* and which she shows so triumphantly in *The Descent of Man.* It is hard in speaking of this third volume to discriminate in favour of any particular stories—they are all so extremely good. In the one that lends its title to the book we have the delightful irony of the struggle of old Professor Linyard between the hobby of his life on the one hand and the practical needs of life on the other. His heart is in "the ethical reactions of the infusoria and the unconscious cerebrations of the Amœba"; he has contempt for the world at large, and writes what he thinks to be a biting satire on the modern popular thirst for books of pseudo-science. But the public insists on taking his satire, *The Vital Thing,* in earnest and making a lion of him; and when we take leave of the poor professor he is

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still planning some time or other to go back to his serious work in life, the Amœba, but he has just signed a contract for a sequel to *The Vital Thing*.

But unquestionably, if we must discriminate, we shall do so in favour of "The Other Two," the story of a woman twice divorced and a third time married. When Waythorn married Alice Varick, who had earlier been Alice Haskett and who brought with her Haskett's little daughter, "he had fancied that a woman can shed her past like a man." But in this he was to learn slowly that he was mistaken. Both of his predecessors are still alive; both of them, by a series of quite natural coincidences, come into contact with himself and Alice, partly through business, partly through social exigencies. He rebels at first fiercely, but impotently; then little by little accepts the inevitable; and the curtain falls at last on the group of all three husbands, past and present, assembled in Waythorn's sitting-room with Alice placidly pouring tea for them. There is not a single brush stroke, a single touch of colour in the whole picture that one could afford to alter. It is a little masterpiece of its kind, a deliciously ironical apotheosis of conventionalism.

III. HER NOVELS

These examples suffice to show the general quality and range of Mrs. Wharton's short stories. The later ones differ often in their specific kind, but scarcely in the way of any higher excellence. It is of her work as a novelist that we must now inquire, and first of all of her most ambitious and erudite experiment, *The Valley of Decision*. She was fortunate at the outset in her choice of a subject. Her attempt was to sum up the life of Italy in the latter half of the eighteenth century, that crucial *settecento*, which has aptly been compared to the closing act of a tragedy. It was that period of fallacious calm following the war of the Austrian Succession, when beneath the surface all Italy was seething with undercurrents of discontent against the old-established order of things; when "the little Italian courts were still dozing in fancied security under the wing of Bourbon and Hapsburg suzerains"; when clergy and nobles still clung tenaciously to their class privileges and united in their efforts to repress the spread of learning; when throngs of the ignorant and superstitious still crowded the high-roads to the shrines of popular saints, and a small but growing number of enlightened spirits met in secret conclave to discuss forbidden new doctrines of philosophy and science. It is a vast subject and one full of epic values—a subject which it is easy to imagine a Balzac or a Tolstoy treating in the bold, sweeping, impressionistic way that it demands. But it is not easy to imagine in advance what an introspective writer such as Mrs. Wharton had hitherto shown herself could make of such a theme. That the resulting volume showed much comparative excellence came as a pleasant surprise. She brought to her task no small amount of erudition. She was saturated to her finger tips with the historical facts of the period: the motley and confusing tangle of petty dukedoms, the warring claims of Austria and of Spain. She gave us not merely a broad canvas but a moving panorama of the life of those restless times, presenting with a certain dramatic power the discontent of the masses; the petty intrigues of Church and aristocracy; the gilded uselessness of the typical fine lady with her *cavaliere servante*, her pet monkey and her parrot; the brutal ignorance of the peasantry; the disorders and license of the Bohemian world, the strolling players and mountebanks—in short, all the various strata and substrata of the social life of the times. The book is less a novel than a sort of cultured *Sittengeschichte* of the epoch, as minute and comprehensive as a chapter from Sismondi's *Italian Republics*, yet lacking those little, vital, illuminating touches which help to make us see.

There remain three other volumes which demand specific notice: *The House of Mirth*, *Madame de Treymes* and *The Fruit of the Tree*. Two intermediate volumes, *The Touchstone* and *Sanctuary*, although highly characteristic, are of no more significance in relation to Mrs. Wharton's growth as an artist than many of her short stories, perhaps rather less significant than just a few of them. *The*

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Fruit of the Tree, although the latest of her long novels, may well be put out of the way first, as representing the greatest gulf between purpose and accomplishment in any of her books. The story opens with an accident in a woollen mill by which an employee loses an arm. The affair would be hushed up but for the efforts of John Amherst, assistant foreman, and Justine Brent, hospital nurse, both of whom lose their positions in consequence. The mills are run in the interest of capitalists and in defiance of factory regulations; they are owned by a young widow, Bessie Westmore, who has been content to shirk her responsibility and leave matters in the hands of her trustees. John Amherst marries the widow, believing that he has convinced her of the justice of his plans to reform the mills, and here begins a long, slow struggle and an inevitable estrangement, since Bessie cannot see why her money should be thrown away on clubrooms and gymnasiums for the workmen when she needs new gowns, new carriages and automobiles. Estrangement leads to defiance in the shape of deliberately risking her life on a horse Amherst has forbidden her to ride. The result is a serious injury to the spine just at the base of the neck. Her husband cannot reach her for weeks; he is travelling in South America. The doctors know that there is not one chance in a thousand for her recovery; but there is a hope, through the cruel skill of modern surgery, of keeping her alive until Amherst returns. But this can be done only at the cost of unimaginable torture, an increasing anguish that wrings from her a ceaseless, hoarse, inarticulate cry, increasing in intensity with the slow passage of the days. Justine Brent, the trained nurse, who has been a lifelong friend of Bessie, finds her patient's suffering more than she can bear and mercifully cuts it short with an extra hypodermic of morphine. She believes in her conscience that she has done right, and no doubt assails her until in the course of years she herself becomes the wife of John Amherst and he comes to know that she is the murderess of his first wife. The plot of this story, in so far as it concerns the right of the medical profession to shorten suffering where a cure is hopeless, is not a new theme. It has been briefly but poignantly handled in a short story by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton; it has been worked out at great length by Edouard Rod in *La Sacrifiée.* Mrs. Wharton had nothing new to add to this issue, and by bringing in factory reform and labour questions she has simply obscured her main theme.

The House of Mirth is a book of altogether different calibre, a big, vital, masterly book of its type and one that utterly refuses to be forgotten. Like so many of her earlier and shorter stories, it is a trenchant satire on the manners and customs of certain social strata in New York of to-day. The pages are not overcrowded with figures, yet they are so wisely chosen and so deftly sketched in as to give an impression of many-sided, kaleidoscopic life. But the book belongs primarily to the type of the one-character story. It is a history of just one woman, Lily Bart, through a few crucial years. The other personages in the book, whether few or many, are mere background, shadow shapes that come and go, with no other effect than to make the central figure stand out in sharper relief. Lily Bart at the opening of the story is, in spite of her nine and twenty years, still essentially a girl with a girl's unquenchable desire for a continuation of the ease and luxury, pleasure and adulation that has hitherto been her birthright. But her parents are dead; her resources are almost exhausted; and she has all the helplessness which characterises those brought up on the sheltered life system, when confronted with the problem of self-support. She has in fact only one obvious path open to her, namely, marriage; she may marry for money and despise herself or she may marry for love and repent at leisure or else suffer the equally probable pain of seeing her husband do the repenting for them both. So she temporises and meanwhile puts off the evil hour from week to week, living at the expense of her friends in a round of visits, playing recklessly at bridge, and, of course, losing; and foolishly accepting a rather large loan from a married man under the thin pretence that he had been speculating for her and had sold out at a profit. But these details merely

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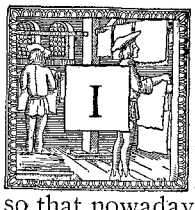
skim the surface of a book which quite wonderfully and unsparingly probes into the deepest recesses of a woman's heart, dragging to the surface much that she would have refused to reveal even to herself. And back of this merciless analysis, and perhaps even bigger than it, is the sense of an inexorable logic of cause and effect which leads us by closely corollated steps from the moment when Lily Bart first breaks one of the unwritten laws of her social set by a brief visit to a man's bachelor apartments down to the hour when she renders her final account and the empty chloral bottle tells its story. It is easy for those who echo the modern cry for a spiritual "uplift" in fiction to carp at *The House of Mirth*. But the fact remains that the name of Lily Bart will be handed down in the list of heroines with whom the well-read person is expected to be acquainted.

And now, quite briefly, let us look at *Madame de Treymes*, a slender, unpretentious little volume, which the present writer believes, none the less, to represent Mrs. Wharton's high-water mark of attainment, almost flawless in structure and in content. It is an extremely simple story. John Durham had in the "old unrestricted New York days" known Fanny Frisbee long and intimately, but it never occurred to him to find her desirable until, fifteen years later, he found her again in Paris as Madame de Malrive, separated, but not yet divorced from her husband. Her estrangement from her husband was now of five years' standing; so John Durham could see nothing premature or indelicate in urging his own claims and persuading her to seek her freedom through the courts. But he was destined to learn that in France, especially among the old families, there is a hereditary code so powerful as to make appeal to the courts well-nigh hopeless. Durham cannot understand; the law is the law, it all seems so simple. But Fanny de Malrive knows better; she has a little son whom she has pledged to bring up as a Frenchman; he is only half hers even now, and she must do nothing that will lessen her hold upon him, nothing that her husband's mother and sister and uncle, the Abbé, do not approve. This sister, Madame de Treymes, holds the key to the situation. If Durham can meet her and win from her a statement whether or not the family will oppose a suit for divorce they will know where they stand. The main story of the book is the contact between Durham and Madame de Treymes, the duel of verbal finesse that is like the crossing of fine, flexible rapiers, and, lastly, that wonderful final thrust through which Madame de Treymes by the very act of granting what he asks effects his total overthrow —and to her own surprise hurts herself almost as keenly as she hurts him. The book represents a high development of all of Mrs. Wharton's admitted qualities; and beyond these it has a more perfect technique of form and a greater sense of real sympathy with the people of her creation than anything she has written before it or since.

MELODRAMA, OLD AND NEW

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



IT is the fate of many amiable words to be debased by vulgar usage until they acquire a derogatory connotation. Thus has the sweet word *homely* been defloured; so that nowadays to assure a woman that she is homely has ceased to seem a gentle compliment. The adjective *amateur*, which in its original sense exactly defines the quality of such delicate and loving art as that of Mr. Austin Dobson or of Mr. Kenneth Grahame, has come to connote the daubing of a bungler. Anybody who labours earnestly, though only in a humble way, to fulfil the purpose of criticism—which was defined by Matthew Arnold as "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that

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is known and thought in the world"—must endure the continual discouragement of hearing the word *criticism* bandied about on careless lips as if it signified an interested endeavour to discredit the nobility of art. If one may muse for a moment in the mood of Elia—would it not be a gracious act to erect a monument to fallen words, like *censure, common, cynic, nice, mistress, gentleman,* to remind the present age of what they used to mean before they fell on evil days and evil tongues? . . .

In the vocabulary of theatre-goers, no word has suffered more from this iniquitous degeneration than the adjective *melodramatic*. Careless writers are now accustomed to call a play melodramatic when they wish to indicate that it is bad; whereas they might with equal logic try to damn a play by calling it tragic, or comic, or poetic. There are good tragedies and bad tragedies, good melodramas and bad melodramas; and it is no more sound to assume that all melodramas are bad than to assume that all tragedies are good. But the very word *melodrama* has so fallen into disrepute that nowadays when a man puts forth a melodrama he usually pretends that it is something else and writes in a few extraneous passages to justify his press agent in advertising it as a social study or a comedy.

Consequently, if we are to converse with any seriousness about the noble art of melodrama, we must agree at the outset to divest the word of all derogatory connotation. Most people consider it pedantic to insist on definitions; and the minority of writers who refuse to use such an adjective as *romantic* without explaining what they mean by it are usually labelled academic—which is supposed to be synonymous with dull. Yet a great deal of the fret and bother of the world would be averted if people in general would only educate themselves to definition. For instance, if only the socialists would agree upon a definition of *socialism* and formulate it in a single paragraph, we should all be able to determine at a glance whether or not we wanted to be socialists; and this procedure would save reformers the expense of printing innumerable pamphlets and spare us a great deal of mouthing and sawing the air.

By *melodrama*—if we use the word nicely—is signified a serious play in which the incidents determine and control the characters. There are, to be sure, a few other abiding features of melodrama that should be accounted for in any final definition of the form, and these we shall consider in due time; but for the present this primary principle will serve to convince us that melodrama not only has an excuse for being but is in reality one of the noblest types of art. In both tragedy and comedy the characters control the plot; in farce, as in melodrama, a train of incidents is foreordained and the characters are subsequently woven into the tiny pattern of destiny that has been predetermined for them; and it is clearly reasonable for us to accept that convention of criticism which regards tragedy and comedy as more heroic than their sister arts. But life itself is more frequently melodramatic than tragic and much more often farcical than comic; in fact, the utter dominance of character over coincidence is so rare in the record of humanity as to call for chapter-headings in our histories; and since the purpose of the drama—like that of all the other arts—is to represent the truth of life, the theatre must always rely on farce and melodrama to complete its comment on humanity. Much of our life—in fact, by far the major share—is casual instead of causal. As Stevenson remarked, in his *Gossip on Romance,* "The pleasure that we take in life is of two sorts—the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny; anon we are lifted up by circumstance, as by a breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future." It is not granted to many of us to realise with any constancy that boast of Henley's and to regard ourselves as masters of our fate or captains of our soul; for nearly all the good or ill that happens to us is drifted to us, uncommanded, undeserved, upon the tides of chance. It is this immutable truth—the persistency of chance in the serious concerns of life and the inevitable influence of accident on character—that melodrama aims to represent; and to damn melodrama as an inconsiderable type of art is to deny the divinity of Fortune, whom

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the wisest of all men, in the seventh canto of his *Hell,* exalted "with the other Deities."

II

It is because melodrama casts its emphasis on incident instead of character that it has been in every age the most popular of all the types of drama. Each of us is avid of adventure; and to find ten dollars in the street strikes us as more interesting than to earn ten dollars by accomplishing our share in the established division of labour. Similarly—though in this we are not logical—it strikes us as more interesting to be gagged and bound, and rescued by the provident police, than to quarrel with our wife or husband over the duration of the boiling of an egg and to purchase forgiveness by the gift of an ostrich feather or a box of trust-made but untrustworthy cigars. Though in our waking senses we may contemn that Deity whose name is Fortune, we all worship her in dreams; and in the theatre we bless the happy chance that agreeably rewards the innocent and consigns the villainous to jail.

In our own lives, we remember what has happened to us, by some lucky or unlucky accident, more vividly than we remember what we were: our past selves are clouded with oblivion, but our past adventures float before the eyes of memory as stories instant and alive. So, in our experience of theatre-going, we forget characters—like Hedda Gabler—but we remember incidents—like that moment in *The Two Orphans* when the lost Louise is heard singing in the street and the incarcerated Henriette is stopped at the door by the entering guards while she hears her sister being dragged unwillingly away to a continuance of beggary. Adventure moves us more than character; because adventure is always with us—it is often an adventure to look over the edge of our morning paper at the person seated opposite in the subway—but character is an element of destiny of which we grow aware only in the small minority of incidents which are commanded and controlled.

And there is another point which explains the popularity of melodrama; and that is that, since the characters are not rigidly defined, we experience no difficulty in putting ourselves in the positions of the characters and imagining that what is happening upon the stage is happening to us. We observe the clearly drawn characters of tragedy with a conscious aloofness that is, to some degree, discomforting. Hedda Gabler interests us merely as a specimen; and what happens to her does not in any real sense happen to us. The fact of what she is convinces us that she must ultimately kill herself; but if *we* were flung into the same position, we should crawl out by some easier way. We realise that Othello is doomed to kill his wife, but we understand also that the tragical oblation is absurd: if *we* were in the same position, we should perceive that Desdemona had been maligned by the perversity of evidence. We should not behave like Hedda or Othello, because we are not at all like either of them. Each of them is clearly characterised and convinces us of an essential disparity with ourselves. But in melodrama the heroine and hero are not clearly characterised; they are represented not as particular people, but merely as *anybody* involved in the situation of the moment; and we naturally take the stage, adopt their destiny as our own, and experience in our particular imagination all that is happening to them. Thus, in Mr. Gillette's admirable melodrama entitled *Held by the Enemy*—which has been recently revived—when the captured Confederate lieutenant confesses to the Union court-martial that he is a spy, and glories in his sinister vocation, inviting with a smile the death that will complete his sense of duty done, it is not so much to him that the incident occurs as to you or me, seated in the audience; for at that moment, in imagination, we take the stage and speak the words of martyrdom ourselves. For it is the special grace of melodrama to represent not what a particular person will do in a given situation, but what *anybody* would do under such a stress of circumstance; and since anybody is easily identifiable with ourself, we imagine the situation as happening to us and adopt it into our particular experience.

This is, of course, the philosophic point which explains the popularity of that special species of melodrama which, in

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New York, flourishes on Third Avenue and Eighth Avenue. The devotees of cheap melodrama are workaday people to whom, in the orderly procession of the days, nothing noteworthy ever happens; and in the theatre they demand the sort of play in which surprising and startling adventures will happen not only to the people on the stage but to themselves. Therefore the characters on the stage must not be so sharply drawn as to be set apart from any person in the audience; and adventure must be represented for its own sake, regardless of the personality of the people it involves. As Sir Thomas Browne loved to lose himself in a mystery, so the auditors of our ten, twenty, and thirty cent theatres love to lose themselves in an irresponsible train of circumstances which conceivably might happen to themselves. In a word, they go to the theatre to enjoy *themselves*—which is to say their own imagined hesitancies and imperilments—and decidedly not to enjoy some totally different and extraneous creature like Hedda Gabler or Othello. The popularity, as a character, of Bertha (the sewing-machine girl) or Nellie (the beautiful cloak-model) is explicable by the fact that neither of them is, in any precise sense, a character at all; and that therefore any woman in the audience can, without the slightest straining of imagination, set herself in the heroine's place and experience vicariously the adventures that befall her.

Let us recapitulate a moment, for the sake of clearness. We have already observed that melodrama epitomises the major portion of habitual experience, because it emphasises incident above character as a factor in human destiny; and also, since it leaves the hero and the heroine uncharacterised, that it permits, more easily than tragedy, that the spectator should in imagination take the stage and assume as his own the adventures of the plot. But there is another very important point which must be accounted for in any final definition of the art of melodrama.

This point—perhaps the most important that we have to consider—is that the abiding mood of melodrama is an absolute and dauntless optimism. The world of melodrama is a just and lucky world where all things fall out fitly. We are granted from the outset an assurance that in the end the guilty will be punished and the virtuous attain their due reward. No innocent Ophelia or Cordelia will be dragged down in the maelström of catastrophe. Our cherished characters are flung repeatedly into imminent danger of death, and we feel their pangs and perils as our own; but we know all along—and bless ourselves with knowing—that no one will be killed except the villain. This is the great charm of melodrama—that it deals with charmed lives. Sherlock Holmes will surely escape from the gas-chamber—though *how,* indeed, we cannot possibly foresee. In watching melodrama of a cruder sort, we experience this same sense of a comfortable providence. You may lock the heroine in a lion's cage, throw her off of Brooklyn Bridge, tie her to the subway tracks, and dangle her by a rope from the windy summit of the Singer tower; but we know all along that the kindly gods who look after the destiny of heroines will rescue her from harm and consign her as good as new to the strong arms of the hero. And there is another matter which, in the interests of criticism, it is surely not indelicate to mention; and that is that we derive a world of solid comfort from our certainty that the virtue of the heroine is inviolable. At every moment she is chaperoned by destiny. What Milton expressed supremely in his portrayal of the Lady in *Comus,* our melodramatists repeat with cruder emphasis; namely, that virginity is its own defence and virtue shields itself with spiritual armour. In *The Deep Purple,* which is the best of the new melodramas of the present season, the silly girl of a heroine who has run away from home with a deep-dyed villain with whom she thinks herself in love, is providentially preserved in purity till she may meet and marry the most lovable of heroes. Here is a vision of the world as we would have it. If ever we were erected to the exalted state of Zeus-upon-Olympus, it is thus that we should stage-direct the tremendous drama of humanity. It is true, indeed, that life as it exists is not so ordered:—one of our best architects and most serviceable citizens is

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absurdly slain in a taxi-cab collision; Kentucky sends to Congress a man who was once convicted of complicity in an ignominious murder; corruption buys a seat in the Senate; a valuable novelist is shot down by a madman:—we look about us and it seems that there is neither right nor reason in the inappealable decrees of destiny. But meanwhile the noble art of melodrama stands up scornful before many spears and confronts the iniquity of fate with a laugh broad as a thousand beeves at pasture.

III

No art has ever succeeded because of its defects; and the fact that melodrama has been and is perennially popular can be explained only by what is great and noble in it. Melodrama answers one of the most profound of human needs:—it ministers to that motive which philosophers term the will to believe. It looks at life—as Paul enjoined humanity to look at it—with faith and hope. So when the toilers in our sweat-shops attend the ten, twenty, and thirty cent theatres, they escape into a region where faith is not an idle jest and hope is not an irony; and thereafter, when they reassume the heavy and the weary weight of all their unintelligible world, they may yet smile backward in remembrance of that momentary dream-world in which destiny was just and kind and good. A happy face in the street is a gift to the community; and this art that always wears a happy face is a gift to humanity at large.

We may now redefine melodrama as a serious play in which the incidents determine and control the characters and in which the auditors are assured from the outset that all will come out as they wish it in the end. Thus defined, melodrama must be admitted to include many of the most important plays in the history of the drama. It must not be supposed that the art began with Victorien Sardou; it is at least as old as Euripides, and was highly honoured in the Spain of Calderon and Lope and the England of the spacious times of great Elizabeth. Many of the stirring plays which used to pass for tragedies in our histories of the drama are now seen to be merely melodramas. Tragedy must exhibit an inevitable doom; and the inevitable is nearly as rare in art as it is in life. Life itself is seldom tragic, in any exact and technical sense; and there are very few unquestionable tragedies in the history of art. Victor Hugo, who admittted that his three prose plays were melodramas, thought that his plays in verse were tragedies; but we now perceive that *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas* and all the rest of them are melodramas also—and we like them none the less because of the change of label. Those windy suspirations of forced breath which in mid-Victorian days were esteemed as tragedies, and are still looked upon with loving reminiscence by the backward-minded Mr. William Winter, were all melodramas, and melodramas of a rather crude and secondary sort. The *Virginius* of Sheridan Knowles, the *Richelieu* of Bulwer-Lytton, the *Fool's Revenge* of Tom Taylor (an adaptation from Hugo), were melodramas pure and simple, though they wore the literary trappings and the suits of tragedy. It is always disconcerting to find one art masquerading in the dress of another; a melodrama that pretends to be a tragedy afflicts us ultimately with an overwhelming sense that it is ashamed of itself; and the sense of shame is incompatible with the sense of easy enjoyment. Retrospective criticism must therefore finally prefer such frank and gloating melodramas as the *Tour de Nesle* of the elder Dumas, the *Fédora* of Sardou, the *Two Orphans* of Dennery, or those favourites of our fathers, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* and *Jim the Penman*. *Jim the Penman* thrilled the younger generation when it was revived last spring; and *The Two Orphans*, which is always with us, is—if not a thing of beauty—at least a joy forever.

Since melodrama casts its emphasis on action, rather than on character, it calls, far more than tragedy, for an exhibition of the uttermost mechanical equipment of the stage. We turn to the tragedies and comedies of other ages to see the highest development of the drama in those times; but if we wish to acquaint ourselves with the highest development of theatric presentation in any age, we must turn our attention to its melodramas. When Mr. Belasco produces a quiet comedy like *The Concert*, he exhibits less

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emphatically his skill in stage-direction than when he produces a melodrama like *The Girl of the Golden West*. *The Great Ruby* gave more noticeable evidence of the ability of Augustin Daly as a producer than did *The School for Scandal* or *The Merchant of Venice*. The mechanism of melodrama has been carried to the highest efficiency in London, on the stage of Drury Lane. In *The Whip*, which was running last summer at Old Drury, a railroad train was wrecked upon the stage (in pursuance of the villain's plot to kill the hero's race-horse, which was being transported in a box-car); and the sight of the derailed and overturning engine panting and puffing bravely after the intolerable crash thrilled through the thousand-fold assembled audience and evoked a tremor even from the sophisticated critic. In *The Sins of Society*, another Drury Lane melodrama, which was reproduced in New York, a battleship went down, with all hands rallied round the flag. It may be finer dramatic art for Mrs. Fiske to sit still and think hard in *Rosmersholm;* but it is more wonderful theatric art to sink a ship upon the stage; and on purely human grounds there are many reasons for regarding a sinking ship as a more pathetic spectacle than a falling woman.

And this suggests a final word that must be said in favour of melodrama:—it gives the actors an opportunity to act. In every scene they have to *do* things; they cannot—like Mrs. Patrick Campbell—turn away from the audience and think with their backs. Thinking with the back may be the most mystical and esoteric performance that is possible to humankind: at least we have, in support of this belief, the high authority of M. Auguste Rodin—the sole surviving Titan of these desultory days—who once told a visitor of his that the secret of his *Penseur* is that he thinks with his back. But on the stage it is surely more thrilling to watch the blind Louise grope her way down the bannister of a declining stairway, and then pass inadvertently within six inches of the prostrate form of the fainting Henriette, whom she has sought so long and with so many heartaches, and is not destined to discover until the whirligig of the melodrama brings in its final revenges. Even so—as a matter of mere acting—we would rather watch the negro servant, in the last act of *Secret Service*, remove the bullets from the stacked guns of the Union guards, than watch the facial play of Hedda Gabler as she sits in silence debating her problem of impending suicide. For in this the theatre differs from life:—that, on the stage, action speaks louder than character, and to *do* is more important than to *be*.

Latterly there has appeared in our theatres a new type of the sort of melodrama that is ashamed of itself—which, while not pretending to be tragedy, pretends to be a serious study of contemporary social problems. A definitive example of this type is the *Judith Zaraine* of Mr. C. M. S. McClellan, which was produced during the middle of the present season and which promptly failed. In this play, Mr. McClellan spoiled a good melodramatic story by submerging it beneath oceans of tall talk about capital and labour. Nowadays it is considered an evidence of earnestness to talk about capital and labour, just as in the middle ages it was considered an evidence of earnestness to talk about how many angels could dance on the head of a pin; fashions change in tall talk, while the singing world rolls on; but when a man finds a melodrama made to his hand, why, in the name of art, should he ruin it by trying to turn it into something else? The merit of *The Deep Purple* inheres in the frankness with which the authors avow and flourish the fact that they are writing melodrama. The new melodrama will never rival the glory of the old until it sloughs off all sophistication and disguise, and comes forward frankly as a play of plot supervised by a kindly and ingratiating providence. Mascarille becomes ignoble only when he masquerades as a nobleman; and a lesser art retains its dignity only so long as it refrains from emulation of a greater. *Judith Zaraine* is dead, and so is *The Fool Hath Said*—which tried to be a tragedy. Meanwhile, Mr. Gillette is still winning golden encomiums with *Secret Service;* and those who remember are still eager for another slashing voyage through the tossed and foaming seas of Dennery.

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THE QUEST OF NOVELTY AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

IT is a regrettable fact that in these days of multitudinous fiction, sheer quality in substance, style and technique, does not suffice to make the success of a novel. The general public and the trained critic alike demand, unconsciously perhaps, a certain element of novelty, a spice of the sensational. From excess of reading our senses have become a trifle jaded; they simply refuse to respond to quiet tales of everyday life, no matter how faultlessly written—unless indeed the element of quietness is so tremendously emphasised as in itself to amount to a sensation; as, for instance, the depressing grey monotony of *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger*.

The natural result is that, with the best intentions in the world we find ourselves, every now and then, becoming enthusiastic over some book whose chief claim to attention is that it has opened up new ground. It may be that the novelty lies in the setting—some hitherto unexploited corner of the globe; or it may be a new kind of mystery story, some audacious application of pseudo-science, occultism or the like; or again, the author may have hit upon some brand-new central idea, some plot involving a serious presentment of an ethical or social question from a fresh point of view. Now any one of these various forms of originality may have been developed with the utmost skill or with no skill at all—it is rather surprising sometimes how sheer originality will give vogue to a book which from the point of workmanship is quite wretchedly done. But at all events, as between two books of equal literary merit the one which offers us some degree of novelty is sure to receive the greater praise.

Of course, time sooner or later sets things even. Novelty is one of the elements in fiction that mostly quickly wear out; and just as soon as an out-of-the-way country ceases to be strange, or a new theory of hypnotic influence has either become public property or been discredited, the novels depending upon these elements for their vogue prove far more short lived than those dealing with everyday people in an everyday way.

In other words, style in fiction is much like style in dress; nothing is so hopelessly out of date to-day as the crowning sensation of last season. Accordingly, in discussing the merits of any current novel it is wise always to make a slight allowance for errors of judgment due to that instinctive gratitude that we all feel toward the author who has given our jaded palate a new sensation. And yet it is not altogether unfair that the ability to accomplish this particular thing should receive this unconscious tribute. The trick of being original or at least of giving the impression of originality is becoming constantly more difficult. Territorially, there are quite literally no new worlds to conquer. And as for novelty of plot, if an author can hit upon one which has not been used at least a dozen times with slight variations within the last quarter century he may consider himself exceedingly fortunate. What we usually mean when we speak of novelty is really a fresh handling of old material, a new point of approach, a young and unspoiled outlook upon life. There had been numerous stories of British India written before *Plain Tales From the Hills;* but Mr. Kipling's way of seeing and his way of recording made his work absolutely new. The pseudo-science of Jules Verne had accustomed us to bizarre journeys through inter-stellar space; but Mr. H. G. Wells had certain twists of his own to give to old ideas, and *The War of the Worlds* and *The First Men in the Moon* are as absolutely his own as though no one had ever before dreamed of speeding blithely from planet to planet. And in the same way we may take any of the current novelties in fiction and while granting them full credit for

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what they achieve, recognise at the same time that they have an ancestry; that they are simply new variations of old themes or methods, and oftentimes that the element of newness is not really an improvement.

"The Dweller on the Threshold"

Mr. Robert Hichens is one of the authors whose popularity depends upon a constant and restless seeking after something different, something that has never been done before. In just a few of his books he has very nearly achieved this ambition and probably the general reading public will number among his successes his latest volume, *The Dweller on the Threshold.* It certainly is a book that compels sustained attention after you have once begun it. There is a most uncanny sense of doom hanging over it, a foreshadowing of something rather hideous that makes you instinctively glance over your shoulder now and then and take a rather quick breath before turning a page. It belongs, of course, in the *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* group of fiction. The theme is that of an interchange of personalities. There is a certain English clergyman, brilliant, powerful dominant, whose talent and ambition are likely to carry him very high indeed; his curate, by contrast, is meek, shrinking, painfully at a loss for the appropriate word. The clergyman has dabbled in occult sciences; and at his desire a series of experiments are begun between himself and the curate with the view of giving the latter something of his personal power and magnetism. The experiments succeed beyond all expectation; in fact, the result is utterly different from what either of the men could have foreseen: the curate gradually absorbs the entire personality of the other man, who little by little finds himself breaking down, losing his hold upon his public, preaching each Sunday more and more inadequately and foreseeing that ruin and disgrace are coming nearer and nearer. And the key to the situation, the moral beneath the parable, lies in the fact that the clergyman with all his strength had one weakness, hypocrisy; and the little curate with all his timidity had one great strength, an unquestioning and abiding faith. It is a curious and rather stimulating book, with here and there some rather big episodes; and not the least of its merits is the inexorable logic of the ending.

"A Question of Marriage"

A Question of Marriage, by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey, is not a book to be lightly dismissed, although one feels that the author had a theme that might have been handled in a bigger way. Even in these days of the economic independence of women, practically every girl looks forward, at least subconsciously, to the more or less remote possibility of marriage as something that belongs in the natural order of things. In the volume under discussion we have the abnormal case of a young girl, cultured, beautiful, eager to live her life to the utmost, who is suddenly told by a physician of unquestioned authority that marriage is not for her; unmarried, she may look forward to a long and useful life and fair health, but marriage would mean wretchedness for all concerned and for her a fate worse than death. The change that such a disclosure makes in a girl's nature, the greyness that seems to settle thickly over the whole world is all depicted with a grim insistence that fairly hurts as one reads. And of course the inevitable happens: this girl who, until her doom was announced, has lived without love, almost at once thereafter meets the man she is fated to care for; and her long years of struggle against him and against herself form the major portion of the volume. Side by side with her story runs that of her closest friend whose marriage is that of the average successful sort; and at the end of the volume, when her lover has at last accepted his dismissal and found comparative contentment with somebody else, she gains her greatest consolation from an occasional visit to the happily married friend who is usually in tears because the children are fretful or the butcher's bill is too big or the new portières do not quite match the wall-paper. Now all this is very good of its kind; but what insists upon recurring again and again to the reader's mind is just this: that the doom overhanging the heroine is that of hereditary insanity, and that the knowledge of her danger and the strain of her enforced loneliness would almost

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inevitably create those conditions of nervous strain against which the doctor warned her. The situation is a rather big one; but surely some other physical menace than that of insanity could have been found that would have suited the author's purpose rather better.

"The Red Lantern"

The Red Lantern, by Edith Wherry, adds one more volume to the accumulating shelf of novels based upon the Boxer uprising in China. It has about it, however, a rather important element of distinction: it seeks to give us the Chinese point of view, or at least, the point of view of a girl who is half Chinese by birth and wholly so by early training. The opening chapters, where we first meet this girl in her childhood in the household of her uncle, the coffin maker with the hideously weasened old grandmother placidly contemplating her own death, and troubled only with remorse for having sold her daughter to a Foreign Mandarin, who forbade her to bind the grandchild's feet—all this is only the foretaste of a book that takes us into a life apart from anything we have known and gives us a sense of the chasm that opens between the yellow race and the white. More specifically, the power of this book depends upon its presentment of the internal race war waged hour by hour in the mind and soul of the Eurasian girl; her fluctuations between a fanatical acceptance of the culture and religion of her father's race as taught in the English mission school and her equally exaggerated repentance and return to the gods of her Chinese mother. Pictorially, the scenic effects of the culminating chapters devoted to the Boxer uprising, the flight of the Emperor and the final tragedy on the Imperial throne itself, show a rather uncommon power of visualisation and justify us in placing this volume on the list of those that are distinctly worth while.

"Yellow Men and Gold"

Chinamen play a prominent part in another current volume, *Yellow Men and Gold,* by Gouverneur Morris. It is an exasperating fact that Mr. Morris has never taken himself as seriously as he should; but there is no question of his ability to write even when one feels that he is not taking the trouble to make half as much out of a story as its possibilities would warrant. In his preface to this new volume he frankly draws a comparison between it and Frank Norris's *Moran of the Lady Letty,* praising the latter at his own expense. There is a certain superficial resemblance between the two books. In both of them a man and what Mr. Norris delighted in calling a Man's Woman voyage through southern seas on an adventurous quest after wealth and treasure and have fierce conflicts with a piratical band bent upon the same quest. But here the resemblance ceases. Frank Norris's story was a species of modern saga with the breath of the mythical and the superhuman blowing strongly through it. *Yellow Men and Gold* is frankly a tale of adventure, rather extravagant, rather stimulating and here and there verging upon burlesque. One cannot help rejoicing now and then in the sheer audacity of it, a perfectly impossible yarn of course, but one that you cannot afford to miss if you have a spirit of adventure and a sense of humour.

"Wandering Ghosts"

Among all the readers who delighted, year after year, in the late Marion Crawford's novels, comparatively few ever thought of him as combining with his other talents a gift for ghost stories. Yet he had this gift to a notable degree, and it was a happy thought of his publishers to bring together these widely scattered tales into a single volume under the title of *Wandering Ghosts.* There are seven of these tales, ranging all the way from the dank and shivery creepiness of "The Upper Berth," in which a drowned man persistently returns to the berth he formerly occupied and the brine and the ooze of the sea drip gruesomely down into the berth below—to "The Doll's Ghost," a tender little story of delicate artistry, telling how an old German doll-maker has sent his little daughter out at nightfall to deliver a doll to an important customer—a favourite doll from which he parts with great reluctance; and how there is an accident in which the child is badly hurt and taken to a hospital, while the old man sits at home growing more and more

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anxious as the hours pass by and no word comes. And then suddenly a little shadowy shape comes into the room with the swish and rustle of tiny silken skirts and the old man rises and follows the little shape out into the streets and on and on till it leads him to the hospital. The little daughter, it seems, is not seriously hurt; but the doll, as the reader has foreseen, is crushed beyond all cure. But the story that surpasses all the others in sheer grimness is that entitled "The Screaming Skull." After years of quarrelling between man and wife, the husband finally kills the woman by pouring melted lead into her ear. Fearing that some investigation may be made, he removes the head from the coffin after the undertaker has gone and buries it in quicklime. Subsequently, he too is found dead mysteriously, with his throat torn as though by the jaws of some animal. Such at least is the account given by the dead man's friend who enters into possession of his former home and comes across in one of the closets a curiously white and well preserved skull. To attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of uncanny horror surrounding that skull, the weird things that it apparently does, the gruesome way in which it manages to transfer itself from place to place, would be quite futile. It is a tale such as Poe might have written; the manner is not that of Marion Crawford as most of us know him; but it makes us wish that the spirit had moved him to do more of the same kind.

"The Patrician"

The Patrician, by John Galsworthy, is another of those careful and penetrating studies of English social life through which he is steadily building himself an enduring reputation. Its special theme is the force of social conservatism among the British upper classes, the burden of living their lives not as they themselves would choose but as their rank dictates. In the vital issues and in the little details of daily intercourse, there is everywhere and all the time the invincible power of precedent, the iron bound rule of prescribed conduct. The central story is that of a young statesman whose misfortune it is to fall in love with one of the tenants on the family estate—a beautiful young woman living quite alone, whose antecedents are obscure. It turns out that she is the wife of a clergyman from whom she is separated but without divorce. Now for this young statesman, this representative of the patrician class to marry the woman he loves, should she procure a divorce, is one of the things forbidden by the unwritten law, one of the things that his family would move heaven and earth to prevent. He may live with her, if he chooses, provided he does so quietly and without scandal; that is nobody's business save their own. But marriage with a divorced woman happens to be one of the things forbidden. The story is worked out quietly and with Mr. Galsworthy's wonted refinement of art, to the logical conclusion of grey and quiet tragedy. It is not as big a book as some of his earlier ones; it lacks the amplitude and many-sidedness of *Fraternity;* but within its own dimensions it is admirable for its sense of proportion, its well-rounded completeness.

"Trevor Lordship"

Trevor Lordship, by Mrs. Hubert Barclay, is another volume with little of the element of novelty about it. In fact, it bears a strong resemblance to a quiet type of story quite prevalent in England a generation or more ago; the story in which a man and a girl, after an engagement of many years' standing, marry, not from love, but simply because it is what everybody expects them to do; and then, little by little, each of them secretly realises that love has unexpectedly come, yet conceals the fact, not daring to hope that it is returned. There are other interwoven threads of romance, younger lives with their own burden of hopes deferred; yet what makes the book worth reading is primarily the married life of Henry Trevor and Eleanor, his wife, and the slow degrees by which they reach the fulness of mutual understanding.

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SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Daniel Halévy's "Life of Nietzsche"*

What would the mere name of Nietzsche have brought to the imagination of Balzac? Would he, on finding Nietzsche was a peripatetic philosopher wrestling with bad eyes and a congestion of ideas, have exclaimed, as he did on discovering Marcas was a tailor: "He deserved a better fate"? Or would the name have merely suggested a sneeze—like that of Shagpat which shook a nation? It is hard to say. To-day Nietzsche comes trippingly to the tongue; the Superman is a platitude of conversation, people can even spell his name and quote what Bernard Shaw has said about him. And all this in ten years! Taine, in France, had reached out to this lover of chloral and Carman and had felt the force of his dynamic phrases; George Brandes, actually his discoverer, had already begun to reveal to Europe the strange thoughts of this hater of hypocrisy and weakness; Gustave Strindberg—the misogynistic dramatist of three matrimonial experiences and a resulting dislike for the modern woman—had already introduced into his savage plays the *motifs* of the German's anti-femininism, and Havelock Ellis—expounder of sex psychology—had offered in his *Affirmations* a word from England, when the long twilight settled on Nietzsche's mind and in that twilight his star was found. The tragic close of his life and his fierce denunciations of Wagner caught the popular ear, and from curiosity came fame and with fame influence. To-day it is secure; generated in a subjective isolation, his influence rushed out in weird hissing phrases against the rock-made conventions of man—those habits of a community; and in making us question our own ideals he has done us an infinite service. It matters little that we have discovered, in spite of his vigorous rousing of us from the cosy sentimentalisms we are prone to, it was the glamour of his armour rather than the strength of his philosophy which has halted us.

Reams have been written explaining him, and he has been lost in his disciples, misunderstood by his contemporaries. Thanks to the devotion of his sister, Madame Förster, the man is emerging, and in the book before us Daniel Halévy has succeeded in a clever fashion in condensing the outlines and presenting us with an admirable and accessible biography. *The Life of Frederick Nietzsche* differs from Dr. Mügge's well-known *Nietzsche and His Work* in that the emphasis is placed on the manner in which the external facts of his life influenced his thoughts rather than with a detailed exposition of his thought as such. Yet his life had few high spots save of subjective value; to many it would seem uneventful, and though it embraced a long relation with Wagner it was mainly a tragedy of thought—a series of mental adventures while in the search for spiritual and physical health.

These adventures began in childhood and, as M. Halévy points out, Nietzsche's private journal was a wonderful revelation of a child's mind, since he posed there the same questions in answering which his entire life was concerned. His years at school were prosaic, though he fell in love for the first time, discovered Plato and Æschylus, found himself a poet and learned to worship Schumann and Beethoven, whom he played with ease. It was a versatile, searching mind which he took, when eighteen, to the University of Bonn. He entered into the spirit of the place. He even fought a duel to become a "finished" student. Lacking an enemy, he had to choose a friend. "I am new this year," he said, "and I want to fight a duel. I rather like you. Let us fight." Nietzsche received a rapier thrust and felt he had achieved manhood. But he soon became morbid and introspective—till he found Schopenhauer; this was the great event of his youth. Henceforth, though philology was his profession, philosophy became his love. "What do we seek?" he had written to his sister. "Is it repose or happi-

*The Life of Frederick Nietzsche. By Daniel Halévy. Translated by J. M. Hone. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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ness? No, truth alone, however terrible and evil it may be." He never changed this attitude.

Shortly after this he met Wagner, through Madame Brockhause, the sister, and this proved the great critical event in his life. M. Halévy presents the facts of this famous intimacy in many pages and bears out Huneker's statement that "these two became friends through a series of mutual misunderstandings." The days at Triebschen were days of illusion: in Nietzsche Wagner saw a brilliant revealer, in Wagner Nietzsche saw a god who would make philosophy possible through art. It was this direct contact with the musical genius which inspired Nietzsche's activity in Greek thought: Dionysius was reborn. Nietzsche's thoughts began to steer from set philosophies into original channels. The Franco-Prussian War broke out at this time, and being technically a Swiss citizen, as he held the chair of philology at Basle, he could only participate as a member of the ambulance corps.

Some unfortunates were given into his charge; he did his duty with kindness and courage, but experienced a singular emotion, a sacred and almost enthusiastic horror. For the first time he considered without repulsion the labour of the masses. He watched those millions of beings, some struck down and marked by death, others marching the roads or standing under arms; he considered them without contempt, he esteemed their destiny. Under the menaces of war these men have something momentous about them. They forget their vain thoughts; they march, they sing, they obey their chiefs, they die. Frederick Nietzsche was recompensed for his pains; a fraternal impulse uplifted his soul; he no longer felt his solitude; he loved the simple people who surrounded him. "All my military passions awake," he writes, "and I cannot satisfy them! I would have been at Rezouville, Sedan, active, passive, perhaps. This Swiss neutrality always ties my hands." . . . He is no longer the loyal Swiss of another time; he is a man among men, a German proud of his Germany. A war has transformed him; he glorifies war. War awakes the energy of men; it even troubles their spirits. It obliges them to seek in an ideal order, an order of beauty and duty, the ends of a life which is too cruel.

The change which had taken place within troubled him when he saw Wagner again. "To sway the people is to put passions in the service of an idea." He felt Wagner was compromising, and to accomplish his end was changing, chameleon-like, to each school of philosophy whose support he wished. M. Halévy cleverly traces the growing coldness between the two men until finally, in the tragedy of disillusionment at Baireuth, Nietzsche recognised despairingly that he had allowed himself to be captured by the gambols of a giant. His ardent love had been deceived. He had given his heart to this man who had trifled with a sacred gift. He wrote in his Notes of which his friends did not know:

Let us really ask ourselves what is the value of the time which adopts the art of Wagner as its art? It is radically anarchical, a breathless thing, impious, greedy, shapeless, uncertain of its groundwork and quick to despair; it has no simplicity, it is self-conscious to the marrow, it lacks nobility, it is violent, cowardly. This art unites pell mell in one mass all that still attracts our modern German souls; aspects, ways of feeling, all come pell mell. A monstrous attempt of art to affirm and dominate itself in an anti-artistic period. It is a poison against a poison.

Nietzsche felt humiliated because he had betrayed truth, and again his thoughts were driven deeper into the search for the meaning of life. Yet a curious and naïve idea occurred to him on being invited to see Wagner.

Did he merely wish to affirm his independence or did he wish to *correct* Wagner? He took a score of Brahms, whom he admired, and whom Wagner pursued with a jealousy that was comic at times, slipped it in his trunk, and, early in the first evening, put it well in view on the piano. It was bound in the most beautiful red. Wagner perceived it and, without doubt, understood; he had the sense to say nothing. Next day, however, Nietzsche repeated the manœuvre. Then the great man exploded; he screamed, raged and foamed; then dashed off, banging the doors behind him. He met Nietzsche's sister, who had come with her brother, and, suddenly laughing at himself, gaily related the anecdote.

"Your brother has again thrust that red score on the piano, and the first thing I see

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on entering the room is it! Then I fell into a fury like a bull before a red flag. Nietzsche, as I knew well, wanted me to understand that that man, too, had composed beautiful music. I exploded—what is called exploding."

And Wagner laughed noisily. The bewildered Fräulein Nietzsche sent for her brother.

"Friedrich, what have you done? What has happened?"

"Ah, Lisbeth, Wagner has not been great."

The thought of a *Parsifal* was more than he could bear when he heard Wagner was thus to proclaim himself a Christian. Yet he struggled to enjoy the opening performances of the *Ring* at Baireuth. Each evening was a triumph that only added to his distress—*Rhinegold, Valkyrie,* souvenir of his youth, *Siegfried,* of Triebschen, this latter being the only one he could listen to without remorse. Then followed the *Götterdämmerung.*

It was the end. The curtain fell slowly and the spectators rose suddenly, with one accord, and gave vent to a loud burst of cheering. Then the curtain rose once more and Richard Wagner appeared, alone, dressed in a redingote and cloth trousers, holding his little figure erect. With a sign he called for silence; every murmur ceased.

"We have shown you what we wished to show you," he cried, "and what we can show you when all wills are directed to one object; if, on your side, you support us, then you will have an art."

He retired, then returned again and again. Nietzsche watched his master standing in the limelight, and he alone in the hall did not applaud.

"There he is," he thought, *"my ally* . . . the Homer who has been fertilised by Plato."

The curtain fell for the last time and Nietzsche, silent, lost in the crowd, followed his tide like a wreck.

For many months after this he fought death—his struggles with pain throughout his wracked life were indeed heroic—and yet he always worked, even if with the caprice of his mind he changed his ideas and reversed every thesis he ever held. A glimpse of his loneliness and search for disciples is found in an anecdote told by a student at Basle.

I attended Nietzsche's lectures. I knew him very slightly. Once, at the end of a lecture, he chanced to be near me, and we walked side by side. There were light clouds passing over the sky. "The beautiful clouds," he said to me, "how rapid they are!" "They resemble the clouds of Paul Veronese," I answered. Suddenly his hand seized my arm. "Listen!" he said; "the holidays are coming; I am leaving soon; come with me, and we shall go together to see the clouds of Venice." . . . I was surprised. I stammered out some hesitating words; then I saw Nietzsche turn from me, his face icy and rigid as death. He moved away without saying a word, leaving me alone.

It is near the lakes of Italy that the labour of *Zarathustra* took place. The doctrine of the Eternal Recall was the first thing to bring him back to his old mental activity.

On my horizon thoughts rise, and what thoughts! I did not suspect anything of this kind. I say no more of it, I wish to maintain a resolute calm. Alas! my friend, presentiments sometimes cross my mind. It seems to me that I am leading a very dangerous life, for my machine is one of those which may go to smash. The intensity of my sentiments makes me shudder and laugh—twice already I have had to stay in my rooms and for a ridiculous reason: my eyes were inflamed. Why? Because while I walked I had cried too much; not sentimental tears, but tears of joy; and I sang and said idiotic things, being full of a new idea which I must proffer to men.

It is impossible to follow all the curious quirks which the external happenings had upon his thought—the Superman was born and his lapidary phrases built up slowly the most monumental chaos man has ever conceived. Only broad outlines were to be given by him: the task was too impossible with his failing mind and health. The indifference of the public had its effect—his own ego became audience as well as actor, and proportion was lost. But he was a long while breaking up. The famous love episode with Lou Salomé did little to settle him. M. Halévy gives all the facts as are known: all that is essential is that Nietzsche suffered again a complete disillusionment. Nietzsche met her through his intimate and helpful friend, Fräulein von Meysenburg.

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A few days after their first interview, Miss Salomé and her mother left Rome. The two philosophers, Nietzsche and Rée, went with her, each of them enthusiasts for the young girl. Nietzsche said to Rée: "There's an admirable woman; marry her." "No," answered Rée; 'I am a pessimist; marry her yourself; she is a companion that you want." . . . Nietzsche dismissed this idea. Perhaps he said to his friend, as he had said to his sister: "I marry! Never. I would have to be a liar somewhere or other."

The months that followed, including the days when they were alone at Tautenburg, are secret history. She married Rée later and wrote a book about Nietzsche. Perhaps Madame Förster broke off the affair—one will never know. Some time after, when Rée offered to dedicate his philosophical work to Nietzsche, he refused. A letter written by George Brandes in 1888 shows us Paul Rée living in Berlin with Miss Salomé as "brother and sister," according to both their accounts. But Nietzsche was completing *Zarathustra* alone in the mountains. He began to take chloral, and gradually his mind went to pieces. He was probably insane from 1888—just when fame was beginning to settle upon him her reward, and he was feeling the leavening influence of his ideas. His last days were but fragments of flashing thought—the old brilliancy and the gradual dissolution. He died at Weimar the 25th of August, 1900.

Whatever criticism is to be made of M. Halévy's volume, admirably translated by J. M. Hone, rests solely on its lack of a chapter showing Nietzsche's influence. This, however, is in a measure removed by T. M. Kettle's introduction. In this is found perhaps the best comment on M. Halévy's book: "It exhibits Nietzsche as better than his gospel, a hundred times better than most of those disturbers of civilisation who call themselves his disciples."

George Middleton.

II

DANIEL FROHMAN'S "MEMORIES OF A MANAGER"*

Despite the so-called commercialism of the drama, one occasionally finds a view on the theatre that does not come entirely from the box office. This happens in the case of a producing manager, who takes the profession seriously, with dignity and with high purpose. Mr. Daniel Frohman has been such a manager, and in addition to his long service to the American play and player, he has made of his experience a volume of interest and value.

When Mr. Frohman started what theatre-goers now refer to as "the old Lyceum," the splendid career of the Wallack Company had ceased and A. M. Palmer's Union Square Company was no more. The only great stock company in New York (then as now the heart of the theatrical world) was Mr. Daly's company, which played the classic drama. The day of the stock artist and particularly the scholarly stock director was nearing its noon. Mr. Frohman determined to produce the modern drama, and his little theatre on Fourth Avenue, New York, became the most productive "star factory" that this country has known. Its manager might well be called a Theatrical Warwick, for he made many modern kings of the stage. He had a quick eye for talent, and around him he rallied promising young men and women whom playgoers were later to know as their favourite stars. The list of his protégés includes E. H. Sothern, John Mason, William Faversham, Herbert Kelsey, Henry Miller, Robert Taber, George Fawcett, Felix Morris, James K. Hackett, Cyril Scott, E. J. Morgan, Mary Mannering, Henrietta Crossman, Effie Shannon, Georgia Cayvan, Grace Elliston, Virginia Harned, Maude Adams, Hilda Spong, Alice Fischer, Julie Opp, Bertha Galland and a score of others.

Mr. Frohman tells some stories of the early days when the struggle was hard. He had selected Sothern as the star for his first play, *The Highest Bidder*. One night manager and star were dining at the old Ashland House, which was across the street from the theatre, when Sothern, who happened to look out of the window, said: "Look, isn't it bully. There's a speculator in front." The speculator usually spells success in the box office. After the play had proved

*The Memories of a Manager. By Daniel Frohman. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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to be a huge hit Sothern said, "Can anything be done to stop those infernal speculators?"

Once during that first run Edwin Booth came to see the young star, who was the son of his old friend and colleague. After the performance Mr. Booth, Mr. Frohman and Mr. Sothern went to supper at the Players Club. The great actor told of many incidents in the life of the elder Sothern. Among other things, he informed them that it was due to him, Booth, that young Sothern was christened "Edward."

"It came about in this way," said Mr. Booth. "When you"—addressing young Sothern—"were born in New Orleans, your father telegraphed me to become your godfather, and that you were to be named Edwin after me. Your father was a splendid and brilliant man, but rather wild in his tendencies at times, and I was a little afraid to assume the responsibility of godfather to his son. So I declined. I am sorry now. But this is why you are called Edward instead of Edwin."

That original methods of publicity were employed in those stock days is shown by an anecdote that Mr. Frohman tells about the feat performed by one of the members of his company, an Englishman named Piggott, who was an athlete and a sturdy swimmer. From a boat near the Atlantic Highlands he swam out toward an ocean liner. An officer, thinking he was exhausted, threw him a life preserver and hauled him aboard.

"What do you want?" asked the officer as the passengers crowded around the dripping man.

"I want to know if you have seen *The Highest Bidder*," was his reply. Then he dived into the sea and made for his boat.

To the old Lyceum, as stage manager Mr. Frohman brought a young man with a large temperament, who had been actor, prompter and author in San Francisco. His name was David Belasco. Under Mr. Frohman's tutelage he first came into his own, for it was at the Lyceum that, in connection with DeMille, he wrote and produced *The Wife* and *The Charity Ball*. Mr. Frohman interestingly describes how this clever pair worked out their plays. He says:

Their plays were first constructed without dialogue. This was the most difficult part of their labours. When the framework was decided on, the dialogue of the acting scenes began. Frequently the work was done on a silent stage, De Mille writing dialogue, Belasco acting each part and fitting the words appropriately into the scene, virtually stage-managing the literary into dramatic form, timing the length of the scenes, entrances and exits into dramatic proportion.

On one occasion, when they had constructed the third act of their third Lyceum play, *The Charity Ball*, they came to me with the result. It was an effective act, only the leading lady was not in it. I said to them, "I can't afford to leave the leading lady out of the principal act of your play." They saw this. It meant a serious reconstruction of the entire scheme. But in a few days they had fixed upon a satisfactory solution. The story of David Copperfield's love for Dora, and afterward for Agnes, gave them the clew. So that, though the hero of the play was in love with the lady they had fixed on, it was easy to bring the character analogous to Agnes into the ethical scheme and corresponding limelight.

Thanks to Mr. Frohman's activities at the old Lyceum, American theatre-goers have some of their dearest memories. One of the most charming concerns Pinero's *Sweet Lavender*. Concerning the first production of this play Mr. Frohman tells a very interesting story.

It was first given in November, 1888, and, oddly, the only American character in the play was enacted by the only Englishman in my company—Mr. Kelsey. In the cast were W. J. Le Moyne, Henry Miller, Georgia Cayvan, Mrs. Whiffen and Louise Dillon.

In those days the audiences were far more unsophisticated and fastidious as to their dramatic subjects. The first-night patrons at the Lyceum were startled to find that the heroine was an illegitimate child. It seemed to cast a pall upon the assemblage. I felt it and saw the reason. I cabled Mr. Pinero for permission to make a slight change in the relations of the parents. In short, I legitimatised the child. The author grudgingly consented. But as a result of this change the play became a success and ran a season. It was subsequently played on tour by two companies.

On the subject of Pinero Mr. Frohman makes this comment:

My experience with Mr. Pinero, both as an

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author and friend, has always been delightful. For many years he gave me the rights to all his plays. We had no contract, only a memorandum of terms, and no offers of greater financial inducements induced him to swerve from his allegiance.

Mr. Frohman tells of some intimate experiences with Sardou, two of whose plays he produced at the Lyceum. The careers of these plays surprised the great French playwright. The one, *Americans Abroad,* he thought would fail proved to be a huge success; the other, *A Woman's Silence,* which he felt would be popular, was an instant failure.

Here is a Sardou anecdote as told by Mr. Frohman:

> One day while I was walking along the street with him in Paris he stopped at a stationer's and bought a package of writing paper.
>
> "Here," he said, "is all I need for my stock in trade—paper and pens—while you Americans have to spend vast sums to build theatres."
>
> "But," said I, "we have a little story of a man in America who went to a lawyer for a few minutes' advice. When the lawyer presented a large bill for this service the man said, 'What! that big sum for ten minutes' advice?'
>
> "'Yes,' said the lawyer. 'What I was enabled to tell you in ten minutes took me thirty years to acquire.'"

In Mr. Frohman's company was Georgia Drew Barrymore, mother of Ethel. She had the proverbial Barrymore wit. On one occasion, says Mr. Frohman, she was playing in San Francisco when she was asked to take part in a special performance. She wired her manager in New York for permission, and his reply was "No," whereupon she wired back the one word, "Oh." This was more laconic than Artemus Ward's answer to the San Francisco manager Thomas Maguire, which Mr. Frohman recalls in this connection. Maguire telegraphed Ward: "What will you take for forty nights in California," and the humourist answered:

"Whiskey and water."

In this book are many references to two of Mr. Frohman's great managerial experiences. One was when he had charge of Madame Modjeska's tours; the other when he brought over the Kendals. He says that the thing that shocked Mrs. Kendal more than any other was the American cuspidor.

In addition to the reminiscences of his large and fruitful experience Mr. Frohman contributes several chapters on the composition of plays, why plays fail, and a review of the drama as it exists to-day. These are chapters that the aspiring playwright (and ninety per cent. of us are supposed to be suffering from the new disease of Playagra) may read with interest and much profit. They are the result of many years of play-making in a big way. Mr. Frohman's whole theory may be summed up in a single sentence, "Plays are not written; they are re-written." Elsewhere he says, "The subtle quality of a play is the essence embodied in the feeling it produces, rather than in lines and arbitrary physical action. If one could capture it and imprison this essence in a bottle like a magic lamp and invoke it at pleasure the mystery of playwriting would be solved."

Hugh Henshaw.

III

Dr. McComb's "Christianity and the Modern Mind"*

The author of this book is already widely and favourably known on account of his close relations with the Emmanuel Movement and of his many contributions to various publications in connection with that work. The present volume is certain to increase his reputation; and it will further deepen the impression that his success in psychotherapy is due to his ability in other fields. For this book is not the product of a novice, but of one who shows wide reading, a mastery of what he has read, and a firm grasp of the present religious problems.

As the title indicates, the purpose of the book is to show that Christianity is as truly adapted to meet the needs of this age as of any in the past; but to do this, the office of the interpreter must be invoked, for the stumbling block of Christians has never been the teaching of

*Christianity and the Modern Mind. By Rev. Samuel McComb, M.A., D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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Jesus, but interpretations of that teaching which have satisfied the age in which they were produced and then have come to be regarded as authoritative, with the result that the text was buried in the commentary. It is refreshing now and then to forego the interminable question, what did Jesus mean? and to dwell reflectively on what Jesus said. The author of this book is familiar with the interpretations, friendly and hostile, but he invariably penetrates to the original sources, and takes the reader with him.

In many minds there is still an impression that if one accepts the teachings of science and of philosophy he cannot hold also the tenets of the Christian faith. Dr. McComb shows that there is no necessary contradiction or inconsistency. It is true that much in the Bible can no longer be maintained. Some results of criticism must be assumed. But the Christian faith is left in its integrity, though some of the unfortunate accretions are lacking.

Suppose we take a question which agitates some minds sorely to-day, the resurrection of our Lord. The author takes the position positively that historical criticism no longer allows us to doubt the appearances of the risen Lord. Now the appearance to Paul has of recent years generally been explained as a psychological phenomenon. But Paul himself puts this on a par with the appearances to the other brethren. Must they not all then be explained in the same way? Dr. McComb frankly admits that they all *may* be thus explained, but *must* is another matter. The story of the appearance to Paul as he describes it, and the story of the earlier appearances to others are so different, that the natural psychological explanation in one case becomes unnatural and forced in the others. The subjective interpretation requires such an ignoring of the facts related, that it creates more difficulties than it removes. Hence the author concludes, though not wholly from the grounds I have stated, that it is "hard to resist the conclusion that the Jesus who was put to death on the cross and laid in the grave, recrossed the barriers that separated the world beyond from this" (p. 88).

The chapter on "Religion and Miracle" is very refreshing. It is far from satisfying the demands of any one who held to the post-Reformation apologetics in which prophecy and miracle were regarded as the sole and sufficient bulwarks in Christian evidences. But it will gratify many who wish to believe all that is possible, and who at the same time are unwilling to flout their intelligence. First we read of the strong support of the historical evidence for the miracles; we are reminded of their true place as signs, not works of wonder, but works of divine compassion. Several of the miracles, especially those of healing, are shown to be explicable on the principle for which Jesus pleaded, that they were not performed by a power limited to Him. Of others which may not be thus explained, we find this remark: "The wise and cautious scholar will be slow to deny the authenticity of other incidents, in spite of the fact that to those our present knowledge can afford no analysis which we to-day accept" (p. 146 f.).

The author's well-known power of repartee appears now and then. For example, in the chapter on "Suffering" he refers to the Christian Science method of relieving pain and disease by denying that they exist, and adds, "disease is just as real or as unreal as health, no more and no less. Health is a certain condition of the organism. Disease is a certain other condition. Both are real or unreal. Christian Scientists, to be logical, should deny the reality of both, in which case all argument ceases and every tongue is paralysed" (p. 156).

The most disappointing section is that on immortality. It is good, in part very good. The author's faith is clear and strong, and he offers much of comfort and support to the many who have misgivings. But in a book which shows such acquaintance with the works of other scholars, it is strange to find in this part no mention of Sir Oliver Lodge's beautiful treatise *Reason and Belief*. Finally, it is to be said that throughout the volume is one of the best examples of the author's clear and trenchant style, making the reading easy and interesting.

Loring Woart Batten.

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IV

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'S "ADVENTURES OF A MODEST MAN"*

It is on the slightest of threads that Mr. Chambers has strung the series of independent stories that constitutes his latest volume. An experience with a pig on his Long Island farm results in a middle-aged gentleman's trip to Paris with his two daughters, and the passages of sightseeing are pleasantly interlarded with whimsical narratives, told, for the most part, by one Williams, a literary man, in which Mr. Chambers's peculiar vein of extravagant invention, farcical humour, and crude erotic sensibility, finds free vent. It is interesting to note, with respect to the last-mentioned quality, the entirely physical, not to say fleshly, character of the attraction which is the essence of all Mr. Chambers's love-stories. This writer is the poet of that shallow romantic sentiment with which the average American is saturated, and which exhausts itself in the glamour of a purely animal instinct.

A French philosopher has observed that love is "L'échange de deux fantaisies, et le contact de deux peaux." Americans will call this definition cynical, yet it is strangely apposite to the sort of passion portrayed by Mr. Chambers. To be sure the twin fantasies are rather tinsel, and the "contact" finds its innocent apotheosis in the succulent kiss which has made Mr. Chambers celebrated. A gentleman climbs a ladder to the top of a wall at night. A lady by a marvellous coincidence does the very same thing at the very same moment from the other side. They meet: "We were amazed to find our noses so close together, and I s a i d—something foolish—a n d s h e laughed—the prettiest, disconcerted little laugh, and that moon was there, and suddenly, to my astonishment, I realised that I was going to kiss her if she didn't move— And—she didn't." There is something veritably infra-human in such prompt yielding to a primitive osculatory instinct—something molluscan or akin to insect life.

*The Adventures of a Modest Man. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

When Mr. Chambers tries deliberately to reach a higher level of sentiments, as in the case of the shopgirl who refuses, through a sense of shame, to pose for her lover, a sculptor, but who has a cast made from her living body to aid him in his modelling of two statues, the result is pure sham and bathos. On the other hand, the story of the awkward young man who inadvertently ties the shoestring of the girl seated next to him in an elevated train, and who endures the agonies of the damned under her scornful disdain during their long ride to the end of the line until the car is empty and the knot can be untied without attracting mirthful attention, is really funny. So is the adventure of the two New Yorkers in the Canadian woods where they rescue the Vassar girls carried away by a flood in the swanboat and dragon-scales of too realistic Wagnerian tableaux. As a humourist Mr. Chambers has not a little of the gusto and dry extravagance of Mark Twain. The travel notes are especially favourable to this comparison. What, for example, could be more in the manner of the great American humourist than the predicament of the "modest man" of the title when, after having taken his daughters to a quiet hotel of the *rive gauche,* he discovers that the establishment is one frequented exclusively by those who are taking the Pasteur treatment, and receives the condolences of their French friends, who believe, naturally, that they are threatened with hydrophobia?

For the rest Mr. Chambers, as always, is at his best in his passages of pure description, in his celebration of the joys of the chase and of the out-of-doors. It is in such a gorgeous page as that in which he describes the habits of Ajax Telamonides, a beautiful semi-tropical butterfly, that he reveals himself a true artist as well as a naturalist of trained scientific habits of observation. It is, after all, not odd that he should fail as a novelist through the very qualities that would make him an excellent entomologist. The explanation of this failure lies precisely in the fact that he treats women as if they were merely very robust and palpable butterflies, and not even a much greater degree of literary art than is pos-

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sessed by Mr. Chambers could conceal the essential vulgarity of an attitude rendered only the more objectionable by a specious drapery of romantic sentiment which has no real emotional depth or tenderness. Mr. Chambers's well-dressed young professional heroes are but shallow and rather stupid barbarians of a coarse breed, while his heroines, except for a somewhat superior mental development, constitute their true sexual opposites. It is a strange picture, but one whose relevance to American society of the present seems to be attested by the popularity of the writer who is perhaps our most representative story-teller.

Cleveland Palmer.

V

Eden Phillpotts's "Demeter's Daughter"*

There is such a splendid high standard of endeavour, such a gripping power of achievement in Mr. Phillpotts's best work, that only the shallow-minded can quarrel with his circumscribed choice of subject. He seems to have set himself the task of doing one thing thoroughly well, of polishing the same diamond until each of its facets show ever new colours, ever new gleams of light. Whether it be the varying aspects of Dartmoor's scenery throughout the seasons, or the philosophising of village Solons in the Inn—two features always to be found in a Phillpotts novel—the writer has ever new shadings of beauty for the country he so loves; ever new phrases of homely wisdom for his groups of cronies. And so it is in this latest book, which in even excellence of writing, in the power of its simple story, can easily be ranked with the best the poet of Dartmoor has yet given us. It will be welcomed gladly by all lovers of his work.

Here again, as in the best of the former books, it is the Mother-woman about whom the story circles. Alison Cleave is a type, not a personality, intentionally so. She is the primitive woman, simple, loving, unselfish, bound to a life of crushing toil, few joys and many sorrows by what seems an inexorable natural law she dares not question. Having once taken the initiative in youth, and cut herself off from her own people by a runaway match, Alison bears the burden of her life with a charming worthless husband, in poverty with which she must cope almost single-handed, in the grief of seeing her children grow away from her in their resemblance to their father—bears it with an unselfish devotion to duty pathetic and gripping in its apparent futility to stem the stride of Destiny. Her simple faith wavers but seldom, only in the blackest hours of her trial, but she clings to its tenets and finds words of comfort from it for others, if not for herself. She does not lose it even at the death of her best-loved, most promising son, even at the rascally flight of the eldest. She finds words of helpful sympathy for the bereaved sweetheart of her fallen soldier-boy; she soothes with loving kindness the bitter ravings of the girl betrayed and forsaken by his elder brother, forgetting in care for the others the depth of her own grief. But one thing only can break her simple self-control—the infidelity of the husband for whom she has suffered and endured so much. With the narrowness of her primitive outlook on life, she accepted his idleness while she struggled to support him, his patronising interference in her most careful plans, his shallow vanity and utter irresponsibility. These all seem to her natural things that a woman must expect to endure. But the breaking of the marriage vow is in her eyes an unpardonable sin. Even though she suffered no loss from it, even though, under the influence of his newly awakening love for another woman, Aaron Cleave was kinder and gentler to his wife than ever before, more helpful, more considerate, beginning to do his share in the support of the family, in thought for his children—all she had hoped he might do—Alison cannot accept this improvement at the hands of another. The modern woman's point of view is voiced by Lavinia Hatch, who had frankly drawn the husband from his duty because he amused her, but who endeavoured to make him a useful member of society at last. She tries to make the wife see that she is robbing her of nothing of value,

*Demeter's Daughter. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The John Lane Company.

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and giving her more than she is taking. But Alison cannot and will not understand, and her life goes down in a chaos of wild rebellion against fate, for which her tragic death by accident seems to give the only solution. There are some new features in this latest Dartmoor story. The most notable is the invasion of the New Woman into village life, unconsciously in the case of Joyce and Jenney, consciously in the case of Lavinia Hatch, who lives her life as she chooses, gaining the essentials of freedom by conceding the unessentials and keeping her opinions to herself. She is a new type for a Phillpotts novel, and she remains triumphant on the field where Alison, the primitive type, succumbs to the sordid tragedy of her existence. It will interest admirers of Mr. Phillpotts to know whether he intends this close of his latest work as a promise of further development of the newer type.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VI

G. B. McCutcheon's "What's His Name"*

This story can best be introduced to the George Barr McCutcheon reader by saying that it belongs in the class with *The Day of the Dog, Cowardice Court, The Flyers, The Purple Parasol, The Alternative,* and The *Butterfly Man.* It is perhaps closest to the last named story —a character study with a hero who ceases to be heroic when he leaves the soda-water fountain of the drug store at Blakeville. There Harvey—from first to last the reader never learns more than that—is a resplendent creature, a lordly dispenser of sundaes, college ices, Merry Widows, sherbets and banana flips. The Blakeville maidens regard him with eyes of meek surrender, and finally to one of them he tosses the Sultan's handkerchief. But a few years bring a strange change in his life. The stage-struck girl whom he has married has become the great Nellie Duluth, the reigning queen of Broadway musical comedy, and Harvey is that most pitiful of all male creatures, a popular actress's insignificant and wife-supported husband. He has lost every vestige of individuality. He is just What's His Name, an object of amused contempt. The very stage hands at the theatre flout him and bar his way at the stage entrance. With his little daughter Phœbe and two servants, who share the general opinion and take their pay and their orders from Madame, he lives in the Tarrytown home that has been provided for them, while Miss Duluth resides in her apartment in the city, and once a week drives out for an hour or two's visit to her child. Her husband, when she considers him at all, she regards as an utterly useless encumbrance.

But under all the vacillation, and cowardice, and cheapness, and braggadocio there is in Harvey just a little bit of a soul, and it is as no complaisant husband that he regards the marked attentions paid to his wife by the millionaire Fairfax. There is an invasion of the apartments in which Nellie is giving a supper party, and Harvey effectually cows the guests by flourishing an unloaded pistol. Later he turns this pistol against himself with quite harmless results, and then finding another attempt at suicide by gas ineffective, owing to the gas having been turned off, he shakes the dust of unfriendly New York from his feet, and goes back to Blakeville to begin a new and more congenial life. After all, he is somebody in Blakeville, and the wild life he is supposed to have led makes him the most envied and talked of man in the place. Nellie obtains a divorce and marries Fairfax, but the latter soon tires of her, and the end of the story finds her bound for the West in the hope of winning back a shattered health. Harvey intercepts her on her journey and they agree to forget what has happened, and to become reunited. She is touched by his plight and devotion. "Harvey," she says, "you are a perfectly dreadful fool"; a verdict with which no reader is at all likely to disagree.

James L. Lawtrey.

*What's His Name. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

VII

Irving Bacheller's "Keeping Up With Lizzie"*

This little volume is one of the books which impress the reviewer with a sense

*Keeping Up with Lizzie. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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of the futility of his task, for his effort, however expended, will have no influence whatever on the fate of the book. As was said recently of another story, whoever reads it will quote from it to the next person he meets until the victim buys a copy in sheer self-defence. The critic who thinks overwell of his own opinion may make wise remarks as to the overdoing of the village dialect novel, as to the inartistic effect of preaching common sense and the simple virtues openly in a book meant merely to entertain—and as much more as he likes. The fact will remain that Mr. Bacheller's latest story affords the reader an hour of undiluted enjoyment. And under its fun lie so much sound common sense, so much wholesome philosophy, so much keen observation of men and things, that even the serious-minded reader can return with pleasure to many a sentence which loses nothing in the rereading. It is distinctly worth the time it takes to make the acquaintance of Socrates Potter, the "only scientific man in Pointview, Connecticut;" to hear his views on life and to let him tell you the story of how grocer Sam Henshaw's ambitions for his pretty daughter brought all the evils of the strenuous life, modern extravagance and modern business immorality—the two are correlative, Socrates asserts—into peaceful Pointview. But Lizzie was sound at heart, as well as pretty and clever, and when Socrates told her a thing or two, she stopped short in her stride, and returned with a vim to the simple life. Whereat all Pointview, even the millionaire summer residents, had to work just as hard to keep up with Lizzie on this new tack. Finally Socrates, who has been telling them all their shortcomings, is suddenly reminded of his own incompleteness by the charm of a sleeping baby, and decides that he will quit moralising at Pointview folks and get married himself. There are so many quotable sentences in this little book that to give any selection of them here would be doing injustice by inference to dozens of others just as good. But here is one that embodies a distinctly new idea:

"Why, these days, if a man wishes to divorce the family jewels an' is afraid of his wife, the house is always entered by a burglar. My dear sir, the burglar is an ever-present help in time of trouble. It's a pity that we have no *Gentlemen's Home Journal*, in which poor but deservin' husbands could find encouragement an' inspiration.

J. Marchand.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Unknown Lady. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Half Loaves. Mackay. (Duffield.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. I Myself. O'Connor. (Brentano.) $3.50.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. Slow Coach. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Ten Boys from History. Sweetser. (Duffield.) $2.00.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

Fiction

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.

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5. The Book of Carlotta. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Clipper Ship Era. Clark. (Putnam.) $2.00.
2. Alarms and Discursions. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Lord Fauntleroy. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. Bill Bruce of Harvard. Patten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Adventure. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Vanity Box. Stuyvesant. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Lead of Honor. Richardson. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Fortunata. Patterson. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Clayhanger. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.50.
6. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Road to Providence. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

NON-FICTION

1. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Siege of Boston. French. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. Wells Brothers. Adams. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
2. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
3. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. The New Nationalism. Roosevelt. (Baker, Taylor.) $1.50.
3. Essays on Russian Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. The Little King. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI OHIO

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Two on the Trail. Footner. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Antigone of Sophocles. Harry. (Clarke.) $1.00.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Clarke.) $1.00.
3. The Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden. (Clarke.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Patty Fairfield. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. Maude Baxter. Hotchkiss. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Denry the Audacious. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.35.
3. The Married Miss Worth. Hale. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
5. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

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NON-FICTION

1. Pilgrim Church. Ainsworth. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
4. Threshold Grace. Ainsworth. (Revell.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Jacqueline of the Carrier Pigeons. Seaman. (Sturgis & Walton.) $1.25.
3. The Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Vanity Box. Stuyvesant. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
6. The Price of the Prairie. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. England and the English from an American Point of View. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Old Virginia Gentleman and Other Sketches. Bagby. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The New Boy at Hilltop. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Dweller on the Threshold. Hichens. (Century Co.) $1.10.
6. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
5. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.
2. The Boy Pioneers. Beard. (Scribner.) $2.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. Talks to Teachers on Psychology. James. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. He Can Who Thinks He Can. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. Auction Bridge Up-to-Date. Dalton. (Wycil.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
5. The Lame Englishman. Deeping. (Cassell.) $1.20.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

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3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Rainy Day Scrap Book. Shuman. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Our Little Belgium Cousin. McManus. (Page.) 60c.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Mary Magdalene. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Joy of Living. Sudermann. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Passing of the Third Floor Back. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Strength of the Weak. Thacher. (Broadway Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Social Bucaneer. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. For Each Day a Prayer. Davis. (Dodge.) $2.00.
3. Lyrics from Cotton Land. McNeill. (Stone & Barringer.) $1.50.
4. Hoosier Lyrics. Field. (Donohue.) 75c.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy's Drake. Bacon. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The New Boy at Hilltop. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Victory of Allan Rutledge. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.50.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Adventures of a Modest Man. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. "813." Le Blanc. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Alarms and Discursions. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Intellectuals. Sheehan. (Longmans, Green.) $1.50.
3. Social Adjustment. Nearing. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
2. The Rover Boys at College. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
3. Princess Polly. Brooks. (Platt & Peck.) $1.00.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Jim Hands. Childs. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
5. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The North Pole. Peary. (Stokes.) $4.80.
2. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
3. Alarms and Discursions. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The One Way Out. Carleton. (Small, Maynard.) $1.20.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Eve's Second Husband. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Be Good to Yourself. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. "Me—Smith." Lockhart. (Lippincott.) $1.20.
3. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Dweller on the Threshold. Hichens. (Century Co.) $1.10.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How Money Is Made. Hall. (Hall.) $1.50.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50c.
3. What's Wrong with the World? Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Accounts. Cole. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
5. Max. Thurston. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Everybody's Lonesome. Laughlin. (Revell.) 75c.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

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4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Souls in Action. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. The World of Life. Wallace. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Frolics at Fairmount. Baker. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Brentano.) $1.00.
2. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) 1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Doll's House. Ibsen. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Aeroplane Boys' Series. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 60c.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Corsican: Diary of Napoleon. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Getting On. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Flower Children. (Vollard.) $1.00.
2. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Marie-Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.
6. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. The Great Illusion. Angell. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
4. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Patty Series. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
3. The Bolted Door. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.25.
4. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. A Man of Two Countries. Harriman. (Harriman.) $1.50.
6. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. Fruit Growing in Arid Regions. Paddock and Whipple. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
3. War or Peace. Chittenden. (McClurg.) $1.00.
4. Golf. Whitlatch. (Outing.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Phoebe and Ernest. Gillmore. (Holt.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Magnet. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Golden Web. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.). $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Robert Kimberly. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. To the Highest Bidder. Kingsley. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Trail of Ninety-Eight. Service. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Second Chance. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) $1.25.
4. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Briggs.) $1.50.
5. The Dop Doctor. Dehan. (Frowde.) $1.25.
6. The Frontiersman. Cody. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) 50c.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Lever. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater and McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
5. The Mistress of Shenstone. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Adventures in Contentment. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
4. The Lure of the Antique. Dyer. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.
2. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60c.
3. Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35	191
2. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00	154
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	111
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.	105
5. The Root of Evil. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20	94
6. The Phantom of the Opera. Leroux. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	88

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